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SEVERAL ORIGINALS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE THIRD EDITION, IMPROVED AND MUCH ENLARGED.

BY WILLIAM MAVOR, LL. D. &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS; AND SOLD BY EVERY BOOKSELLER IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD FRANCIS ALMARIC SPENCER.

MY LORD,

PERMIT me to dedicate to you my Compendium of the BRITISH TOURISTS. I would not presume to offer what appeared wholly undeserving of your Lordship's protection; nor attempt to obtrude on my readers in general, what I did not think was calculated, either to instruct, inform, or amuse. The public sanction has already been liberally bestowed on this work, and encourages me to hope, that I shall not solicit private patronage in vain.

Independent, indeed, of other considerations, it is with some propriety that I address the BRITISH TOURISTS to you. Your Lordship has adopted that plan, which I wish to see general among our patrician youths, of commencing your travels with your native country; an

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it will give me pleasure to find, that these volumes are useful to you in future tours, and that they tend to encourage and promote a taste in others, to form an intimate acquaintance with the local circumstances of the British Islands, before they extend their views to the Continent.

On this day, my Lord, you have completed your twenty-first year; and, from personal knowledge I can affirm, that your early life has given the promise of every virtue. May the period yet to come be very long and prosperous, and the sanguine hopes of your family and friends be fully realised!

I have the honor to be,
With sincere regard,
MY LORD,
Your Lordship's
Most faithful and devoted servant,
W. MAVOR.

Woodstock, Dec. 26, 1800.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IT was long a reflection on the national taste and judgment, that our people of fashion knew something, from ocular demonstration, of the general appearance of every country in Europe, except their own. "PROXIMORUM INCURIOSI, LONGINQUA SECTAMUR*," might with justice be applied to the great majority of Britons, who, from fortune or talents, were qualified to travel to advantage, only half a century ago. Yet, in whatever light we regard the British Islands;

* Plin. Epist.

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whether as the cradle of liberty, the mother of arts and sciences, the nurse of manufactures, the mistress of the sea; or whether we contemplate their genial soil, their mild climate, their different natural and artificial curiosities, we shall find no equal extent of territory, on the face of the globe, of more importance, or containing more various attractions, even in the estimation of those who cannot be supposed to be biassed by native partiality.

Roused, at last, from the lethargy of indifference about what was within their reach, and inspired with more patriotic notions than formerly, of the pleasure and utility of Home Travels, we have, of late years, seen some of our most enlightened countrymen as eager to explore the remotest parts of Britain, as they formerly were to cross the Channel, and to pass the Alps. Nor was mere amusement their only object in such per-

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ambulations and researches. While gratifying their own curiosity, or enlarging their own ideas, they appear to have been zealous to benefit and inform their country, by a close investigation of whatever could conduce to its interest or its credit, its happiness or its peace. The natives of the three kingdoms, now happily united, have been linked more closely in the social tie, by the intercourse which has thus taken place; and the judicious and liberal sentiments promulgated, through the medium of the press, by a PENNANT, a NEWTE, and a SULIVAN, have manifestly tended to lessen prejudices, to obviate error, and to extend knowledge.

Improvements, also, in arts, agriculture, and domestic economy, have been freely imparted by ingenious tourists, to such as, without such aids, might long have been ignorant of their existence. By the frequency of communication, an acquaintance with the practices of the most

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dexterous in business, with the modes of the most refined in manners, has been rapidly diffused over the great mass of the people; and the various tribes and classes of men, who are subject to the same government, however remotely situated, are now either animated by example, or stimulated by contrast. The great, but bigotted, JOHNSON, "who was born the child of Prejudice, nor weaned at the hour of his death," by his petulant remarks on Scotland, roused the pride of the natives into exertion, waked every generous passion in their breasts to excel; and, perhaps, without intending it, proved himself one of their best friends*. The influence of one distinguished litera-

* Why had not the reflections of Twiss the same effect on the Irish? It was, because the mass of the people was too much depressed by poverty, and sunk in ignorance, to feel the stings of shame, or the calls of honest ambition. A happier era for Ireland has now commenced. May the rising sun of its prosperity gradually reach the meridian, and be long before he begins to decline!

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ry character accomplished more than all the force of power, or the suggestions of reason, could have done. Nor is JOHNSON a solitary instance of the potent effects which authors and travellers have on the public mind. Each has his circle of action; and he, who studies to do all the service in his power to his country, and to mankind, is entitled to applause, however limited his sphere may be. The desire of contributing a mite to the public good, and of receiving the public approbation, gave rise to the present work, the utility and propriety of which rest on the subsequent solid grounds.

The various tours through Great Britain and Ireland, which have been published within the last thirty or forty years, amount to many volumes, and cannot be purchased but at a very considerable expence. Their authors, however, were not all men of equal talents, for observation or description; nor are their works

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uniformly excellent or interesting. A SUMMARY, it was conceived, might exhibit whatever is valuable, in several; and that, for general readers, many retrenchments might take place, and many details be omitted, in all.

Impressed with this idea, and wishing to put that information within the reach of every class of his fellow subjects, which only few comparatively can now enjoy, the editor of the following volumes has selected, from the body of our Tourists, the most celebrated works, and has endeavoured to give a faithful view of the peculiar merits, and the most valuable contents of each; not with the most distant design of superseding the use of the originals, but rather in the hopes, that the attention he has paid to them, will excite, or keep alive, the attention of the public; and stimulate others, who have leisure or abilities, to tread in the same steps, and to follow the same exam-

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ples. He has indeed personally visited a considerable number of the scenes which fell under his review; and has taken the liberty to correct occasional oversights in his guides; or, where new lights have been thrown on the subject, to avail himself of them, from every source he could command. Still, however, though it was his object to embrace a general assemblage of tours, in as many directions as possible, it was no part of his plan to be an universal topographer; nor has he deviated from the routes of his authors. Hence a recurrence of the same objects was sometimes unavoidable; but repetition has been carefully guarded against, where neither new information nor additional entertainment was supplied.

Of GENERAL DESCRIPTIONS of Great Britain, we have already had a plentiful crop, under different titles, most commonly copied from one another, without any valuable improvements, and fre-

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quently with such fidelity, as not to omit a single error. Such publications, if accurately compiled, are certainly of utility; but allowing them to be ever so well executed, they are rather consulted, than read for pleasure. The general traveller, who attempts to include every thing, seldom accomplishes any thing, in a satisfactory manner; and he never excites that lively interest which we feel, when we accompany a person, of any learning or taste, on a particular tour. We enter into all the views and sentiments of the latter; we see as he sees; we participate in his delights; we sympathize in his disappointments; and the impression he leaves on our mind is permanent and strong.

Besides, the present plan is not only more interesting, but also more novel, than any preceding one, of a similar tendency. It collects, into one focus, the scattered rays of information; or, rather,

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it forms a galaxy of the blended lights, which distinguished Modern Tourists have thrown on the British Isles. Embracing, therefore, a subject of all others, the most delightful and instructive to a Briton, the editor confesses, his hopes are very sanguine of its success; and, to insure this, neither labour, attention, nor expence, has been spared.

It has, however, been judged more expedient and beneficial, to extend the quantity of letter-press, and to give accurate, coloured maps, than to please the eye alone, by less useful embellishments. Almost all the antiquities and picturesque scenes of this country have already fallen under the graver, or the pencil. A few plates would, at best, have displayed poverty, or distracted the choice in selection; and a large number could not be expected in a work, where cheapness and utility were the principal objects to be regarded.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

The demand for a SECOND EDITION *so speedily followed the publication of the* FIRST, *that the Editor was unable to introduce any considerable improvements. He has now, however, diligently revised the whole, and added several valuable* TOURS, *performed since the first appearance of his work; and flatters himself, that, in its present enlarged and improved form, it will have fresh claims to the attention of* HOME TRAVELLERS, *and to the public patronage in general.*—1807.

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TOUR

IN

SCOTLAND,

BY

THOMAS PENNANT, Esq.

PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 1769.

TO the inquisitive and ingenious Mr. Pennant this country is under very great obligations. His contemporaries have distinguished him with applause, and posterity will long honour and revere his name. His singular merits as a natural historian do not now fall under our cognizance, but it would be uncandid not to declare, that to this gentleman we are indebted for the earliest tours in Scotland, that are worth reading or preserving; and that he paved the way to that general taste for home travels, which has since been so honourable to individuals, and advantageous to the public.

We cannot, therefore, commence our work better than with a faithful view of his tours in Scotland, and various parts of England, which have been repeatedly published in three volumes quarto, illustrated with plates, and which will be read with pleasure and avidity, when many of the scenes he

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has described are obliterated, and new modes and new pursuits have superseded the old.

The perfection of his British Zoology seems to have been one grand inducement for Mr. Pennant to undertake his first journey through a remote part of the British Island. Animated with this liberal view, though fortunately he did not confine himself to it alone, he left Chester on the 26th of July, 1769; a city, he says, without parallel, for the regular structure of the four principal streets, which appear sunk many feet below the surface of the earth, so that carriages drive far beneath the level of the kitchens, in a line with ranges of shops, over which, on each side of the street, foot-passengers walk under galleries, open in front. The back courts of the houses are on a level with the adjoining country; but it is necessary to descend into the principal streets by a flight of steps.

The cathedral is an ancient structure, of a rough external aspect, being built of a red friable stone, which has mouldered with the lapse of years; but the beauty of the choir and the chapter-house attracts the notice of every traveller.

Chester, the Deva and Devana of Antonine, and a principal Roman station, contains many antiquities of that once potent nation; the most remarkable of which are, a hypocaust near the Feathers Inn, and a rude sculpture of Minerva, with her bird and altar, on the face of a rock, near the end of the bridge which leads to Wales.

The castle is in a state of decay; but as the city walls form the principal walk of the inhabitants, and command many rich and picturesque views from different points, they are kept in excellent repair.

Leaving Chester, Mr. Pennant passed through the village of Tarvin, and crossed the forest of

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Delamere, a black and dreary waste. A few miles to the north of this lies Northwich, famous for ages for its rock salt and brine pits. The stratum of salt lies about forty yards deep, and some of the mines have a most brilliant and romantic appearance, when illuminated with a number of candles. Above the salt is a bed of whitish clay, used in the fabric of earthen-ware ; and, in the same place, a considerable quantity of gypsum, or plaster-stone, is dug.

Between this place and Macclesfield, the country is flat and unpleasant, though sufficiently fertile.—Macclesfield has a flourishing manufacture of mohair and twist buttons, and employs more than twenty silk mills, besides having a copper smelting-house and a brass-foundry.

In the church is a magnificent monument, erected to the memory of the Savage family. A brass plate on the wall has this pleasing notification of the easy remission of sins in another world:

" The pardon for saying of five *pater nosters* and five *aves* and a creed, is twenty-six thousand years and twenty-six days of pardon."

Beyond this town, the aspect of the country almost instantly changes, and becomes sterile and mountainous; but the minerals in its bowels, particularly coal, amply compensate for the unproductiveness of its surface.

Mr. Pennant next reached Buxton, seated in a bottom, and surrounded with cheerless objects; but its celebrated warm bath renders it much frequented. " With joy and gratitude," says our tourist, " I this moment reflect on the efficacious qualities of the waters; I recollect with rapture the return of spirits, the flight of pain, and the re-animation of my long long crippled rheumatic limbs." He however laments, that the blessings of this spring are in a great measure confined to the opulent; though

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it seems there are several fountains which might be converted into baths, at a moderate expence; and, with a feeling that does him honour, expresses his hope, that the noble proprietor of the spot will not overlook the happy means he possesses of doing good, and diffusing his benevolence*.

Leaving Buxton, they passed through Middleton Dale, a deep narrow chasm, between two vast cliffs, which extend a mile in length. At the end of this singular road is the village of Stoney Middleton; and a little farther the prospect opens, affording a view of a small fertile vale, watered by the Derwent, and terminated by the romantic Chatsworth.

They slept at Chesterfield, a disagreeable town, but a place of considerable manufacture, particularly in worsted stockings and brown earthen-ware. About half a century ago, the latter supplied not only these kingdoms, but a great part of Europe. The clay, of which it is made, is found in the vicinity, over a stratum of flint and coal. The spire of the church is covered with lead, but strangely bent by a violent storm of wind.

On the road side, about three miles from the town, are several pits of iron stone, lying above a stratum of coal. Each load, of about twenty strikes or bushels, yields a ton of metal.

Passing through Worksop, they came to Tuxford. In the church of the last-named town, beneath a flowery arch, is a rude bass relief of St. Laurence on the gridiron: and by him a fellow blowing the fire with a bellows, while the executioner is going to turn him.

They crossed the Trent at Dunham Ferry, where it is broad, but shallow; and from thence pass

* This wish has been in some degree gratified.

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along the Foss Dike, or canal, opened by Henry I. in 1121, to form a communication between the Trent and the Witham, and soon reached Lincoln.

"Lincoln," says Mr. Pennant, "is an ancient but ill-built city, of much less extent than formerly." It lies partly on a plain, and partly on a steep hill, crowned with the cathedral, and the ruins of a castle. The cathedral is a vast Gothic pile, highly decorated within, lofty, light, and grand. Some of the windows, though very ancient, are extremely fine. The prospect from this structure is extensive, but destitute of attractive charms; a dead flat, consisting of fens and moors, sickens, rather than captivates, the eye. The fens near Revesby Abbey, beyond Horncastle, are of vast extent; but are chiefly valuable for breeding geese, the general wealth of the natives of this dreary track. During the breeding season, these birds are carefully lodged in the same house with their masters, and are well fed and attended. They are plucked five times a year, about Lady-day for quills and feathers, and four times afterwards, at intervals, for feathers only. Old geese submit quietly to this barbarous operation; but, when the season proves cold, many die under its effects.

What is called the West Fen, a space intersected by narrow canals, is immensely prolific in ruffs, reeves, and other aquatic birds. The East Fen, on the other hand, remains in a state of nature: it is one vast morass, intermixed with lakes, abounding in pike, perch, and a variety of other fishes.

It is observable, says our author, that, once in seven or eight years, immense shoals of sticklebacks appear in the Welland, below Spalding, and attempt to ascend the river in such a vast column, that a man may earn four shillings a day, for a considerable time, in taking them, and selling them at a halfpenny a bushel. Formerly they were used

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to manure land; and attempts have been made to extract oil from them, but we are not told with what success.

It would be tedious to enumerate the different kinds of birds and fishes that abound in the fens. It is well known that no part of Britain produces a greater variety or plenty of wild fowl than this track.

One of the greatest curiosities however in this vicinity is the vast heronry at Cressy-hall, the seat of the Heron family, about six miles from Spalding. In February, these birds, as numerous as rooks, resort there to repair their nests; and, having performed the office of incubation, and reared their young, they quit the place during winter. Mr. Pennant says, he has found an opportunity of correcting a general mistake among ornithologists, in making two species of herons, as it appeared the crested heron was only the male of the other.

Our tourist next visited Spalding, whose general aspect resembles a Dutch town, as the river Welland passes through one of the streets, and a canal is cut through another, shaded with rows of trees. The church is large, and has a lofty spire. Indeed the religious edifices in general, throughout this low track, bear evidence to the pious zeal of the ages in which they were erected. Crowland Abbey, seated amidst a shaking fen, is a curious monument of persevering enthusiasm; and the beautiful tower of Boston church, which serves as a land-mark to a vast distance, is a magnificent specimen of the finest Gothic architecture.

Having passed near the site of Swineshead Abbey, of which not a vestige remains, Mr. Pennant returned through Lincoln, changed horses at Spittle, dined on the banks of the Humber, and, after a passage of about five hours, landed at Hull.—From thence he proceeded the same night to Burton

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Constable, in Holderness, a rich flat country, producing an excellent breed of cattle.

Hornsea, a small maritime town in this vicinity, is chiefly remarkable for its mere or lake, a piece of water about two miles long and one broad, famous for its pike and eels. It is separated from the sea by a very narrow bank.

A quantity of amber is found on the coast of Holderness, sometimes in large masses; but inferior in purity and brightness to that from the Baltic.

After riding some miles through a flat grazing country, our tourist passed through the village of Skipsey, once under the protection of a castle, founded by Drugon, one of the favourites of William the Conqueror.

Next reached Burlington Quay, a small town close to the sea. Here, in 1642, Henrietta, queen of Charles I. landed with arms and ammunition from Holland, though Batten, a parliament admiral, had tried to intercept her; and, after she had escaped the perils of the sea, brutally fired at the house where she lay, and forced her to take shelter in the fields, half-dressed.

A mile beyond this lies the town of Burlington, which has a large church without a steeple. Near the church is a noble Gothic gateway, the remains of a priory of black canons, founded in the reign of Henry I. Its revenues, at the time of the dissolution of religious houses, amounted to more than six hundred pounds a-year.

This coast of the kingdom, observes Mr. Pennant, is very unfavourable to trees. There is a general nakedness from the Humber as far as Caithness, with very few exceptions.

Visited Flamborough-Head, probably so called from the lights made on it, to direct the landing of Ida, who, in 547, joined his countrymen in these parts, and founded the kingdom of Northumberland.

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The town, which lies on the north side of the promontory, is small, and entirely inhabited by fishermen, few of whom, it is said, die in their beds, but meet their fate in the boisterous element from which they derive a livelihood.

The cliffs here are of tremendous height and amazing grandeur. Beneath are several vast caverns, some closed at the end, others pervious, affording a singular passage for boats. In some places the rocks are insulated, and soar up to a vast height: they are much frequented by marine fowls, particularly corvorans, shags, guillemots, puffins, kittiwakes, and gulls. Robin Leith's Hole, however, is one of the most singular curiosities of the place: it is a vast cavern, to which there is a narrow passage from the land side; but, suddenly rising to a great height, it displays a fine arched roof, while the bottom, for a considerable way, is formed in broad steps, of easy ascent. The mouth opens to the sea, and illuminates the whole.

Slept at Hunmanby, a small village above Filey Bay, where plantations thrive tolerably well; and next morning set out for Scarborough; passing near the site of Flixton, an hospital founded in the time of Athelstan, for the express purpose of "sheltering travellers from the wolves;" a proof that this bare track must have then been a continuous forest.

Scarborough was once celebrated for the strength of its castle, built in the reign of king Stephen. It has undergone many revolutions, and is at present only a spacious ruin. In this town were likewise three convents and an hospital. The present church rose from the ruins of a magnificent one attached to an alien priory, suppressed in the reign of Edward IV.

Scarborough is a large place, built in a crescent form, on the sides of a steep hill. The population is

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calculated at ten thousand, chiefly sailors and their families, who own three hundred ships, which are generally hired out for freight, as this place has scarcely any trade of its own. The views from the upper part of the town are highly picturesque.

Here is a famous spa, the waters of which are impregnated with a purgative salt, a small quantity of common salt, and of steel. Its efficacy in removing various disorders, and the great conveniency of sea bathing, occasion a vast resort of company during the summer season, both for health and pleasure.

The beach is a fine hard sand, and, during low water, is the general ride for parties of pleasure. The fishery here is of considerable magnitude and value, but thought to be on the decline. It seems that a right of tithing fish has here been established, which must unquestionably prove a great discouragement, whether insisted on or not; as the claim depends on the generosity of the incumbent.

Leaving Scarborough, Mr. Pennant passed over large moors to Robin Hood's Bay. On this road he observed the vast mountains of alum-stone, from which that mineral is extracted. It is first calcined in very large heaps, which continue burning for many months; after which it is thrown into pits, and steeped in water, to extract all the saline particles. The liquor is then run into other pits, where the vitriolic salts are precipitated; and the superfluous water being evaporated by boiling, the liquor is set to cool; and, lastly, is poured into large casks to crystallize.

These alum-works were first discovered in the reign of Elizabeth, by Sir Thomas Chaloner. At that time the English being ignorant of the method of managing them, there is a tradition, that Sir Thomas seduced some workmen from the pope's alum works near Rome; in consequence of which, his

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holiness thundered out the most terrible anathemas against him; but, nevertheless, the works went on and prospered, and have proved a source of wealth to the nation, as well as to individuals. Cornua ammonis and other fossils are frequently found in the alum rocks.

The houses of Robin Hood's village, being scattered on the ledges of a steep cliff, make a very grotesque appearance. The inhabitants are fishermen, and drive a considerable trade in the liberal produce of the deep.

Travelling through a hilly country, with a high coast, they at length reached Whitby, a large town, singularly situated between two hills, with a narrow channel in the middle. The two parts of the town are united by a drawbridge, which allows vessels to sail to a bay higher up. The river Esk forms this harbour, the waters of which are inconsiderable, when the tide is low.

The principal trade of Whitby is ship-building, and a small manufactory of sail-cloth. About two hundred and seventy ships belong to the place, which are chiefly hired out, though lately some few have been sent to the Greenland fishery, at the risk of the inhabitants. A salmon fishery belongs to the town.

On a hill adjoining to the south side of the town, is a fine ruin of St. Hilda's church, principally famous for the celebrated controversy, about the proper time of keeping Easter, being discussed here in the reign of Oswy, king of Northumberland.

Proceeding about two miles along the shore, they turned up into the country, a black and dreary moor; but, about three miles from Gisborough, the landscape becomes fertile, sylvan, and variegated.

Gisborough is pleasantly situated in a vale, sur-

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rounded by distant hills, and open to the sea, from which it is five miles off. It is a small town, and has a good manufacture of sail-cloth.

The country continues very fine as far as the Tees, a considerable river, that divides Yorkshire from the bishopric of Durham, which they crossed by a handsome bridge of five arches, and soon entered Stockton.

This is a handsome town, and a corporation by prescription. The principal street is remarkably fine and spacious; and near the centre stand the shambles, town house, and a large assembly room. Of late years, this place has been vastly improved; and it now carries on a considerable trade. As the river, however, does not admit of large vessels, goods are sent down three miles lower, to be shipped. The port is a member of that of Newcastle.

On the west of the town stood the castle, in which, tradition says, the bishops of Durham formerly resided during summer; and that King John was here entertained by Bishop Poictiers, while he signed the charter of Newcastle. Its remains are now converted into a barn.

Norten, which lies in the road to Durham, had an ancient collegiate church; but now contains nothing remarkable. The country from the Tees to Durham is champaign, fertile, and much inclosed. Towards the west is a fine view of a ridge of hills which commence in the north, and deeply divide this portion of the kingdom.

The approach to Durham is through a deep hollow, feathered on each side with wood. This city stands partly on the side of a hill, and partly on a plain. The buildings are mostly ancient. The abbey, or cathedral, and the castle in which the bishop resides, are seated on the summit of a cliff, whose bottom is washed by the Wear. The walks

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on the opposite banks are very beautiful, and kept in excellent order.

The cathedral* was begun in 1093, and is plain without, and supported within by many pillars, some plain, others ornamented. The chapter-house is built in the form of a theatre: the cloisters are spacious and beautiful; and the prebendal houses are most eligibly situated.

Two handsome bridges lead over the Wear to the walks, and a third is covered with houses. This river produces salmon, trout, and many other delicate fishes. The principal manufactures of Durham are shalloons, tammies, and calamancoes.

Our tourist next visited Coken, the seat of Mr. Carr, the grounds of which are judiciously laid out, and possess many natural beauties. The walks wind along the sides or the bottoms of dells, bounded by vast precipices, clothed with trees and vines. The river Wear meanders along the hollows, and forms two very fine reaches in view of the entrance of the walks. The prospect towards Finchal Abbey is remarkably grand, and the path beneath the cliff has a monastic solemnity. The spot was once called the Desert, and was the scene of the ridiculous austerities of St. Godric, a native of Walpole, in Norfolk, who was warned by a vision to settle here, and died in 1170.

Proceeding on his tour, Mr. Pennant passed through Chester-le-Street, a small town, in the vicinity of which stands Lumley Castle. The whole country beautifully varied, and very agreeable. Entered Newcastle through Gateshead, by a bridge over the Tyne.

* It is now receiving many beautiful improvements, under the auspices of the present very respectable bishop, the honourable and reverend Dr. Barrington.

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Newcastle is a large and populous town, rising from the bottom to the top of the hill, opposite to Gateshead, with a sudden acclivity. The sides of the river are inhabited by keel-men; but the upper parts of the town contain several handsome houses and well-built streets.

The principal trade of this place is in coal. The colleries lie from five to eighteen miles up the river; and the produce is brought down in waggons along rail-roads, and discharged into the keels, or boats, destined to convey it on ship-board. No ship of large burden can ascend higher than Shields, which may be considered as the principal port of Newcastle.

The effects of the vast commerce of this place are apparent, for many miles round, in the wealth and number of the inhabitants, and the high cultivation of the soil.

Beyond Newcastle, the country is in general flat. The first object that attracted the notice of our traveller was a stone column, with three dials on the capital, called Pigg's Folly. A few miles farther lies Stannington-Bridge, a pleasant village, and beyond that the small town of Morpeth, which had formerly a castle, of which little now remains.

Between Morpeth and Felton, on the right, stands Cockle Tower, an ancient fortified border-house, of great size. Felton is a charming village on the Coquet, which a few miles lower discharges itself into the sea, near Coquet Island, well known in the history of the rebellion in the reign of Charles I.

At Alnwick, a small market-town, "the traveller," says Mr. Pennant, "is disappointed in the situation and environs of the castle, the ancient residence of the Percies, earls of Northumberland. You look in vain for any marks of the grandeur of the feudal ages, for trophies won by a family eminent

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for military prowess and deeds of chivalry, for extensive forests and venerable oaks. The hall of entertainment is no more; and, instead of the disinterested usher of days of yore, the visitor is attended by a valet, eager to receive the fees of admittance*."

There is, however, vast grandeur in the exterior of the castle: the towers are magnificent, and the apartments are large, but ill adapted. The gardens appeared to our tourist so very trim, that they were better adapted to a villa near London, than to the ancient seat of a potent baron.

This castle underwent two memorable sieges; in 1093, when Malcolm III. of Scotland and his son Edward lost their lives before it; and in 1174, when William I. after a fruitless siege, was defeated and taken prisoner near the same place. Of the abbey, which lay a little to the north of the town, nothing now remains but the fine square gateway.

A stage farther is Belford, a modern seat, the front of which has a beautiful simplicity, and the grounds and plantations are very fine.

About four miles from the mansion, on the sea-coast, stands the ancient castle of Bamborough, founded by Ida, first king of the Northumbrians, in 548. It has undergone many revolutions; but, by the piety and benevolence of Lord Crew, bishop of Durham, who became possessed of it in 1715, it is now appropriated to a purpose that will ever render it venerable in the eyes of the humane.

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* In Mr. Pennant's long tour, this, we believe, is the only instance of what some would call, illiberal remark; yet perhaps it is too applicable to other places besides Alnwick. The splendid magnificence of the Northumberland family is almost proverbial; and its character has never been tarnished in the hands of its present representative.

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This generous prelate vested it and several estates in the hands of trustees, for the purpose of assisting shipwrecked mariners, and providing relief for such as escape the fury of the waves.

Apartments are fitted up for their reception, and a constant patrole is kept every stormy night, along this tempestuous coast, for the space of eight miles, the extent of the manor; by which means numerous lives have been preserved, and many poor wretches restored to society, who, without this heavenly institution, must have been lost. In honour of philanthrophy, we are here tempted to insert a beautiful sonnet by the ingenious Mr. Bowles, written at Bamborough Castle.

Ye holy towers, that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwind's sweep!
Far, far from blazing grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity has fixed her chosen seat,
Oft list'ning, tearful, when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls:
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

Opposite to Bamborough lie the Farn Islands, forming two clusters, to the number of seventeen above high water. Their produce is kelp, feathers, and a few seals. Some of them yield a little grass, and feed a cow or two.

Mr. Pennant landed on these islands in a coble, a kind of vessel well adapted to such seas. Here he found corvorants, shags, and other marine fowls. The eider duck was at that time sitting, and they robbed some of the nests of the fine down which she plucks from her breast to make her habitation warm and soft.

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House Island, which lies nearest to the shore, was the sequestered spot where St. Cuthbert passed the two last years of his life; and here afterwards was established a priory of Benedictine monks. A square tower, the remains of a church and some other buildings, are still to be seen there, and likewise a stone coffin, pretended to be that of the saint.

At the north end of this island is a deep chasm, from the top to the bottom of the rock, communicating with the sea, through which the water, in tempestuous weather, is forced, with great violence and noise, to the height of sixty feet. This fine jet d'eau obtains the appellation of the Churn.

Pursuing their journey northward, they came in sight of the Cheviot Hills. The country in general naked. An ancient tower appeared on the left, one of the fortresses of ancient times, when this island was divided into two rival kingdoms. On the right, had a view of the sea, and of Holy Island, once an episcopal see, afterwards translated to Durham. On this romantic isle are still some remains of a castle and a church.

After riding a few miles, Berwick appeared in full view, and the river Tweed winding through a country, by no means picturesque, though its banks in other places are highly so.

Berwick is fortified in the modern style, but occupies much less space than formerly. The barracks are spacious, consisting of a centre and two wings. This place was long the key of the two kingdoms; and from the time of its cession to the Scots, by Richard I. became, for nearly three centuries, the object of contention between the two nations. In 1482, it was finally wrested from Scotland; but, by a convention between the governments, was declared a free town, and independent of both kingdoms, though garrisoned by

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the English. The territory belonging to Berwick, or the Bounds, as they are called, is about eight thousand acres.

The religious here had several convents, all founded by the Scottish kings. The present church was built by Cromwell, and, according to the spirit of the founder, without a steeple. The town house has a large and handsome modern tower belonging to it, and the street in which it stands is by far the best in the town.

Abundance of wool and eggs is exported from this town. The salmon fisheries are also very considerable, and bring in vast sums. The chief article of importation is timber from Norway.

Almost immediately after leaving Berwick, our tourist entered Scotland. The approach of the sister kingdom has a very unpromising look, as cultivation on the borders could not be an object of attention, till both parts of the island acknowledged the same sovereign; and effects are long felt after the causes that produced them are no more. On reaching the village of Eyetown, says Mr. Pennant, the scene was greatly altered; the wretched cottage of the inhabitants were vanishing; comfortable houses were rising in their stead; the lands inclosing; and the soil yielding a pretty liberal increase.

The country soon after reassumed its former sterility; no arable land was seen; but for four or five miles, the black dreary moor of Coldingham, whose convent, the oldest in Scotland, is immortalized by the heroism of its nuns. In them chastity was not a vow of the lips, but a principle of the heart. When the country was invaded by the ferocious Danes in 870, they cut off their noses and lips, to make themselves objects of horror rather than desire.

They indeed escaped violation by their resolu-

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tion; but so much were the savages provoked at the disappointment they met with, in finding ghastly figures instead of the beauties they expected, that they set fire to the monastry, and consumed the wretched nuns, together with their abbess, Ebba.

At the termination of the moor, the Frith of Forth at once burst on their view, and presented many captivating objects. Dined at Old Camus, and found the country now become extremely fertile. "East Lothian," says Mr. Pennant, "may be called the Northamptonshire of North Britain; it is a track of as fertile corn land as I ever saw."

Passing by Broxmouth, a seat of the Duke of Roxborough, in a low spot, but environed by large woods, they came to Dunbar. The chief street is broad and handsome; and the houses built of stone, as is commonly the case in Scotland. The harbour is safe, but small, and a few ships are annually sent from this place to Greenland.

Between the port and the castle is a singular stratum of stone, in some respects resembling the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. It consists of great columns of a red stone, having from three to six angles; their diameters from one to two feet; and their length, at low water, about thirty. These columns are jointed, but with less regularity than basaltes in general; they extend in front about two hundred yards, but the breadth is inconsiderable.

Opposite are the ruins of a castle, seated on a rock above the sea, with a hideous cavern, running under one part of it, which, with the assistance of a little art, had been converted into a secure but infernal prison.

On the other side are two natural arches, through which the tide flows; by one of these, Alexander Ramsay, in a stormy night, reinforced the garrison in 1337, in spite of a fleet which blockaded the place.

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The church is decorated with the magnificent monument of Sir George Hume, earl of Dunbar, the accomplished minister of James VI. but fated to give way to less deserving favourites, which sank the reign of that monarch into weakness and infamy. This monument is a beautiful marble design, adorned with arms, figures, and fluted pillars. The earl is represented in armour, kneeling, loosely covered with a cloke. It appears he died in 1610.

Near Dunbar, two battles were fought, singularly disastrous to the Scots. The first in 1296, when the generals of Edward I. defeated the army of Baliol, and took the castle, and all the nobility found in it were devoted to the sword. The second was the celebrated victory of Cromwell, in 1650, when the army of the covenanters chose rather to fight under the direction of their preachers, than the command of their generals. Never was folly or enthusiasm carried to a higher pitch. The English were so hemmed in, that the Scots might have starved them, without a blow; but, when Cromwell saw the latter descending from the heights, with a well-founded confidence he exclaimed, "the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" The event was correspondent to his expectations. He had all the appearance of enthusiasm, but his opponents possessed all its fatal reality.

This castle is farther memorable, for having been the scene where the infamous Bothwell committed the simulated outrage on the person of his queen, the beauteous and unfortunate Mary Stuart. It is probable this was a concerted plan between the lovers; but even a sovereign queen could not save an unworthy favourite from exile.

Passing within sight of Tantallon Castle, once a strong fort, but now a wretched ruin, the Isle of Bass attracted our tourist's notice. It lies about a mile from the shore, and is a rock of a stupent

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dous height. On the south side, the top appears conical; but the other overhangs the sea in a tremendous manner. Close to the edge of the precipice stood a castle, now neglected, which formerly constituted the state prison of Scotland. It was equally remarkable for its security and for its romantic situation.

Various sorts of water fowl annually repair to this rock, to breed; particularly Soland geese and kittiwakes. The profits arising from the young are farmed out, and produce no inconsiderable revenue, though a gannet, or Soland goose, is still sold for twenty pence; the very price it fetched in the time of Ray.

Mr. Pennant having taken a boat to visit this singular spot, from the unfavourable state of the weather, found a landing impossible, or at least very dangerous; and with some difficulty was put ashore at North Berwick, a small town agreeably seated near a high conic hill, partially clothed with trees, which is seen at a great distance.

Passed through Aberladie and Preston Pans. The last takes its name from its salt pans. Here is also a vitriol work. At a distance saw the field of battle, where the rebels in 1745 defeated the king's troops with great carnage, and inspired the wavering with resolution to join the standard of disaffection.

Pinkie and Carberry hill, each of them famed in the history of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, caught the eye of our tourist in his way to Edinburgh. They lie a little to the west of the road, a few miles from that city.

Cross the Esk at Musselburgh, and begin to recognise the approach to the capital. The roads excellent, the country populous, and studded with elegant seats.

"Edinburgh," says Mr. Pennant, "possesses a

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boldness and grandeur of situation beyond any city I have ever seen." It is built on the edges and sides of a vast sloping rock, of a great and precipitous height, at the upper extremity, with a sudden declivity to the plain. At a distance, the houses strike a traveller with astonishment: their natural loftiness, added to their aërial situation, gives them a look of magnificence not to be paralleled in Great Britain. These very conspicuous buildings, which form the upper part of the High Street, are of stone, and generally six or seven stories high in front; but by reason of the declivity of the hill much higher behind. Formerly the houses were still more lofty than at present, yet there are now some of ten or eleven stories.

Every edifice has a common stair-case, and every story is the habitation of a distinct family. The inconveniencies of such a mode of living are obvious; but, from the vigilance of the magistrates, one great opprobrium of Edinburgh is removed: the streets are obliged to be cleaned every night; and the severest penalties are inflicted on such as offend against decency in this respect.

It should be remarked, however, that this unfortunate style of architecture originated from necessity, not choice. During turbulent times, the vicinity to the castle was the only defence; and thus houses were in a manner piled one upon another, merely on a principle of security.

The castle is seated on the summit of the hill, at the edge of a very deep precipice. In a small room, pointed out to strangers, Mary Queen of Scotland was delivered of James VI. The prospects from this fortress are vast, singular, varied, and enchanting. To describe them all would be impossible: they can only be taken in by the eye of taste.

The reservoir, for supplying the city with wa-

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ter, stands in Castle Street. This necessary element is brought from Pentland Hills, five miles distant, and is received into a cistern, containing about two hundred and thirty tons of water, which is conveyed to the principal conduits throughout the place, and distributed according to the wants of the inhabitants.

Parliament Close, a small square, lies on the south side of the High Street. In this is the Parliament House, in which the courts of justice are held; and below stairs is the Advocates' library, founded by Sir George Mackenzie, which now contains more than thirty thousand volumes of printed books, besides many curious manuscripts and ancient records.

The Lukenbooth Row, which contains the Tolbooth, a city prison, and some other public buildings, unfortunately stands in the middle of the High Street, and thus deforms one of the finest streets in Europe. This nuisance is noticed by every traveller.

The Exchange is a handsome modern building; but is little used in its appropriate character; as the merchants prefer standing in the open street, exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

The ancient cathedral now forms what is called the New Church, and is divided into four places of worship, with an economy not singular in North Britain. In one, the Lords of Session attend, and there is also a throne and canopy for his Majesty, should he visit this metropolis. No instrumental music is heard in any of the Scotch churches. Even the solemn organ is still held as an abomination by the rigid Calvinists.

At the end of the Cannongate Street stands Holy-Rood House, originally an Abbey, founded by David I. in 1128. James V. made some considerable additions and improvements, and con-

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verted it into a royal residence. However, it is indebted to the taste of Sir William Bruce, and the munificence of Charles II. for its principal beauties. Within is a fine square, surrounded with piazzas. Many of the apartments are very elegant, and are portioned out among some of the principal nobility.

The gallery of this palace occupies one side of the fabric, and is filled with colossal portraits of the kings of Scotland. That beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, the chapel of Holy-Rood Abbey, is now a ruin, the roof having been suffered to fall in from scandalous neglect. Beneath the ruins lie the bodies of James II. James. V. Henry Darnly, and many other persons of rank.

Near this palace is the park, first inclosed by James V. In it are the vast rocks known by the name of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury's Crags, whose height has been calculated at six hundred and fifty-six feet. Their fronts exhibit a romantic and wild scene of precipices, columns, and broken masses, which from some points of view appear to impend the city. Beneath this pile is a free-stone quarry, excellent for paving; and here too are some of the most beautiful walks in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

Herriot's Hospital, on the south part of the city, is a fine old building, rather two magnificent for its destination, that of educating poor children. Its gardens were once the resort of the gay. This noble charity was endowed by George Herriot, jeweller to James VI.

In the church-yard of the Grey Friers is a rotunda to the memory of Sir George Mackenzie, with a multitude of other tombs. From the cemetery is a fine view of the castle, and of the noble street that conducts to it.

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The college* is a mean building, containing houses for the principal and some of the professors. The students of the university are dispersed over the town, and wear no academic habit; yet as few attend here, except from a real love of learning, it is seldom they are guilty of any considerable irregularity. There are twenty-two professors of different sciences, most of whom read lectures. All the chairs are respectably filled, particularly those which relate to the study of medicine.

The Royal Infirmary is a spacious and handsome edifice, capable of receiving two hundred patients. From the cupola of this building is a beautiful view of the whole city. Not far from thence is a spot of about three acres, called George Square, which is building with houses after the English taste, and a general spirit of improvement is rapidly diffusing itself over the whole city.

Watson's Hospital is a large building, and should not be forgot, on account of its benevolent institution. Here the children of decayed merchants are educated and apprenticed out; and, after serving their time with credit, receive fifty pounds to begin the world with.

The Cowgate runs parallel with the High-street, beneath the steep southern declivity of the city, and terminates in the Grass-market, where cattle are sold, and criminals receive the sentence of the law.

North of the city lies the New Town, which is planned with great judgment. The houses are all built in the modern style, and are exempt from all the inconveniences of the former. These improvements are connected with the city, by a very beau-

* A new college, on an elegant and extensive plan, has been founded, since Mr. Pennant's first visit to Edinburgh.

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tiful bridge over a hollow, the centre arch of which is ninety-five feet high.

At a small distance from Calton-hill, the scene of superstitious barbarity, and of feats of chivalry, in former times, lies the new botanic garden, an area of about five acres, well sheltered from the cold winds, and furnished with every convenience for the rearing of tender exotics. It is finely stocked with plants; and was founded by the munificence of his present majesty, in 1764.

During our tourist's stay in Edinburgh, beef sold from five-pence to three-pence halfpenny a pound; mutton and veal at nearly the same prices, and lamb much cheaper. Chickens per pair fetched only eight-pence, or a shilling, and a good fowl one shilling and two-pence. Coals were delivered home at five-pence or six-pence a hundred.

Leith, a large town, about two miles north, lies on the Frith of Forth. It forms the port of Edinburgh, and is a flourishing place. The houses, however, are generally mean, and the inhabitants principally sea-faring persons. At this time, says Mr. Pennant, the races were held on the sands; and, considering their vicinity to a great city, the company was far from being numerous; a proof that dissipation has not very deeply infected the manners of the North Britons.

Craigmillar Castle, about two miles south of Edinburgh, stands on a rocky eminence; it is square, and has a tower at each corner. Some few of the apartments are still inhabited; and Mary Stuart made it her occasional residence.

Newbottle, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, lies within an easy and pleasant ride from the capital. It was once a Cistercian abbey, but erected into a lordship in 1591. The house is well sheltered, and it is said that fruit ripens here within ten days as early as at Chelsea. Here is a valuable collection

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of portraits, many of them very fine, and almost all very instructive.

In the woods adjacent to this seat, are some subterraneous apartments, and excavations out of the solid rock. They seem to have been formed by the ancient inhabitants of the country as receptacles for provisions, or retreats in the hour of danger.

Two or three miles distant from Newbottle is Dalkeith, a small town adjoining to a palace of that name, the seat of the Duke Buccleugh; a place of great strength, and, during the time of the regent Morton's retreat, stiled the Lion's Den. The portraits here are numerous, and some of them peculiarly valuable.

On the 24th of July, after a few days stay, Mr. Pennant left Edinburgh, and passing through a well-cultivated country, mostly inclosed with stone-walls, reached the South Ferry, a small village on the banks of the Forth, which is here contracted to the breadth of two miles; but almost instantly widens, towards the west, into a fine and extensive bay. The prospect on all sides is very beautiful, presenting an assemblage of striking objects, and an exclusive view up and down the Forth, for nearly sixty miles.

Crossing over, they observed, about midway, the little isle of Inch Garvey, with the ruins of a small castle. Landed in Fifeshire at North Ferry, near which are large granite quarries, from which some of the streets of London are paved.

The country, as far as Kinross, is fertile and agreeably varied; but there are few plantations of trees. Kinross is a small town, standing in a spacious plain, environed by mountains. The houses and trees are charmingly intermixed, and give the whole a lovely appearance. It has some manufactures of linen and cutlery-ware. At this time, says our author, there was a meeting of the justices

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on a singular occasion: a vagrant had been sentenced to a whipping; but, such was the point of honour among the common people, that no one could be persuaded to go to Perth for the executioner, who lived there; and the object of the meeting was to press two men to proceed on this errand, which was esteemed very dishonourable.

Not far from this is Kinross House, a piece of regular architecture, built by the famous architect, Sir William Bruce, for his own residence. Its principal beauty, however, is the adjacent Loch Leven, a magnificent piece of water, finely indented, and about twelve miles in circumference. It is bounded by mountains on one side, on the other by the plain of Kinross, and is prettily embellished by groups of trees, very happily disposed. Some islets are dispersed in this great expanse of water; and on one of them stands a castle, in which Mary Queen of Scots was confined, and from which she was liberated by the enamoured Douglas. Some trees, probably coeval with Mary, still grace this sequestered spot.

On St. Cerf's Isle, in this lake, stood the priory of Port-moak, of which some remains still exist.—This island was given by Brudo, last king of the Picts, to St. Servan and the Culdies, the original Christian priests of North Britain.

The fish of this lake are, pike, perch, eels, and excellent trout, the largest about six pounds in weight. Numerous birds breed on the isles in Loch Leven.

After a night's repose, at a single house not far from Kinross, our tourist made an excursion next day to see the Rumbling Brig, at Glen Devon, about seven miles distant. It is a singular bridge of one arch, flung over a chasm worn by the Devon, about eighty feet deep, narrow, and horrid to view. The bottom in many parts is covered with frag-

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ments; in others, the waters gush violently between the stones; the sides at intervals project, and almost seem to close; trees shoot out in various spots; while the roaring of the waters, and the confused notes of birds, all tend to increase the awful impression of the scene.

A mile lower down is Cawdron Lin, where the river, after a short fall, drops on rocks, hollowed into large and deep cylindric, or circular, cavities, like cauldrons, whence it receives its appellation. Just beneath this, the water again tumbles down, in a vast white sheet, with a fall of thirty feet. Beyond this is a view of a continuation of meadows and the distant mountains near Stirling.

Castle Campbell stands two miles to the north, on a deep peninsulated rock, between vast mountains shagged with brush-wood. Formerly, from its darksome situation, when it was enveloped in forests, this pile was called the Castle of Gloom: it was seated in the parish of Dolor, bounded by the glens of Care, and washed by the burns of Sorrow.

The lordship was purchased by the first earl of Argyle; and the castle was ruined in the civil war in 1645, and its magnificent relics now only exist as a monument of the horrors of intestine broils.

Our tourist, having gratified his curiosity, returned to his inn, along the foot of the Ochil Hills, whose verdant sides feed a great number of cattle and sheep. The houses of the common people here are decent; but generally covered with sods. The inhabitants were extremely civil, and never failed offering brandy or whey, when he stopped at their cots to make inquiries.

Crossing a branch of the same hills, which produced good crops of oats, they descended into Strath Ern, a beautiful vale, about thirty miles

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long, divided by the river Ern, which serpentizes through the middle, and afterwards falls into the Tay.

Dupplin, the residence of the earl of Kinnoul, stands on the north side of this vale, on the edge of a steep glen. Only a single tower of the old castle remains, the rest being modernised. The plantations extend several miles, and almost every kind of forest trees thrives here prodigiously, though garden fruits seldom arrive at maturity without artificial culture and assistance. Lord Kinnoul is a great planter, and so provides future forests for the benefit of his posterity and the embellishment of his country.

Dupplin contains some good pictures; among the rest, the head of the celebrated Countess of Desmond, who lived to the astonishing age of one hundred and forty and upwards, and died in the reign of James I. It appears that she retained her full vigour to a very advanced age, and that she twice or thrice renewed her teeth. For this we have the authority of Lord Bacon.

The landscape from the hill of Moncrieff, which they next ascended, may be called the glory of Scotland, and well deserves, in the opinion of our tourist, the high eulogia given it, for the variety and richness of its views. On the south and west appear Strath Ern, the Carse of Gowrie, and the Stormont Hills: to the north lies the town of Perth, with the vast plain of Strath-Tay. The natives still with pleasure record the tradition of the Roman army, when it came in sight of the Tay, bursting into the exclamation of, *Ecce Tiberim!*

Perth is large, and in general well-built; two of the streets are remarkably fine; and, as the old buildings fall into decay, new ones, of superior beauty, rise in their stead. The town has three churches, besides meetings for numerous separatists.

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Of the church belonging to the monastery, not a vestige remains; for that zealous reformer, Knox, carried desolation wherever the Catholic religion had been promulgated; it being one of his maxims, "to pull down the nests, and the rooks would flee away."

Many of Cromwell's wounded officers and soldiers being left here, introduced a spirit of industry among the people, and this was the first favourable circumstance that gave rise to the present prosperity of the place. The trade of Perth is very considerable. It exports annually one hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth of linen, near thirty thousand bolls of wheat and barley, and cures salmon to a great amount. The rents of the fisheries are estimated at three thousand pounds per annum; and the value of the captures must be immense, as three thousand salmon, one with another, weighing sixteen pounds, have been caught in a morning.

A pearl fishery was also carried on here to a great extent, but it seems now exhausted, from the avarice of the undertakers. From the year 1761 to 1764, no less than ten thousand pounds worth of pearls were sent to London, and sold from ten shillings to one pound sixteen shillings per ounce.

Gowrie House, in this town, is noticed by all travellers. The mysterious conspiracy and tragical end of the earl of that name are well known in the historic page. "I was shown," says Mr. Pennant, "the staircase where the unhappy nobleman was killed, and the window by which the terrified monarch, James, escaped from the fury of the populace, after the dreadful deed was perpetrated."

Crossing the Tay, they proceeded to Scone, a mile and a half higher up the river. Here was once an abbey of great antiquity. The present palace was begun by the earl of Gowrie; but, on his death, it was granted by James VI. to his favourite, Sir

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David Murray. The house is built round two courts, and some of the apartments are large and handsome, but in a great measure unfurnished.

The gallery is about one hundred and fifty feet long; and its top is arched, and divided into compartments, filled with paintings in water-colours, of the various pursuits of the chace, in which James VI. and his train are uniformly introduced.

Till the destruction of the abbey, the Scottish kings were crowned here, in the famous chair which Edward I. transported to Westminster Abbey.—Charles II. before the battle of Worcester, was crowned in the present chapel.

Repassing the Tay at Bullion's boat, they visited the field of Lengcarty, where the Scots obtained a great victory over the Danes by means of the gallant peasant Hay and his two sons; who, with no other weapons than the yokes snatched from their oxen, then at plough, first stopped the flight of their countrymen, and afterwards led them on to victory. The noble family of Hay descended from this rustic hero, and still bear for their arms the instrument of their advancement, with the illusive motto, *Sub jugo*.

The soil here is fertile, producing barley, oats, and flax, in abundance; but, after a few miles travelling, it is succeeded by a black heath. The prospect before them soon began to mark the entrance to the Highlands, the hills that bounded it on each side being lofty and rude. On the left was Birnam Wood; and, on a distant ridge of hills, some remains of Macbeth's castle are still said to exist.

The pass into the Highlands is awfully magnificent; the naked mountains and rocks frequently approach very near each other, and in many parts are fringed with wood, which darkens the Tay, that rolls with rapidity below.

The town of Dunkeld, seated under, and en-

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vironed by crags, soon received them. After lodging at Inver, a good inn on the west side of the river, they crossed it in a boat, and landed in the Duke of Athol's gardens, which are beautifully washed by the Tay. Trees of every species thrive here extremely well, and even the delicate Portugal laurel does not shrink from the northern blast. The picturesque views of wild and gloomy nature are the grandest here that can be conceived. In the gardens are the ruins of a cathedral, which appears to have been a magnificent edifice. The choir is still preserved, and used for a church. In the family burial-place is a large monument of the Marquis of Athol, hung with the arms of the numerous connections of his race.

On the other side of the river is a charming walk, along the banks of the river Bran, a great and rapid torrent. At the extremity of this walk, on a rock, is a neat building, hanging over a horrible chasm, into which the river furiously precipitates itself.

Dunkeld, though a small town, has a linen manufactory; and much company resort hither in the summer months, for the sake of drinking goat's milk and whey.

After a ride of two miles along a narrow strait, amidst trees, through which the Tay was frequently seen, they entered a vale plentiful in corn and flax, and well peopled. On the right is the junction of the Tay and the Tumel, and due north is the road to Blair and Fort Augustus, through the famous pass of Killikrankie.

Turning to the left, they came to Taymouth, the seat of the Earl of Braedalbane, seated in a fertile vale, bounded by sylvan mountains, which have in some points of view an Alpine appearance.

The grounds are in excellent order, and some of the walks along the banks of the Tay are beautiful and picturesque in the extreme. Over that river is

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a wooden bridge, two hundred feet long, leading to a seat on the opposite side of the hill, which commands a capital view of Loch Tay and other captivating scenes. The lake is about a mile broad and fifteen long, bounded on each side by lofty mountains, and makes three great bends, which very much add to its beauty. It is in many places one hundred fathoms deep, and till of late was supposed incapable of freezing; but so rigorous was the cold in March 1771, that this vast body of water was partially frozen over in a single night.

Loch Tay abounds in pike, perch, eels, salmon, char, and trout. Some of the last weigh thirty pounds. The Highlanders have an aversion to eels and lampreys, from their similarity to the serpent race.

The vast hill of Laurs, covered with beds of snow through the greatest part of the year, and the still loftier mountain of Benmor, are prominent features in the landscape. All the country abounds with game, such as grouse, ptarmigans, stags, and the white or Alpine hare, which never mixes with the common kind. Royston crows are common: sea eagles breed in ruined towers, but quit the country in winter. The black eagles are constant denizens of this track.

"It is difficult, (says Mr. Pennant,) to leave this delightful place. Before I go, I must recal to mind the fine winding walk along the side of the hills; I must enjoy over again the fine reach of the Tay, and its union with the broad waters of the Lion; I must step down to view the druidical circles of stones; and lastly, I must visit Tay Bridge, founded by our military countrymen, as a Latin inscription records, under the superintendance of General Wade."

Taymouth is a large modernized castle, adorned with many of the works of the famous Jameson,

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the Scotch Vandyke, an élève of the Braedalbane family. In the library is a small book, bound in black, with some beautiful drawings on vellum, of several of the ancestors of this house. At the end is a manuscript history of the family.

On the 30th of July, Mr. Pennant attended divine service at Kinmore church, which, together with the village, was rebuilt by the present Lord Braedalbane, in the neatest manner. His lordship generously permits the inhabitants to live rent-free, provided they exercise some trade, and keep their houses clean.

The church is a very neat plain building, with a handsome tower. The congregation was numerous, decent, and attentive; and not a ragged or slovenly person was to be seen among them. There were two services; one in English, the other in Erse.

Every Sunday, a collection is made in the different congregations for the sick and necessitous, as poor's rates are unknown in Scotland; but, as the natives can practice the lesson of being content with little, or are possessed with such a spirit of independence, that they will not submit to the disgrace of asking alms without urgent necessity, the small pittance thus gathered weekly, and placed under the distribution of the minister and elders, has hitherto been found sufficient for every purpose of regular charity. Thus, in a country where the greatest number are poor, there are yet few beggars.

After visiting a pretty island in Loch Tay, on which are the ruins of a priory, they rode to Glen Lion, a fertile but narrow vale, with a strait pass. The river Lion is rapid, and its banks are steep, rocky, and sylvan. On the north is a circular fortress on the top of a hill, to which the ancient inhabitants retreated, in case of invasion. A little farther, on a plain, is a small Roman camp, called Fortingal, or the Fort of Strangers. In Fortingal

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church-yard are the remains of a prodigious yew, which Mr. Pennant measured, and found them to be fifty-six feet and a half in circumference.

Returning south from Glen Lion, they at once came in sight of Loch Tay. The day was very fine and calm, and the water reflected the scene like a mirror. On the north side of this lake is a most excellent road, leading to Tiendrum and Inverary, and is the route which travellers take who make what is called the *petit tour* of Scotland; a track unparalleled for the variety of its beautiful and magnificent scenery.

This whole road was made at the expence of Lord Braedalbane, whose estate is so extensive, that it is said he can ride one hundred miles an end on it, even to the Western Ocean, where he is likewise the proprietor of some islands. This part of the country is beautifully intersected by roads and bridges, partly military, partly done by statute-labour, but much by the munificence of the great.

The north side of Loch Tay is extremely populous, and much thread is manufactured here.—The women spin with rocks, or distaffs, while they tend the cattle on the hills; and, at four fairs, annually held at Kinmore, above one thousand six hundred pounds worth of yarn is sold out of Braedalbane alone. This is an irrefragable proof of increasing industry, which may be ascribed in some measure to the good sense and humanity of the chieftain, but more perhaps to the abolition of the feudal tenures, which the Highlands owed to the great lord chancellor, Hardwick.

Leaving Taymouth, they forded the Lion; and, after being some way embosomed in woods, on their left burst out a fine cascade, which formed a striking feature in the landscape. In a short time they entered Rannoch, a meadowy plain of moderate fertility, inclosing a lake of the same name, about

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eleven miles long and one broad, with its banks well contrasted and varied. There are few trees of any magnitude grow here, save the birch, one of which our tourist found to be sixteen feet in girt. The ground beneath the shade of the trees is covered with heath, bilberries, and dwarf arbutus, whose glossy leaves have a pleasing effect.

This place affords shelter to black game and roebucks. The roe is found from the banks of Loch Lomond as far as the entrance of Caithness. They are very elegant little animals, and, when full grown, weigh about sixty pounds. The flesh is by some accounted a delicacy; but Mr. Pennant thought it very dry.

The lake produces trouts, chars, and bull-trouts. Some of the last grow to the enormous size of four feet and a half in length. Many aquatic fowls breed in the streamlets that trickle into the lake; among the rest, grebes and divers.

The country is perfectly highland; and notwithstanding the increasing intercourse of the natives with the rest of the island, they still retain some of their ancient customs and superstitions; which, however, are rapidly passing away, and in another century will, perhaps, only exist in the page of history.

"The belief in spectres," observes Mr. Pennant, "is still very strong, of which I had a remarkable proof." A poor visionary, in Braedalbane, who had been working in his cabbage garden, imagined that he was suddenly raised into the air, and conveyed over the fence into a corn-field, where he found himself surrounded by a crowd of men and women, many of whom he knew to be dead. On his uttering the name of God, they all vanished, except a female spright, who obliged him to promise an assignation at the very same hour of the same day, next week. Being left, he found his hair tied in

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double knots, and that he had almost lost the use of speech. However, he kept his appointment with the spectre, whom he soon saw come floating through the air towards him; but she pretended to be in a hurry, bade him go his way, and no harm should befal him. Such was the dreamer's account of the matter; "but it is incredible," says Mr. Pennant, "what mischief this story did in the neighbourhood: the friends and relatives of the deceased, whom the old dotard had named, were in the utmost distress at finding them in such bad company in the other world; and the almost extinct belief of ghosts and apparitions seemed for a time to be revived."

One of their most remarkable superstitions is, a Highlander never begins any work of consequence on the day of the week on which the third of May falls, which is styled the dismal day, though for what reason is now unknown.

The herdsmen of every village still hold their *beltien*, a rural sacrifice, on the first of May. They cut a square trench on the ground, leaving the turf in the middle, and here they kindle a fire, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, milk, and other ingredients. This being done, they spill some of the caudle in the ground by way of libation; and after that every one takes a cake of oatmeal, on which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed protector or enemy of their flocks and herds, and, turning their faces to the fire, they singly break off a knob, and, flinging it over their shoulders, exclaim, "This I give to thee, preserve, then, my horses.—This I give to thee, preserve, then, my sheep, &c." After that, the noxious animals are to be charmed, by a knob to the fox, the eagle, &c. with a supplication to spare their lambs, their poultry, and other defenceless property.

When these rites are finished, they dine on the

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candle, and next Sunday re-assemble to consume the relics of the feast, if there are any left.*

Their funeral customs are not less curious. On the death of a Highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board, and covered with coarse linen, the friends place a wooden platter on the breast, containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separately; the salt, an emblem of the immortal spirit; the earth, of the corruptible body. All fire is extinguished where the dead lie; and if a dog or cat happen to pass over the corpse, it is killed without mercy.

The evening after the death, the *late-wake* commences. The friends and relatives of the deceased assemble with bag-pipes, or fiddles, when the nearest of kin opens a melancholy ball, dancing and wailing at the same time, and this continues till day-break; but such frolics take place among the younger part of the company, that the loss to society is often more than supplied by the consequences of the night. These rites are renewed nightly till the interment. Thus, Scythian-like, they rejoice at the deliverance of their friends out of this life of misery.

The coranich, or funeral song, is not quite obsolete. These songs are generally in praise of the deceased, or the recital of the fame of his ancestors. "I had not the good fortune," says Mr. Pennant, "to be present at any in North Britain, but formerly assisted at one in the south of Ireland, where it was performed in all the fulness of horror."

Midwives give new-born babes a small spoonful of earth and whiskey, for their first food. The last superstitions we shall mention are a notion

* A custom in some respects resembling the bel-tien prevails in some parts of Gloucestershire, and is observed on Twelfth-Day, on the eve of Epiphany.

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which still prevails in a few places of mantology, or the gift of second sight; of fairies; and of elf-shots; which last are no other than the stone heads of the arrows of the old inhabitants, though supposed by many simple people to be the weapons shot by the fairies at their cattle; and, in order to effect a cure, the diseased animal is to be touched by an elf-shot, or made to drink the water in which it has been dipped.

Our tourist was hospitably entertained at Carrie, by the factor of the forfeited Struan estate, and afterwards, proceeding due east, passed the Tumel, which discharges itself out of Loch Rannoch. In the vicinity are some neat houses, inhabited by veteran soldiers, who had a little land and money assigned them to begin the world with, after the peace of 1748. This benevolent plan did not generally succeed, owing to the dissipation of the new colonists.

Here they saw a stamping mill, intended to reduce lime-stone to a fine powder, to save the expence of burning it, for manure. The stampers beat it into small pieces in a trough, through which a stream of water passed, which carried the finer parts into a proper receptacle, while the gross ones were stopped by a grate.

Ascending a steep hill, they had a fine view of the lake: and where the mountains almost close, is Mount Alexander, where the former possessor of Struan once resided, and which he called his hermitage. It is a most romantic situation; and at the bottom of it is a small fountain, called Argentine, from the silvery micæ it flings up.

A mile lower are the falls of the Tumel, which, for the plenitude of the stream, though not the height, may be compared to those of the Rhine.

Reaching the top of a hill, clothed with waving birch, they had a view of the beautiful little Straith

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with the river in the middle, forming numbers of quick meanders, then suddenly swelling into a lake about three miles long.

After riding along a black moor, in the sight of vast mountains, they arrived at Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol, standing on an eminence above the plain, watered by the impetuous Gary. This house was once fortified; but is now modernized and well furnished. A chest of drawers made of Scotch broom, most elegantly striped, is a singular curiosity.

Near the house is a charming walk, surrounding a very deep glen, finely wooded. The streams here afford the parr, or samlet, a small species of trout.

Yorke Cascade, a magnificent cataract, amidst corresponding scenery, is one of the greatest natural beauties of the place, and well deserves the notice of travellers. It lies about a mile from the house.

As the country here is very mountainous, there are no indigenous woods, except of birch; but artificial plantations will soon give a new aspect to this track.

Five miles south of Blair is the famous pass of Killikrankie. It is extremely narrow, between high mountains, with the Gary running below, in a darksome rocky channel over-hung with trees; and altogether forms a scene of horrible grandeur. Yet, through this difficult pass, lies a fine military road; and a little beyond the entrance is a beautiful seat, called Faskally, which appears like fairy ground amidst the wild rocks that surround it.

The Duke of Athol's estate is very extensive and populous. While vassalage existed, this chieftain could raise two or three thousand men, and leave sufficient at home for the business of agriculture. The forests, or rather chaces, are very extensive, and

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feed a vast number of stags, which range at certain seasons of the year in herds of five hundred.

The hunting of these animals was formerly conducted after the eastern manner, by the chief and his vassals; but such meetings were frequently the preludes to rebellion, and therefore were at least prohibited.

Directing their course towards Aberdeenshire, they entered Glen Tilt, anciently renowned for the most celebrated warriors. On the south of this long and narrow vale in Ben-y-glo, whose base is thirty-five miles in circumference, and whose summit towers above the rest with a proud superiority.

The road through this glen is dangerous and horrible, nor can it be passed without fear. Below rolls the Tilt through a bed of rocks.

Ascending a steep hill, they found themselves on an *arrie*, or track of the mountain where several families retire in summer, to depasture their flocks. Here they refreshed themselves with some goat's whey at a sheelin, or turf cottage, where the Highland shepherds live during the fine season. Their whole furniture consists of a few horn spoons and milking utensils, with a couch of sods, and a rug to cover them. Oat cakes, butter, cheese, and often the coagulated blood of their cattle spread on their bannocks, constitute their food. Their drink is milk, whey, and occasionally whisky. In all mountainous countries, such summer dairy-houses are common.

After dining on the side of Loch Tilt, a small piece of water, swarming with trouts, they continued their journey over a wild moory track, till they reached Brae-mar, when the country instantly changed, and presented a rich vale, fruitful in grass and corn.

Crossing the Dee near its source, which, from

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an insignificant stream in a few miles becomes a large river, they observed the forest of Dalmore, distinguished by the finest natural pines in Europe. Single trees have been sold here for six guineas; and several have measured ninety feet in height without a lateral branch, and four and a half in diameter at the lower extremity. The wood is very resinous, of a dark red colour, and very heavy. It is reckoned superior to any brought from Norway.

In this track, so prolific in game, hunting matches formerly were held by the neighbouring nobility and gentry, for a month or two at a time. These scenes of rural amusement are well described by John Taylor, the water poet, who in 1618 made his *Pennilesse Pilgrimage*, and met with a flattering reception from Lord Erskine.

The Castle of Brae-mar, the ancient residence of the earls of Mar, is a square tower, in later times used as a garrison to curb the discontented chieftains; but now unnecessary for this purpose.

Their next stage was Invercauld, seated in the centre of the Grampian Hills, in a fertile vale, washed by the Dee. Nothing can exceed the beauty and magnificence of the landscape here; nor is it possible in words to do it adequate justice.

Some of the hills in this vicinity are supposed to be the highest in Great Britain. The most lofty is called Ben-y-bourd; but its perpendicular altitude is not ascertained.

Crossing the Dee by a stone-bridge, they entered on excellent roads, into a magnificent forest of pines, many miles in extent. Several of the trees measured from ten to twelve feet in circumference, and were nearly sixty feet high, surmounted with a fine verdant capital.

The prospect above these forests is very extraordinary; a distant view of hills over a surface of pyramids of pines. In several of the moors in this

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country are what may be called subterraneous forests, of the same species of trees, overthrown by the fury of tempests and covered with earth, which being dug up, are frequently split into slender pieces, and answer the purpose of torches.

The whole track abounds with game, such as stags, roebucks, grouse, and ptarmigans. Eagles, falcons, and goshawks, likewise breed here. These birds are proscribed, and a particular bounty is paid for the destruction of each.

The birch, which grows so plentifully in this district, is applicable to a great variety of purposes. It is used for all implements of husbandry, for the roofing of houses, and fuel: with its bark leather is tanned; and quantities of excellent wine are extracted from the live tree by tapping.

The houses of the common people here are shocking to humanity, being formed of loose stones, and covered with parings of earth, called *devots;* or with heath, broom, or branches of fir. The fare of the inhabitants is equally mean: oatmeal, barley cakes, and potatoes, are their usual food; and their drink, whiskey, sweetened with honey. The men are thin, but strong: idle, because they have nothing to stimulate their industry, and indifferent about what is not absolutely necessary to their existence. The women are remarkably plain, and early acquire an aged look; but they are more industrious than their husbands, and are the principal supporters of their families.

Tenants generally pay their rents in money, except some small proportion in poultry, or sometimes in hogs, an animal almost universally detested by the Highlanders as an article of food. Labour may be obtained for fifty shillings a year, and two pecks of oatmeal a week.

Pursuing their journey eastward, along a beautiful road, amidst woods of pine and birch, they

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soon found the glen contracting, and the mountains approaching each other. The pass of Bolliter marks the termination of the Highlands; it is a very narrow strait, whose bottom is covered with the tremendous ruins of the precipices that bound the road. Here the wind rages with impetuous fury during the winter; and catching up the snow in eddies, whirls it about, to the imminent danger of man and beast. Rain also descends sometimes in amazing torrents, called *spates*, and sweeps the stone and gravel from the hills in such quantities, as to break up or obstruct the roads.

Leaving this eastern pass into the Highlands, the country now assumes a new face: the hills diminish, but general sterility still prevails. The banks of the Dee, however, are cultivated; and oak becomes the principal wood, though that is scarce.

On the south side of the river is Glen Muik, remarkable for a fine cataract, tumbling down a perpendicular rock, of a semi-circular form, called the Lin of Muik, into a hole worn to such a depth, as to be vulgarly supposed bottomless.

Refreshed at Tullich, where they saw, in prospect, the great mountain of Laghin-y-gair, which is always capped with snow. Opposite to Tullich is Pananich, noted for its mineral water, found to be beneficial in rheumatic and scrophulous cases, and gravelly complaints. During summer, these waters are much frequented.

A little below Tullich, they crossed the south corner of the hill of Culbleen, which forms the extremity of a range of mountains, forming a deep semi-circle, and inclosing a district called Cromar. The Erse language here ceases to be spoken, and the Lowlands commence.

The Hill of Morvern, which lies to the west, is of stupendous height; and, on the side next Cromar, almost perpendicular. From the top, the whole

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country, as far as Aberdeen, distant thirty miles, seems, comparatively, as a vast plain; and the prospect terminates in the German Ocean.

Near Charles Town, four miles below Culbleen, stands Aboyne Castle, the seat of the earl of that name, amidst large plantations of pines, which are generally rising round the seats of the nobility and gentry; "so that in half a century more," observes Mr. Pennant, "it never will be said, that to spy the nakedness of the land are ye come."

They stopped to dine at Kincairn O'Neil, about two miles from which, that usurper, Macbeth, was slain, according to the best authorities. There is still the vestige of his fortress near the church of Lunfanan. This, indeed, contradicts the beautiful dramatic relation of Shakespeare; but it cannot lessen the enchantment of his genius.

They slept at Banorchie, and next day reached Aberdeen, a fine city, lying on a small bay, formed by the Dee. The town is about two miles in circumference, and, including the suburbs, contains more than sixteen thousand inhabitants; or, between the two rivers, Dee and Don, more than twenty thousand.

Aberdeen carries on a considerable trade with the Baltic, the West Indies, and North America. Its exports are stockings, thread, salmon, and oatmeal. The first is a very important manufacture, and employs a vast number of women throughout the country in knitting.

The salmon fisheries, on the Dee and Don, are very lucrative. Vast quantities of pickled salmon are annually sent from hence to London.

This town is well-built with granite, which abounds in the vicinity. Castle-street is the most elegant; in the middle of which is an octagon building, with relievos of the kings of Scotland, from

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James I. to James VII. The town-house is a handsome edifice, with a spire in the centre.

The east and west churches are under the same roof; and in the church-yard lies Andrew Cant, from whom the *Spectator* derives the word to *cant*, but, in all probability, he was not worse than the rest of his whining brethren. The inscription on this monument speaks of him in terms of high panegyric.

The college is a large old building, founded by George, Earl Marischal, in 1593. On one side is this curious inscription, probably allusive to some scoffers at that time:

They have seid.
Quhat say thay?
Let yame say.

In the great room are several good pictures; and the library contains several rare books and manuscripts, particularly an Alcoran on vellum, finely illuminated; a Hebrew Bible, MS. with Rabbinical notes, on vellum; and Isidori ex cerpta ex libro, a great curiosity, being a complete natural history, with figures, richly illuminated on squares of plated gold, laid on vellum. About one hundred and forty students belong to this university.

The grammar-school is a neat low building.—Gordon's Hospital is handsome, and maintains forty boys, who are apprenticed at proper ages. The infirmary is a noble institution, and annually sends out eight or nine hundred patients, cured.

Provisions are very cheap and plentiful here.—Beef and mutton sell as low as two-pence halfpenny per pound; butter, twenty-eight ounces to the pound, for sixpence; a large pullet, for sixpence; and a goose, two shillings and three-pence.

Between Castle-street and the harbour is a very handsome arch, over a road, which attracts the

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notice of every stranger. Beyond the harbour, lie the granite quarries, which so largely contribute to the London paving. The stones lie either in large nodules, or in shattery beds: they are cut into shape, and the small pieces, for the middle of the streets, are put on board at seven shillings per ton; the paving-stones at ten-pence per foot.

The bridge over the Dee, about two miles from the town, consists of seven arches, and, at one time, was esteemed the finest structure of the kind in the north. It was founded, and is still supported, by funds appropriated for that purpose by Bishop Elphinston.

Old Aberdeen stands about a mile north of the New, near the banks of the Don. It is a poor town, but is the seat of an university, consisting of one college, built round a square, with cloisters on the south side. The chapel is ruinous, but still contains some exquisite carved work.

The college was founded in 1494, by William Elphinston, Bishop of this Diocese, and Lord Chancellor of Scotland, in the reign of James III. He was a person of such eminence and respect, that his death was supposed to be presaged by various prodigies.

The library is large, and contains several literary curiosities, both printed and in manuscript, and there are a few valuable paintings.

Hector Boethius was the first principal of this college, being invited from Paris for that purpose, with an annual salary of no more than forty marks Scots, at thirteen-pence each.

The cathedral is very ancient, and no more than the two very antique spires, and one aisle, now used as a church, remain.

From a tumulus, called Tillie-dron, is a fine view of an extensive and rich country; nor are the near prospects of the spires of the cathedral, the Don,

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and the pleasure-grounds of Seaton in this vicinity, unattractive to the eye of taste.

Continuing their tour, they left Aberdeen, and passed over the bridge of Don, a fine Gothic arch, flung over that river, from rock to rock, with a height of sixty feet above the level of the water, and a breadth of seventy-two. It was built by Henry de Cheyn, bishop of Aberdeen, and is reckoned a magnificent work, for the time in which it was raised.

Passing through the village of Newburgh, they ford the Ythan, at low water, a river productive of the pearl muscle. They then entered on the parish of Furvie, which, in 1600, was arable land, but is now almost entirely covered with shifting sands, and no vestiges remain of any buildings, save a small fragment of the church.

The country is generally champaign, and produces oats as a principal crop.

They now arrived at Buchanoss, the seat of the Earl of Errol, "perched," says Mr. Pennant, "like a falcon's nest, on the edge of a vast cliff, above the sea." The drawing-room quite overhangs it; and the waves run in wild eddies round the rocks beneath, while the clamours of sea-fowls, above and below, form a strange prospect, and a singular chorus.

About five miles south is Slanes Castle, the remains of the old family residence of that noble family. Near this place are vast caverns, once filled with curious stalactical incrustations, which are now converted into lime, as fast as they grow.

The shore here begins to assume a bold and rocky front, indented, in a singular manner, with horrible chasms, in the form of creeks. The famous Bullers of Buchan, about a mile from Buchaness, or Bowness, are a vast hollow in a rock, projecting into the sea, open at top, with a communication through a noble natural arch, where boats may pass and

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anchor secure in this primitive port. A narrow walk surrounds the top; but, as the depth is thirty fathoms, it cannot be trodden without awe, mixed with fear.

Near this is a great insulated rock, pierced through mid-way between the water and the top; and, in violent storms, the waves rush through it with great noise and impetuosity. On the sides, as well as in the neighbouring cliffs, breed multitudes of kittiwakes. The young are a favourite dish in the north, being served up, a little before dinner, as a whet for the appetite. "I was told," says Mr. Pennant, "of an honest gentleman, who was set down, for the first time, to this supposed whet, and who, after demolishing half a dozen, with much impatience declared, that he had eaten *sax*, (six) and yet did not find himself a bit *mare* hungry than when he began."

On this coast is a great fishery of sea-dogs, which begins in July, and ends in September. Their livers are boiled for oil, and the bodies split and dried for the use of the common people. Fine turbot are also caught here; and towards Peterhead are good fisheries of cod and ling.

Much of the labour on shore is performed, in this district, by the women, who will carry as large a burden of fish as two men can lift on their shoulders. They travel to a considerable distance, inland, to barter their cargo; and are very fond of finery, though they frequently want both shoes and stockings.

The houses of the peasants are built of clay and straw, and form warm habitations. The roofs are frequently sarked, that is, covered with deal spars, nailed to the joists, and on them the slates are pinned.

The general aspect of the country is flat, naked, and uninviting. Trees will not thrive here, not-

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withstanding the utmost care; yet there are incontrovertible proofs, that this track was once well-wooded. Land is let very low, and rents are paid partly in cash, and partly in kind. The poor people subsist on very humble fare, such as oatmeal, pottage, and sowins.

In crossing the country, towards Banff, they saw very few trees. A coarse sort of downs, black heathy moors, and oatlands, prevailed throughout. At Craigston Castle, seated in a snug bottom, and sheltered by thriving plantations, they saw a head of David Lesley, an élève of Gustavus Adolphus, and a successful general against the royal cause, but unfortunate when he attempted to support it.

Banff, the capital of a county, is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, and consists of several streets, with a handsome town-house. The harbour is very bad, as the entrance of the mouth of the river Devron is very uncertain, from the frequent shifting of the sand. About Trouphead some kelp is burnt.

The Earl of Finlater's house, seated on an eminence, near this town, commands some pretty views. This seat was once the property of the Sharps; and the violent and unfortunate archbishop of that name was born here.

Duff House, the residence of the Earl of Fife, stands a little from the town. It is a magnificent modern edifice, in the form of a square, with a square tower at each end. The front is richly ornamented with carving; but, as there are no wings, the whole has a naked look; nor are the apartments equal to the exterior appearance. They contain, however, some good pictures. Near the house is a shrubbery, with a walk two miles long, leading to the Devron.

About two miles west of Banff, near the shore,

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is a large stratum of sand and shells, successfully applied as a manure. Sea tang is also used for the same purpose.

Near Portsoy, a small town in the parish of Fordyce, is a large stratum of marble, of the verd di Corsica kind, in which asbestos is sometimes found. This place carries on a considerable manufacture in thread and snuff, and has about a dozen ships belonging to the port.

Their next stage was Cullen House, seated at the verge of a deep glen, planted with large trees, which prosper well. The spot is prettily laid out, and the house is large, but irregular.

Not far from this place are the ruins of Castle Finlater, standing on a high rock, projecting into the sea. The surrounding country has all the marks of improvement, owing to the public spirit of the late Earl of Finlater, and the encouragement he gave to settlers on his domains.

The town of Cullen is mean, yet it employs about one hundred looms, and has a flourishing manufacture of linen and thread.

In a small sandy bay, are three lofty aspiring rocks, formed of flinty masses, known by the appellation of the Three Kings of Cullen. A little farther is a vast perforated rock, formed of pebbly concretions, lodged in clay.

In this district are several cairns, or barrows, of great magnitude, the ancient monuments of the Caledonians or Danes. Some of them have been opened, and stone coffins, urns, ashes, and other appendages of sepulture, have been found in them.

On Cotton Hill, a mile southward of Birkenbog, is a numerous assemblage of cairns, which Mr. Pennant thinks may have been raised in memory of the slain, in a victory obtained in 988, by Indulphus, over the Danes. Not far from these are two circles of long stones, called Gael Cross; and on the top

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of the hill of Durn is a triple intrenchment, still very distinct, which probably served as a retreat in times of turbulence and invasion.

Superstition is not yet quite banished from this populous and cultivated country. The farmers are still studious to guard their cattle against witchcraft, by placing boughs of the mountain ash and honey-suckle in their cow-houses, on the second of May. To preserve the milk of their cows, and their wives from miscarriage, they tie red threads about them; and, for many distempers, they visit the well of Spey and Draychaldy, offering small pieces of money and bits of rags. The young people pull cabbages blindfold, on Allhallows eve, to determine the figure and size of their husbands and wives.

In former times every great family had its demon or genius; and the little spectres called Tarans, or the souls of unbaptized infants, were often seen flitting among the woods and sequestered places, bewailing their supposed hard fate. Such anile superstitions are, however, dying away, and they can return no more; unless mankind should relapse into worse than Gothic ignorance.

Leaving Cullen, they passed through a fine open country, full of gentle swells, rich in corn, and dotted with plantations, sparingly scattered. Stone marl is in considerable repute as a manure, and is found here, in vast strata of different colours.

Their next stage was Gordon Castle, a large ancient seat of the Duke of Gordon, lying in a swampy country, near some large woods, among which hollies are common. It contains a considerable number of portraits and pictures.

The duke still keeps up the diversion of falconry, and has several fine hawks of the peregrine and gentle falcon species. Here they saw a true Highland greyhound, whose breed is now becoming

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scarce; and likewise a dog, produced from a wolf and a Pomeranian bitch. The latter was bred by Mr. Brook, animal merchant in London, who told our tourist, that the congress between the wolf and the bitch was immediate, and that the litter was ten in number.

The river Spey, a large and furious stream, runs near Gordon Castle, and is often a dangerous neighbour. The salmon fishery in this river produces about one thousand seven hundred barrels a-year, and the shore is rented for 1200*l*.

They next passed through Fochabers, a wretched town, close to the castle, and, crossing the Spey, landed in the county of Murray. The houses of the peasants, which, for some space, had been decently comfortable, now became very miserable, being entirely constructed of turf.

Between Fochabers and Elgin, on the right, lies Innes, once the seat of the ancient family of that name, whose annals are marked with signal calamities. Dined at Elgin, a good town, famous for its ecclesiastical antiquities. The cathedral, once a magnificent pile, is now in ruins. It was destroyed for the sake of the lead that covered the roof, by order of council, in 1567. The choir is very beautiful; and the chapter-house is an octagon, supported by a fine single column, with carvings of coats of arms round the capital. There is still a great tower on each side of this pile, but that in the centre, with the spire and roof, are fallen in, and present the most stupendous fragments, mixed with the battered monuments of knights and prelates.—Boetius says, that Duncan, who was killed at Inverness, by Macbeth, lies buried here.

About a mile from hence is the castle of Spinie, which still is venerable in its ruins. The lake of the same name almost washes its walls. This piece of water, which is about five miles long and one

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broad, is the resort of a number of wild swans, during winter, and, it is said, some of them breed there.

Not far from Elgin is a ruined chapel and preceptory, called Maison Dieu; and three miles south is the priory of Pluscairdin, a beautiful ruin, in a most sequestered spot.

Crossing the Lassie, a gentle stream, they enter the rich plain of Murray, fertile in corn, and well stocked with cattle. The view of the Murray Frith; the high mountains of Ross and Sutherland, and the magnificent entrance into the bay of Cromartie, between two lofty hills, form a captivating landscape.

Making a diverticle from the road, about half a mile to the north, they visited the Abbey of Kinloss, near which place Duffus, King of Scotland, was murdered by thieves. Some of the ruins display all the elegance of the purest Gothic taste.

Near Forres, close to the road, is a vast column, about twenty-three feet above the ground, called King Sueno's stone, and was probably erected in memory of the final retreat of the Danes. On one side are numbers of rude figures of animals, and armed men with colours flying. On the opposite was a cross, included in a circle, and below this two gigantic figures.

On a moor, not far from Forres, Boethius and Shakespeare place the rencontre of Macbeth and the three wierd sisters. "It was my fortune to meet with one," says Mr. Pennant, "near the ruins of Kyn Eden, of a species far more dangerous than these; for she was so fair,

She look'd not like an inhabitant of th' earth!"

Slept at Forres, a very neat town, covered by some little hills. In the Great-street is a town-house with a handsome cupola. On a hill, west of

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the town, are some remains of a castle, from whence is a fine view of a rich country, interspersed with groves, and some charming sea scenes.

The estate of Cowbin, in the parish of Dyke, is gradually covering with sand. A gentleman informed our tourist, its progress was so rapid, that he had seen an apple-tree so lost in this sandy inundation, in one season, as to show only a few of the green leaves of the upper branches above the surface. It first began from pulling up the bent, or star-grass, that lined the shore, which gave rise to an act of parliament to prevent the destruction of that plant.

Crossing Findhorn, they landed near a friable rock, of whitish stone, whose greenish hue indicates the presence of copper. About three miles farther, is Tarnaway Castle, the ancient seat of the earls of Murray. The hall is of vast dimensions, and appears well adapted for barons and their vassals. In the rooms are some good portraits, particularly one of the *bonny* Earl of Murray, as he is commonly called, who was murdered, as is supposed, through the jealousy of James VI. from a fancied partiality the queen entertained for him.

At Auldearne they again found Erse the prevailing language. Had a distant view of Nairn, a small town near the sea, on a river of the same name.—Reach Calder or Cawdor Castle*, long the property of its thanes. It is now a modern building, except a great square tower. This thanedom was transferred into the house of the Campbells, by the theft of the heiress of Calder, when she was yet an infant, achieved by the Earl of Argyle.

All the great houses in this part of the country are castellated; for, till 1745, the Highlanders made

* From this castle, Campbell, Lord Cawdor, derives his title, though he has extensive estates in South Wales.

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their inroads, and drove away the defenceless cattle of their neighbours. We are told there still exist the marriage articles of the daughter of a chieftain, in which her father promises for her portion two hundred Scots marks, and half a Michaelmas moon, or in other terms, half the plunder for a month, when the nights grew dark enough to favour their predatory excursions.

The woods of Calder consist of fine birch, alders, some oaks, great broom, and juniper. Deep rocky glens, darkened with trees, bound each side of the wood, through one of which rolls the torrent of Achneem.

On a pillar of the door of Calder church, they saw a *joug*, or iron yoke, fastened to a chain, which in former times was put round the necks of delinquents against the rules of chastity, while they were exposed to shame in the face of the congregation; and was also used as a punishment for defamation and petty thefts; but these penalties are now happily abolished. The clergy of the church of Scotland are less bigoted and fanatical than formerly, and adopt that gentler and more Christian-like method of persuasion, instead of the cruel discipline of corporeal infliction. Science almost universally prevails among them; and their discourse is not less improving than their hospitality is simple and engaging. They never sink their characters by following dissipation, gambling, and field sports; but preserve, with a narrow income, a dignity suited to their profession.

The Scotch livings are from forty to two hundred pounds per annum, with a decent house, or manse, and a small glebe. The church allows no curate, except in case of sickness or age, when a helper is appointed; but there are neither sinecures nor pluralities. Their widows and children are provided

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for out of a fund, amounting now to sixty-six thousand pounds, formed by the contributions of the clergy.

On the west of the river Nairn, which they crossed by a large bridge, is Kilavroch Castle, and that of Dalcross. Keeping due north, along the military road from Perth, they pass along a narrow piece of land, projecting far into the Frith, called Ardersier, at the extremity of which stands Fort George, a small but regular and strong fortress, built since 1745; but now happily little wanted.

Lay at Campbeltown, and next day passed over Culloden Moor, where the decisive victory was gained by William Duke of Cumberland, over the rebels, in 1745. On the side of the Moor are the extensive plantations of Culloden House, the seat of the late Duncan Forbes, a warm friend to the house of Hanover; but a man who, when opposition was at an end, wished for the sake of humanity, but wished in vain, that the sword might be satiated with the blood already spilt.

After descending from the Moor, they came into a well-cultivated country, and soon after reached Inverness, finely seated on a plain between the Murray Frith and the river Ness. The town is large and well-built, and its population is estimated at eleven thousand souls.

This being the last place of any note in North Britain, is the winter residence of many of the neighbouring gentry; and the present emporium, as it was the ancient, of the north of Scotland.—Ships of five or six hundred tons can ride at the lowest ebb, within a mile of the town; and vessels of two hundred can come up to the quay. The imports are chiefly groceries, haberdasheries, cutlery, and porter from London: the exports, salmon, herrings, cordage, sacking, and linen cloth.

This town has undergone many revolutions, and

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was a principal object of plunder to the lords of the Isles and their dependents. On an eminence, south of the town, is old Fort George, which was taken and blown up by the rebels in 1746. This castle used to be the residence of the court, whenever the Scottish princes were called to quell the insurrections of the turbulent clans. From this spot is a charming landscape of varied features.

In this vicinity is the singularly-shaped hill of Tomman. It is of an oblong form, broad at the base, and sloping on all sides towards the top, so that it appears like a ship, turned keel upwards. It is well planted and pleasantly intersected with walks; and being detached from any other hill, were it not on account of its magnitude, it might pass for a work of art.

At Inverness and other municipal towns in Scotland, is an officer called Dean of the Guild, who, assisted by a council, superintends the markets, regulates the prices of provisions; and, if a house fall down and the owner suffer it to lie in ruins for three years, the dean has the absolute disposal of the site to the best bidder.

In Church Street is an hospital with a capital of three thousand pounds, the interest of which is distributed among the indigent inhabitants of the place. An apartment in this edifice is appropriated for a library, well filled with books, ancient and modern.

Crossing the Ness, they proceeded northward to Castle Dunie, the seat of the Frazers, lords Lovat. The old house was burnt down in 1746. The country here is fertile and well cultivated.

Ford the river Bewley, and pass by some excellent farms, well inclosed, improved, and planted, producing wheat and other grain; and crossing the Conan, reached Castle Braan, the seat of the Earl of Seaforth, a handsome and well-situated edifice,

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commanding the view of a large plain on one hand, and on the other a wild prospect of broken and lofty mountains. This house is decorated with several original paintings.

Their next stage was Dingwall, a small town, the capital of Rosshire, near the head of Cromartie Frith. It contains nothing remarkable in modern times.

Proceeding along a fine road, cut out on the side of a hill, they enjoyed a delightful view of the Bay of Cromartie, the most secure and capacious of any in Great Britain. The entrance is narrow but safe, and it intersects the country for thirty miles. The projecting hills defend it from all winds; so that it well merits the appellation of *portus salutis*.

Foules, the seat of the Munros, lies about a mile from the Frith, near vast plantations. This family holds a forest of the crown, by the singular tenure of delivering a snow-ball, on any day of the year that it is demanded; and according to Mr. Pennant, there seems little danger that the right will ever be forfeited from an inability to pay the quit-rent; as there is a glaciere in the chasms of Benewish, a neighbouring mountain, throughout the year.

Pass near Inver-Gordon, a handsome house, with fine plantations; and with pleasure observed Ballinagouan, the seat of a gentleman who has converted his sword into a ploughshare, and after a series of disinterested services to his country, is become the best farmer and the greatest planter in his native land. "It is with pleasure," adds our tourist, "that I observed characters of this kind very common in the north; men during the interval of peace fond of retiring to their patrimony, yet ready to undergo the fatigues of war, whenever their assistance is required."

About two miles below Ballinagouan, is a me-

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lancholy instance of a reverse of conduct: the ruins of New Tarbat, once the magnificent seat of a deluded nobleman, who plunged into an ungrateful rebellion, bespeak the folly and the guilt of civil wars.

Passing a tedious black moor, they reach Tain, a small town on the Frith of Durnoch, distinguished for nothing but its large square tower, from which issue five spires. The place appeared very gay at the time; for all the finery of a little fair was displayed in the show of hardware, printed linens, and ribbons.

They soon after crossed the great ferry, in breadth about two miles, and quickly reached Durnoch, a small town, half in ruins, once the residence of the bishops of Caithness, and the seat of many ecclesiastics. The cathedral is now a ruin, except that part which forms the parish church. On the doors and windows they observed white tadpole-like figures on a black ground, designed to express the tears of the country, for the loss of any person of distinction. These were occasioned by the affecting deaths of the young Earl and Countess of Sutherland, who were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

With few intervening objects to challenge attention, they reached Dunrobin Castle, the ancient seat of the earls of Sutherland, seated near the sea on a round hill. It contains a few curious paintings, in particular one of the Duke of Alva in council, with a cardinal by his side, who puts a pair of bellows, blown by the devil, into his ear.

Sutherland produces a vast number of cattle, many of which are sent out of the country. Stags abound on the hills; and there are roes, grouse, black game, and ptarmigans in plenty.

In the vicinity of Dunrobin, is a very perfect piece of antiquity, of that kind known in Scotland

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by the name of the Pictish castles. It is about one hundred and thirty yards in circumference, round, and raised above the ground, so as to form a considerable mount. On the top is an extensive hollow, and within were three low concentric galleries covered with large stones. The side walls are about four or five feet thick, and rudely built. There are generally three of these erections within sight of each other; and they are frequent along the coast of this part of the kingdom. Others, agreeing in their external form, are common in the Hebrides. In the islands they are attributed to the Danes; but here to the Picts. They were probably the defensible habitations of the times.

About a mile from the castle, to the northward, are some small cliffs of free-stone, in one of which is Strath-Leven Cove, with several artificial seats, once the retreat of a devout hermit. At some distance are small strata of coal, three feet thick, which sometimes takes fire on the bank, so that people are afraid of risking it on board their ships. The simple natives believe that rats cannot exist where this coal is used; and add, that not one of these vermin will live with them, though they swarm in the adjacent countries.

In Ascynt, a part of this country, to the west of Dunrobin, are large strata of a beautiful white marble, said to be equal to Parian.

Cross the water of Brora, and travelling through a sandy but arable country, bounded on one side by the sea, on the other by lofty black mountains, pass the dangerous water of Helmsdale, and dine at a little village of that name, near which are the ruins of a square tower.

Soon after they began to ascend the Ord of Caithness, by a good road, winding up its precipitous sides, and impending in many places over the sea, "infinitely more high and horrible," says Mr. Pen-

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nant, "than our Penmaen-mawr." Beneath were numbers of seals floating on the waves, and sea fowl swimming among them devoid of fear.

Passing through Ausdale, near Berridale and Duubeth, the seat of the Sinclairs, a very numerous and respectable family, they reached Wick on the 21st of August. This is a small borough town, with some good houses, seated on a river accessible to the tide. "In this town," says our author, "lives a weaver, who weaves shirts, with buttons and button-holes entire, without any seam, or the least use of a needle; but as he cannot afford them under five pounds a shirt, it is not likely his ingenuity can be of much service to himself or the public.

Travelling over the Lings of Keith, once a morass, now covered with sand, finely turfed over, they came to Freswick Castle, seated on a projecting rock, and strongly fortified by nature.

Their next stage was Dungsby Bay, or John-a-Groat's House, which is now known only by name, the *Ultima Thule* of Sir Robert Sibbald.

The beach is a collection of fragments of shells, beneath which are vast broken rocks running into a sea, never calm. The contrary tides and the currents form here a most tremendous contest.

From hence is a full view of several of the Orkney Islands, and within two miles of land is Stroma, famous for its natural mummies, or uncorrupted bodies of the dead, which it is said preserve a flexibility in their limbs for ages.

Near this place they passed the seat of a gentleman not long deceased, the last who was believed to be possessed of the *second sight*. Originally, it seems, he made use of this pretence to render himself more respectable with his clan, and at last he became a dupe to his own imposture. A boat belonging to him was, on a very tempestuous night,

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at sea; filled with anxiety at the danger his people were in, he suddenly started up, and pronounced that they would be drowned, as he had seen them pass before him, with wet garments and dropping locks. The event corresponded to his prediction, and from that time he grew confirmed in the reality of spectral forewarnings.

Caithness may be denominated an immense morass, intermixed with some fruitful spots of corn and grass land. Little wheat is raised here, and the grass is almost wholly natural. Many cattle and hogs are bred here, and numbers are annually sent out of the country.

Some of the salmon fisheries are extremely productive. A miraculous draught at Thurso is still talked of; not less than two thousand five hundred being taken at one tide, within the memory of man.

Much lime-stone is found in this country, which, when burnt, is made into a compost, with turf and sea plants. "The tender sex, I blush for the Caithnessians," says Mr. Pennant, "are the only animals of burden." The common people are kept here in great servitude, and most of their time is given to their landords, which proves an insuperable bar to general prosperity.

Having reached John-a-Groat's House, our tourist returned, and revisited nearly the same scenes, till he passed Dingwall, and indeed till he reached Inverness.

In this place, however, it may not be amiss to notice some singular customs in the neighbouring Highlands.

On new year's day, the people burn juniper before their cattle; and on the first Monday in every quarter sprinkle them with urine.

In some parts of the country, a rural sacrifice, in many respects different from that previously

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described, is still observed, but with the utmost secrecy, as the clergy are indefatigable in discouraging every species of superstition.

In certain places, the death of people is supposed to be foretold by the cries and shrieks of Benshi, or the fairy's wife; and what in Wales are called corpsecandles, and often fancied to be seen, and to presage mortality.

A highlander in courtship, after privately obtaining consent of the fair, formally demands her of her father. The lover and his friends assemble on the spot, allotted for that purpose in every parish, when one of them is dispatched to obtain permission to wait on the daughter, and if he obtains the object of his mission, the father and his friends are invited to partake of whiskey. The lover advances, takes his future father-in-law by the hand, and then plights his troth, and the maid is surrendered up to him. Care is taken, during the nuptial ceremony, that no dog pass between the bride and the bridegroom; and particular attention is paid to leave the left shoe of the latter, without a buckle, or latchet, to prevent witches from depriving him of the power of loosening the virgin zone.

Some years ago a singular test followed consummation. The morning after marriage, a basket was fastened round the neck of the bridegroom, and immediately filled with stones, so that the poor man was in danger of being strangled, if his bride did not cut the cord with a knife, given her to use at discretion. It is not however, on record, that any Caledonian spouse was wanting in instant humanity and tenderness to her good man.

From Inverness, they made an excursion to Moyhall, pleasantly situated at the extremity of a small, but beautiful, lake of the same name, full of trout and char. This place is called the Threshold

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of the Highlands, forming a natural and strongly-marked entrance from the north. It is the seat of the Clan Chattan, or the M'Intoshes, once a powerful people. In this house is preserved the sword of James V. given by that monarch to the captain of Clan Chattan, with the privilege of bearing the king's sword at coronations. On the blade is the word JESUS; it was a present from Leo X. to James in 1514.

While at Inverness, they had the pleasure of seeing a fair, with a singular group of Highlanders, in all their motley vestments. The brechan, or plaid, consists of twelve or thirteen yards of a narrow stuff, wrapt round the middle, and reaches to the knee. It is frequently fastened on the shoulders with a pin, and before with a broche, like the fibula of the Romans, which is sometimes of silver, and of considerable size.

The stockings are short, and are tied below the knee. The feil beg, or kelt, is a sort of short petticoat, reaching only to the knees; and is a modern substitute for the lower end of the plaid, being found less cumbersome on all occasions. Almost all of them have a great pouch of badger or other skin, with tassels dangling before; and in this they keep their tobacco and money.

Their ancient weapons were the Lochaber ax, now used by the town guard of Edinburgh only; the broad sword and target; and so late as the middle of last century, bows and arrows. A dirk was commonly stuck in the belt, together with a pistol, and thus the Highlander was completely armed.

The women dress in the kirch, a piece of white linen pinned over the foreheads of such as are married, and falling down behind over their necks. The single women wear only a ribbon round their heads, which they call a snood. The tonnag, or plaid, hangs over the shoulders, in a very graceful

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form, and is fastened before with a broche. In the country of Braedalbane, many wear, when in full dress, a great plaited stocking, of enormous length: in other respects their dress resembles that of women of the same rank in England, but their condition is by no means the same; they are more passive to the other sex.

The native Highlanders may be characterized in a few words. They are extremely indolent, unless rouzed by war, or any animating amusement; hospitable to the highest degree, and full of generosity; much affected with the civility of strangers, and possessing in themselves a natural politeness and address, which often flows from the meanest, when least expected. "Through my whole tour," says Mr. Pennant, "I never met with a single instance of national reflection! Their forbearance proves them to be superior to the meanness of retaliation: I fear they pity us, but I hope not indiscriminately."

They are very inquisitive, and fond of news; have much pride, and are therefore resentful of affronts. Decent in their general behaviour, and deeply tinctured with religion, they are much inclined to superstition. In many parts of the Highlands, however, their peculiar character begins to be more faintly marked, from a more extensive intercourse with the world.

Even the ancient pastimes of archery, hunting, fowling, and fishing, are now disused; but the *putting* stone, the *penny* stone, and the *shinty*, or striking a ball of wood or hair, are still favourite diversions.

The fire-side amusements of story-telling, singing, and the music of the harp, are now obsolete. Bagpipes are their chief musical instruments; and those are played either with the mouth or with bellows. The first are the most ancient and the loudest of any wind music; the latter are of Irish

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origin. The bagpipes suited the genius of this warlike people, rouzed their courage to battle, alarmed them when secure, and collected them when dispersed.

Their songs generally turned in the praise of their ancient heroes. "I was told," says Mr. Pennant, "that they have still fragments of the story of Fingal and others, which they carol as they go along; these vocal traditions are the foundation of the works of Ossian*."

Leaving Inverness, they continued their journey westward, along the bank of the river, and soon reached Loch Ness, which presents the most romantic and beautiful scenery in its environs.

Birch, hazel, oak, and ash, prevail here. The road sometimes resembles an avenue, and at others winds round the sides of hills, that overhang the lake. It is frequently cut out of the solid rock, with a wall on one side, and a steep precipice on the other. The hills are various in form and vesture, irregular, and precipitous, so as to preclude the possibility of cultivation. Yet in this track many cattle, sheep, and goats of a diminutive size, are fed. The wild animals that people this picturesque scene are stags, roes, black game, and grouse. Foxes are also extremely numerous, and destructive to the sheep.

The North side of Loch Ness is less attractive than the south: it is more naked and less striking in its natural features. About the middle stands

* That Macpherson, though he might be the improver, or the interpolator, of the works, published under the name of Ossian, could not be the original inventor of them, is evident to every person not biased by prejudice, nor lost to reason. There certainly was a base to build on, and, if Macpherson raised such an elegant superstructure with slender materials, the skill of the architect is the more to be admired. But the Highland society have now set this question at rest by publishing the originals.

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Castle Urquhart, built on a rock projecting into the lake, the seat of the once-powerful Cummins.

Above is Glen Moriston, and to the eastward of that Strath, Glas, in the pine forests of which that rare bird, the cock of the wood, is still to be met with.

Having refreshed themselves at a poor inn, near the general's hut, or the place where General Wade resided, while he superintended the making of the military roads, they proceeded to view the fall of Fyers, a vast cataract, in a darksome glen, of stupendous depth. The water darts through a narrow gap between two rocks, and then precipitates itself above forty feet lower, into the bottom of the chasm, with a tremendous noise, and clouds of smoke and foam.

About half a mile beyond this is another fall, over which is a true Alpine bridge, consisting of the bodies of trees covered with sods, from which is an aweful view of the water roaring beneath.

At the fall of Foher, the road deserts the side of the lake, and is carried for some space through a small vale, partially cultivated. Beyond this is a long and dreary moor, and a tedious ascent up the mountain Seechuimin, or Cummin's Seat.

They next reached Fort Augustus, a small fortress, seated on a plain at the head of Loch Ness, between the rivers Taarf and Oich. It consists of four bastions, and has barracks for four hundred men.

Loch Ness is twenty-two miles long, and from one to two in breadth, except near Castle Urquhart, where it expands to three. Its depth is very great. From an eminence near the fort is a full view of its whole extent. The boundary from the fall of Fyers is very steep and rocky, which induced General Wade to make the *detour* from its banks already mentioned.

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On account of its great depth, this lake never freezes, and during cold weather, a violent steam rises from it, as from a furnace. Ice brought from other parts, and put into it, instantly thaws; yet its own waters, being removed, as speedily freeze. Either the air, or the water, or perhaps both, are so salubrious, that for seven years the garrison of Fort Augustus had not lost a single man.

The fish of this lake are salmon, trout, pikes, and eels. During the brumal season, it is frequented by swans and other wild fowls. In high winds, it is violently agitated; and at times the waves are quite mountainous. It is remarkable that, at the time of the earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1755, these waters were affected in an extraordinary manner, and flowed with such impetuosity up the lake, that they were carried two hundred yards into the river Oich. A boat, laden with brush wood, was thrice driven ashore, and twice carried back again; but at last she was stranded.

Rode to Tordown Castle, a rock two miles west of Fort Augustus, on the summit of which is an ancient fortress, of very difficult access. From this spot is a prospect of Ben-ki, a vast craggy mountain, and likewise of the high mountain of Coryarich.

Proceeding along the plain, they came to Loch Oich, a narrow lake, with the sides prettily indented, and adorned with small sylvan isles.

Soon after they reach Loch Lochy, a fine sheet of water, fourteen miles long, and from one to two broad. The distant mountains on the north are of immense height: those on the south have the appearance of sheep-walks. The road trends with the lake above eight miles. On the opposite shore stood Achnacarrie, burnt in 1746, once the

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seat of Cameron of Lochiel, one of the best and most sensible men who embarked in the last rebellion. Though his income was but seven hundred per annum, it is said he brought fourteen hundred men into the field; but rather, it would appear, out of a point of mistaken honour, than from any zeal in this unfortunate cause.

They now entered Lochaber, and traversed a black moor for some miles, which brought them to High Bridge, flung over the torrent Spean. Two of the arches are ninety-five feet high, and give a propriety to its name. This bridge was built by General Wade, in order to form a communication with the country; a design by no means agreeable at first to the chieftains, as the ready access, opened to strangers, tended greatly to lessen their influence with their ignorant vassals.

From the road had a distant view of the mountains of Arisaig, beyond which are Moydart and Kinloch. At the extremity of Loch Shiel, the Pretender first erected his standard, in the wildest spot that imagination can conceive.

Passed by the side of the river Lochy, and see Inverlochy castle, with large round towers; which, from the style of the building, seems to be a work of the English in the reign of Edward I.

At Inverlochy is Fort William, a triangular fortress with two bastions, and capable of admitting a garrison of eight hundred men. It lies on a narrow arm of the sea; and together with Fort Augustus in the centre, and Fort George on the east, forms what is called the Chain from sea to sea. The space from the first to the last is about seventy miles, along what is called Glenmore. In this extent there is little land undivided, either by frith, loch, or river.

Fort William is surrounded by lofty mountains, which occasion almost incessant rains. Benevish

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soars above the rest, and is said to be fourteen hundred and fifty yards above the level of the sea. "As an ancient Briton," observes our tourist, "I lament the disgrace of Snowdon, once esteemed the highest hill in the kingdom; but it now must yield the palm to a Caledonian mountain." Yet it appears probable that Ben y Bourd, and some others, rival Benevish.

The great produce of Lochaber is cattle; there are few horses, or sheep, bred here; and there is scarcely any arable land; for the excessive wet that reigns in this tract prevents the growth of corn. The inhabitants therefore are obliged to import a considerable quantity of oatmeal annually; yet land lets here for ten shillings an acre; a proof that the rage of raising rents has reached this distant country, ill as it is calculated to bear it, from the want of wealth, manufactures, and native fertility.

The houses in Lochaber are the most wretched imaginable: they are framed of upright poles, wattled, and the roof is constructed of boughs, like a wigwam, covered with sods.

Salmon, and phinocs, supposed to be the grey, are caught here in abundance.

Leaving Fort William, they proceeded along the military road on the side of a hill, an awful height above Loch Leven, a very narrow branch of the sea, bounded by vast mountains. The scenery here begins to grow very romantic. Beneath the hills lies Glenco, infamous for the massacre that took place here in 1691, the greatest blot on William's reign.

This vale is the most picturesque of any in the Highlands, and irresistibly rivets the attention of any traveller of taste or sensibility. In the middle is a small lake, from which issues the Coan or Cona, celebrated in the works of Ossian, who is said to have been a native of this spot.

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Glenco produces oats, barley, and potatoes; but not sufficient for the maintenance of the inhabitants. It is divided into six farms, which let together at a rent of two hundred and forty-one pounds a year.

Leave on the left a vast cataract, called the Waters of Boan, and refreshed on some minced stag at the village of Kinloch Leven, near which is a single farm, fourteen miles long, which lets for only thirty-five pounds, and yet probably is dear enough.

Immediately after leaving this village, the mountains begin to soar to a still greater height than before. After riding two miles, they began to ascend the black mountains in Argyleshire, by a steep road of nearly three miles in length, the most extraordinary of any in Great Britain. On the other side the descent is very rapid, down a ziz-zag way. At the bottom stands the king's house, but for the accommodation of troops passing this way.

Pass near Loch Talla, where the natural pine forests end in this direction. These natural forests are now becoming rare; the first is in Strathnarvern, the last in Sutherland. Mr. Pennant says he saw only one species of pine in those he visited, the common Scotch fir.

Their journey for many miles, after passing the black mountain, was over one continuous scene of dusky moors, without the least mark of cultivation or living creatures. The roads, however, are excellent; but in the opinion of our tourist, less judiciously planned and more circuitous than they might have been. In some places, after the manner of the Romans, the names of the regiment each party belonged to, who was engaged in this arduous and useful work, are engraved on the rock; nor are they less worthy of being immortalized than the *vexillatios* of the Roman le-

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gions; as civilization was the consequence of the labours of both.

Travelling through some little vales, watered by a small stream, and tolerably fertile, they reached the village of Tyendrum. The inn here enjoys a most lofty situation. The Tay runs east; and about one hundred yards farther, is a little lake, whose waters run west.

Continuing their tour, Glen Urquhie soon opened to their view, a well cultivated valley, fertile in corn, and chequered with groves on the sides of the hills. The church is seated on a knowl, in a large isle, formed by the river of Urquhie. In the cemetery are several gravestones of great antiquity, charged with representations of war and the chace. Near this spot lives a family of the name of M'Nabb, who have invariably followed the humble trade of a smith since the year 1440. Some of their tombs are in the church-yard of Glen Urquhie, with the hammer and other implements of smithery cut on them.

Pursuing their journey, they had a fine view of the meanders of the river before its union with Loch-Aw. In an isle of this lake stands Kilchurn Castle, a seat of Lord Braedalbane's. At a place, called Hamilton's Pass, is an instant burst of the lake, which makes a beautiful appearance. It is about thirty miles long, and one broad; studded with isles in the most agreeable manner, some of them tufted with trees. Its banks are highly picturesque. Mount Cruachan, on the north-east, towers to a vast height.

Pass Scotstown, a single house; enjoy a distant view of the Convent of Inch Hail, still regarded with veneration, and soon after reach Inverary Castle, the principal seat of the Duke of Argyle. It is built in a quadrangular form, with a round tower at each corner, and in the centre rises a

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square one, glazed on each side, to light the staircases and galleries. It is built of a coarse lapis ollaris, brought from the other side of Loch Fine; and when it has received all the meditated improvements, will be a most magnificent place, and worthy of its distinguished possessors.

Trees flourish extremely in the plantations: some of the beeches measure from nine to twelve feet in girt, pines nine, and maple between seven and eight.

At this season, the busy scene of the herring fishery enlivened the environs of Inverary. Every evening some hundreds of boats, in a manner, covered Loch Fine, an arm of the sea; but which, from its narrowness, and the winding of its shores, has all the beauties of a fresh-water lake.

The length of Loch Fine is above thirty Scotch miles, but its breadth is scarcely two. It is noted for its vast shoals of herrings, which appear there in July, and remain till January. In the height of the season, near six hundred boats, with four men in each, are daily employed; and it is computed that each boat takes about forty pounds worth of fish, during the period for fishing.

The great rendezvous of vessels, destined for the herring fishery, is at Campbeltown, in Cantyre, whence they clear out on the 12th of September, and return to their respective ports by the 13th of January following, where they are entitled to a premium of two pounds ten shillings per ton of herrings.

Tunnies, called here mackerel sture, are frequently caught in the herring season, as they follow that prolific fish for prey, which is therefore used as a bait for them.

Crossing the Aray in front of the castle, by an elegant bridge, they proceeded along the side of the Loch for some miles, and then entered some

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deep and gloomy glens. Ascending afterwards a high pass, and then sinking into Glen Crow, seldom cheered with the rays of the sun, they reach the end of Loch Long, and not half a mile further, Loch Lomond appeared in all its beauty.

This is the last, but the finest of the Caledonian lakes, each of which has appropriate features and scenery. The first view of it from Tarbat presents an extensive serpentine winding, amidst lofty hills, varied, and peculiar, which ever way a person looks. Near the gloomy track, on the north, was the principal seat of the M'Gregors, a murderous clan, infamous for excesses of all kinds, and at last proscribed and hunted down like wild beasts, while it was declared penal to bear the very name. On the west side, the mountains are principally clothed with oak. On the east appears Ben Lomond, towering above his Alpine brethren.

The road sometimes runs through woods, at others is exposed and naked, and very steep. Two great headlands, covered with trees, separate the first scene from one totally different: the last is called the Point of Firkin. On passing this cape, an expanse of water instantly bursts on the eye, varied with all the softer features of natural beauty. Numbers of islands are dispersed over the lake, of an elevated form, and well wooded. They are computed at no less than twenty-eight, and one of them is at least half a mile long.

The length of the charming lake of Lomond is twenty-four Scotch miles, and its breadth eight. Besides the fish, common to the other lochs, it produces guiniads.

The village of Luss, on its banks, must be amazingly healthful, if we may judge from the longevity of many of its inhabitants. The minister at this

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time was aged ninety, his wife eighty-six, and he had a servant ninety-four.

From this place, the aspect of the country to the southern extremity of the lake, constantly improves; the mountains sink into small hills, and the soil is well cultivated, and populous.

The vale between the end of the lake and Dunbarton is unspeakably beautiful, and finely watered by the rapid river Leven. There is scarcely a spot but is decorated with bleacheries, plantations, and villas. "Nothing," says Mr. Pennant, "could equal the contrast in this day's journey, between the black, barren, dreary glens of the morning, and the soft scenes of the evening, islands worthy of the retreat of Armida, and which Rinaldo himself would have quitted with a sigh."

Dunbarton is a small, but respectable, town, seated on a plain near the conflux of the Leven with the Frith of Clyde. It consists principally of one large street, in form of a crescent. The waites of the town are bagpies, which go round at nine at night, and five in the morning.

The castle stands a little south of the town, on a two-headed rock, of stupendous height, bounded on one side by the Clyde, on the other by the Leven. On one of its summits, are the remains of a light-house, supposed by some to have been a Roman Pharos. From its natural strength, it was in former times deemed impregnable; yet it was taken in 1571, by a desperate, but successful, scalade. The Britons, in very early ages, made use of this rock as a fortress; and it is even said to have resisted all the efforts of Agricola. It is certainly very ancient; for Beda declares it to have been the best fortified place in the north, during his days.

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From the summit of this rock is a beautiful view of the country, including Greenock and Port Glasgow. The salmon fishery and spinning of thread are the two principal sources of the wealth of the place.

Passing the ruins of Dunglas Castle, near the banks of the Clyde, they crossed the Kelvin at the village of Partie, and soon reached Glasgow, a fine built city, and in a good taste. The principal street is nearly a mile and a half long, and in it stands the tolbooth and the exchange, both handsome buildings. In the front of the exchange, in the widest part of the street, a large equestrian statue of William III. is erected. Numbers of other streets cross this at right angles, and are in general well built.

The market places are some of the chief ornaments of this place; and for taste, cleanliness, and convenience, are inferior to none in the kingdom. An excellent police is observed here, and proper officers attend the markets, to prevent frauds and abuses.

The tide flows some miles higher up the country, but at low water the Clyde is fordable. "There is a plan," says Mr. Pennant, "for deepening the channel, as large vessels are obliged to lie several miles below the city at Port Glasgow and Greenock, on the other side of the Forth." This plan has since been carried into execution.

The great imports of this city are tobacco and sugar: its principal manufactures are linens, cambricks, lawns, tapes, fustians, and striped linens; so that it is become a powerful rival to Manchester, and from its situation enjoys some advantages over that place.

The college is a spacious building, with a handsome front to the street, founded in 1450, by James II. About four hundred students belong to

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it, who lodge in the town; but the professors have apartments in the college.

The library is a very handsome room, with galleries round it, supported by pillars. Messrs. Andrew and Robert Foulis, by their correct and almost immaculate editions of some of the classics, have added greatly to the celebrity of this university. The same patriotic citizens have instituted an academy for painting and engraving, and made a vast collection of paintings, in order to form the taste of their elves*.

The cathedral is a large pile, now divided into two churches; and deep under ground is another church, in which also divine service is performed.

The new church is an elegant pile; but disfigured by a slender square tower. The steeples in North Britain are generally in a bad taste, being in fact no favourite part of architecture with the Calvinists.

On the 10th of September, they made an excursion to see Hamilton House, twelve miles distant from Glasgow. The whole way was through a rich and beautiful and irriguous corn country, spotted with woods and gentlemen's seats.

Hamilton House, or Palace, is seated at the end of a small town, and is a large unsightly pile, with two deep wings at right angles with the centre. The gallery is of great extent, and decorated with some excellent productions of the pencil; among which we cannot help particularizing Daniel in the Lion's Den, by Rubens, which is really a great performance. There are also a consi-

* This scheme ruined the spirited projectors. As printers, they were eminently successful; but when they wished to be thought men of vertù, they found they had mistaken the people and the climate, or rather that their sphere of action was too limited.

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derable number of portraits, by the most celebrated masters.

About a mile from the palace, on an eminence, above a deep wooded glen, through which the Avon winds, is an elegant banqueting-house, called Chatelherault, from the French title annexed to this family. This spot commands a very fine view of the country. In the park, it is said, there are still a few of the wild cattle, peculiar to the Caledonian forests, which, according to Boethius, were of a snowy whiteness and had manes like lions.

From Glasgow they crossed the country towards Stirling, passing through Kylsithe and St. Ninian. By the way they saw the field of Bannockbourne, in which the English were totally defeated.

Stirling, with its castle, in respect to situation, is a miniature of Edinburgh: it stands like that city, on a rocky hill, with the castle at the upper end. The royal palace here is a square building, ornamented on three sides, with pillars resting on grotesque figures, projecting from the wall, and each pillar is crowned with a statue, seemingly the work of fancy. Near it is the old Parliament House, a vast and lofty apartment, one hundred and twenty feet long.

Stirling is inclosed with a wall; the streets, except that leading to the castle, are irregular and narrow. A considerable carpet manufactory is established here.

From the top of the castle is by far the finest view in Scotland, extending over a rich and populous country, and terminated in some directions by the Highland mountains, among which Ben Lomond is very conspicuous.

The Caledonian Forest commenced a little north of Stirling, and is said to have extended as far as Athol on one side, and Lochaber on the other.

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Sleep at Falkirk, a large ill-built town; but famous for its fairs, where twenty-four thousand head of cattle are annually brought from the Highlands for sale.

In the church-yard lies buried, under a plain stone, with an inscription, John de Graham, styled the right hand of the gallant Wallace, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk, in 1298.

Near this is another epitaph, in memory of Sir Robert Munro, occasioned by a second battle at this place, as disgraceful to the English as the other was fatal to the Scots. Sir Robert being severely wounded, was murdered by the rebels in cold blood, with his brother, Dr. Munro, who, with fraternal affection, was at that time dressing his wounds.

Carron Iron-works lie about a mile from Falkirk, and are the greatest of the kind in Europe. They have been of immense service to the country, by diffusing a spirit of industry, and a knowledge of business among the common people. Carron wharf lies on the Forth, and is not only useful to the works, but of great benefit even to Glasgow. The canal likewise begins in this neighbourhood, which is to join the Forth and the Clyde.

In the vicinity of the foundries, on a moderate elevation above the Carron, stood the celebrated antiquity, called *Arthur's Oven*, supposed to have been a sacellum, or repository for the Roman standards. This matchless edifice was destroyed by a Gothic knight, who made a mill-dam with the materials; but in less than a year the Naiades, in resentment of the sacrilege, descended in a flood, and swept the whole away.

Near Callendar House, they observed some part of Antoninus's Wall; or, as it is here called, Graham's Dyke. It extended from the Forth to the Clyde, and was defended at proper distances by forts and watch-towers. The vallum and ditch are still very distinct, and are of great magnitude.

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Passed through Borrowstounness, enveloped in smoke, from the salt-pans and collieries near it; ride near Abercorn; and halt at Hopeton house, the seat of the earl of that name. It is one of the most elegant fabrics in North Britain, begun by Sir William Bruce, and finished by Mr. Adam. The front is enriched with pilasters; and the wings are joined to the main building by a beautiful colonade.

The grounds are highly favoured by nature, and have been judiciously improved: the situation is bold and commanding, and the landscapes are remarkably fine.

Crossing the Forth by Queen's Ferry, they fell into the Edinburgh road, and reaching the capital, terminated a successful and most agreeable tour, the recollection of which excited the most pleasing sensations. "It was impossible," says Mr. Pennant, "not to recal the idea of what I had seen; to pourtray the former condition of this part of the kingdom, and to compare it with the present; and by a kind of second sight, to anticipate the happy appearance it will assume in a very few years. Nor could I forbear repeating the prophetic lines of Aaron Hill."

Once more! O north, I view thy winding shores,
Climb thy bleak hills, and cross thy dusky moors.
Impartial view thee with an heedful eye,
Yet still by nature, not by censure try.
ENGLAND thy sister is a gay coquet,
Whom art enlivens and temptations whet:
Rich, proud, and wanton, she her value knows,
And in a conscious warmth of beauty glows.
SCOTLAND comes after, like an unripe fair;
Who sighs with anguish at her sister's air;
Unconscious that she'll quickly have her day,
And be the toast, when ALBION's charms decay.

After experiencing a few days' hospitality at Edinburgh, on the 18th of September they continued their journey to the southward; through a rich corn country, and, without any material occurrence,

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reached Moffat, a small town famous for its spas; one said to be adapted for scrophulous complaints, and the other used as a chalybeate. Much company resort hither during the summer season.

Between this place and Locherby, the country is an agreeable mixture of downs and corn lands, with a few small woods, but flat and uninteresting. Cross a small river, called the Sark, the boundary between the two kingdoms in this quarter, and enter Cumberland.

About three miles farther, cross the Esk, and lodge at the small village of Longtown, in the vicinity of which, at a place called Netherby, are the ruins of a Roman station, where several statues, weapons, and coins, have occasionally been dug up, and are preserved with due care.

Their next stage was Carlisle, a pleasant city on the Eden, which here forms two branches, and insulates the ground. This place is walled, and has an ancient castle; but its fortifications are neither clean nor in good repair. From the castle is a most beautiful landscape of the neighbouring country.

The cathedral was founded in the reign of William Rufus; but the greatest part is more modern. Oliver Cromwell pulled down part of it to build barracks with, so that it is a very imperfect fabric, yet it possesses some peculiar beauties.

The chief manufactures of Carlisle are printed linens and whips. The salmon fishery commences here very early, and, consequently, is more profitable than in many other places.

The environs of this city consist of small inclosures; but, towards Penrith, the country changes into coarse downs. On the east appear distant ridges of high hills, running parallel to the road.

Pass the vestiges of Old Penrith, sloping towards the river Petrel. The vallum, foss, and gates, are still very visible, and also extensive ruins. The fort

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is called Castle Steeds. In Camden's Britannia may be seen several inscriptions copied from this place.

About four miles farther, lies the more modern Penrith, which, however, is a very old town, seated at the foot of a hill, and is a great thoroughfare for travellers.

In the church-yard is an ancient monument, consisting of two stone pillars, eleven feet and a half high, and five feet in circumference in the lower part. Near the top is the relievo of a cross, and on one the faint representation of an animal.—These stand about fifteen feet asunder, and the space between them is inclosed, on each side, by two very large, but thin, semi-circular stones; so that there is left no more than two feet between pillar and pillar.

These stones seem to be erected in honour of the dead, and evidently, since the introduction of Christianity. Idle tradition says, they were intended to perpetuate the memory of Cesarius, a legendary hero of gigantic stature, whose body extended from pillar to pillar; but our author thinks that the space marked by these pillars, contained several bodies, or might have been a family sepulchre.

Not far from these erections is another, called the Giant's Thumb, five feet eight inches high, with an expanded head, perforated on both sides; and, from the middle, the stone rises again into a lesser head, rounded at top.

The church is a very neat edifice, with galleries supported by stone pillars. On one of the walls is the melancholy record of a pestilence that wasted the country in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, when two thousand two hundred and sixty persons died here, or within a certain district.

The castle, in the skirts of the town, is now very ruinous. It appears not to have been of very high antiquity; but was sufficiently celebrated in after-

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times, by being the frequent residence of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. and other distinguished characters.

Passing the Eimot, they entered Westmoreland, and soon reached a circle, by the road side, called Arthur's Round Table. It consists of a high dyke of earth, and a deep foss within, surrounding an area, twenty-nine yards in diameter. There are two opposite entrances. It is supposed this was the scene of tilting matches.

Not far to the north of this, on the summit of a small hill, stands Mayborough, a vast circular dyke of loose stones. An entrance on the east side conducts into an area, eighty-eight yards in diameter. Near the centre is an upright stone, nine feet eight inches high, and seventeen in circumference; and three others, of similar dimensions, forming a square, seem to have been originally placed there. Four again stood to guard the entrance, two without, and two within; but these have all been removed. There is no doubt this is a druidical erection.

Almost opposite to Mayborough, on the Cumberland side of the Eimot, is a vast cairn of round stones, surrounded with large grit stones, some a yard square, which collectively form a circle sixty feet in diameter.

They next passed through Shap, or Heppe, a long village, with the ruins of a priory of the same name. About half a mile beyond this are certain large circles and ovals, formed of small stones; and, parallel to the road, commences a double row of granites, of immense size, crossed at the end by another row. This alley once extended above a mile; and, in the opinion of Mr. Pennant, was probably a recording monument of the Danes*.

* The northern nations erected stones to commemorate events: placed in long order, they expressed the emulation of champions;

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Travelling over Shap Fells, more black and dreary than any of the Highland mountains, and totally destitute of picturesque beauty, they began to approach Kendal, a large town, agreeably situated in a beautiful valley, on the river Ken. The principal street is above a mile long: the houses mostly old and irregular; yet the whole has an air of neatness and comfort. The population is about seven thousand. The woollen manufactures are very considerable, and have flourished for a long series of years.

Kendal, however, labours under great disadvantages; oats are the only produce of the country; and the general fuel is peat.

The church is large, and divided into five aisles. The castle is of great antiquity; but its founder is unknown. It stands on the summit of a round hill, eastward of the town, and is now a ruin.

From this place, they made an excursion to Water Crook, a mile distant, the ancient Concangium, a Roman station, whose vestiges are almost worn away by the plough. Altars, coins, and other antiquities, have been found here.

Crossing the river, they passed some large round hillocks, and reach Castlehow Hill, a great artificial mount above the town with fosses and dykes. Immediately below is a spot called *Battle* Place, but no tradition preserves the reason of the name.

At a small distance from Kendal, again cross the Ken, and, passing through the small market town of Beaton, soon after enter Lancashire; and, after a long and uninteresting stage, reach its capital, Lancaster. This is a large and well-built town, on the river Lune, navigable for ships of pretty large

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squares, shewed equestrian conflicts; circles, places of sepulture; and wedge-shaped, some signal victory.

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burden as far as the bridge. The church is seated on an eminence, and commands an extensive view. The castle is still entire, and forms the county jail, and the courts of justice. The front has a magnificent appearance.

Eleven miles beyond this is the village of Garstang, lying in a fertile plain, noted for producing the finest cattle in all the county, some of which have been sold at a large price.

A little to the east is a ruined tower, the remains of Grenehaugh Castle, a seat of the first Earl of Derby.

Hastening through Preston, Warrington, and Chester, "I finished my journey," says Mr. Pennant, "the 18th of September, with a rapture of which no fond parent can be ignorant; that of being restored to two innocent prattlers, after an absence equally regretted by all parties."

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TOUR

IN

SCOTLAND,

AND A

VOYAGE TO THE HEBRIDES,

BY

THOMAS PENNANT, Esq.

PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 1772.

THIS tour, which embraces a wider range than the last, and completes the circuit of Scotland, was undertaken in company with that ingenious and lamented botanist, the Rev. John Lightfoot, author of the Flora Scotica, and the Rev. John Stewart of Killin, a gentleman intimately acquainted with the language and customs of the Highlands. The fruits of their united observations are dedicated by our tourist to that patron of learning and science, of which he is a rare example himself, Sir Joseph Banks, bart.

May 18, 1772, they left Chester, passed over Hoole Heath, and riding through the small town of Trafford, got into a sandy country, which continued to Hellesby Tor, a high and bluff termination of Delamere Forest. Hence they enjoyed a

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view of the junction of the Weever and the Mersey, and an extensive track of marshy meadows.

Soon after, they reached Frodsham, a town consisting of one long street, which, with its castle, was allotted to David, brother of Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales, as a reward for his perfidy against his family and country. This, like most other towns and villages in Cheshire, stands on an eminence of sand-stone. The church is built on a vast height, above the town, and above this edifice is Beacon Hill, with a beautiful walk along its side. At the bottom, are butts for the ancient exercise of archery, which is still practised here.

Cross the Weever on a good stone bridge; see the ruins of Rock Savage, once the seat of a family of the same name; and, about two miles farther, on the right, had a view of Dutton Lodge, once the seat of the Duttons*; a family who, by a singular grant, were masters or chiefs *omnium Leccatorum et meretricium totius Cestreshire.* This privilege was first conferred by Randall VI. Earl of Chester, for some important services, when the earl was closely besieged by the Welch in Rudland Castle.

Reach Halton Castle, now a ruin, except a part kept up as a prison for the Duchy of Lancaster, to which it appertains. From hence is a delightful view over a considerable part of Cheshire.

Descending the hill, they passed Norton, a modern house, built on the site of an ancient priory; and, continuing their route over a dull flat country, soon enter Lancashire, by crossing the Mersey at Warrington.

The approach of this town is unpromising; the streets at first are long, narrow, and ill-built; but, by degrees, assume a more handsome and airy ap-

* Now Lords Sherborne.

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pearance. The church has been modernized; but two ancient side chapels still remain, containing monuments of the Massies and Botelers, both families of repute in this county.

Besides the church, Warrington contains a chapel of ease, and meetings for different sectaries, as are common in large manufacturing places. The free-school is amply endowed; and an academy has been established here, conducted by Dissenters, on the plan of an university*.

Several manufactures are carried on here, which are readily conveyed down the Mersey to Liverpool. Many thousand bushels of potatoes are also exported from the environs to the Mediterranean, at the medium price of 1s. 2d. per bushel.

The salmon fishery is very considerable, and the fish are sold to great advantage. Smelts and grainings likewise abound in this river.

From this place they made an excursion to Orford, the seat of John Blackburne, Esq. where they dined and slept. "This gentleman," says Mr. Pennant, "like another Evelyn, from earliest life, has made his garden the employment and amusement of his leisure hours, and has acquired an universal knowledge in the culture of plants."

Next day they passed through Winwick, a small village, but remarkable for being the richest rectory in England. In the wall of an old porch, before the rector's house, a bible is safely lodged, by a zealous incumbent of the days of Cromwell, in order that, at least, one authentic copy of the scriptures should remain, in spite of the corruptions which the fanatics were likely to produce.

Pass through Newton, a small borough town; the environs flat and fertile. On approaching

* This institution failed; though certainly not for want of abilities in the professors.

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Wigan, a pretty large town, and a borough likewise, they observed several fields white with thread, exposed to bleach for the manufactures of the place. The best cross-bows are made in this town; and formerly it was noted for its manufactures in brass and pewter.

Not far from Wigan is the little river Douglas, immortalized by the victories of Arthur over the Saxons, gained on its banks.

On an eminence, in this vicinity, stands Haigh, long the seat of the Bradshaws, which still contains some excellent paintings.

The country abounds with that fine species of coal, called canal, perhaps candle, from the brightness of its flame. It is found in beds of three feet in thickness, at different depths, and makes the sweetest and most cheerful of fires; and so clean, that a summer house, at Haigh Hall, is built with it, which may be entered without danger of soiling the finest clothes.

They next reached Standish, a village with a very handsome church and spire, and containing some curious monuments. At Standish Hall, some relics of the Arundel collection are still preserved, particularly eight pieces of glass, with the labours of Hercules exquisitely cut on them.

From hence they made an excursion, four miles westward, to Holland, a village, where formerly stood a priory of Benedictines, founded by Robert de Holland in 1319. Of its former grandeur nothing now remains but the church and some detached walls.

Returning from hence, they fall into the road, ride through Walton, a very populous village, near the Ribble, and ascend a hill, on the top of which lies Preston, a neat and handsome town, chiefly inhabited by persons in independent circumstances. It has little trade, and no manufactures. A sharp

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battle was fought here in 1648, between that gallant officer, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and the parliament army under Cromwell.

The walks on the banks of the Ribble command a most beautiful view of meadows, bounded by delicious risings, through which the river winds.

Proceeding over a flat country, of no promising aspect, they cross the Wier near Garstang, a small town, remarkable for the fine cattle produced in its neighbourhood, and, celebrated for the same thing by Drunken Barnaby in his Latin Itineraries:

Veni Garstang, ubi nata
Sunt armenta fronte latâ.

Soon after leaving Garstang, the country becomes more sterile and rugged. From a common, called the Grave, they had a charming prospect of Lancaster*, lying on the side of a hill, with its lofty castle and church; and, in the back ground, the lofty mountains of Furness and Cumberland.

Cross the Lune by a handsome bridge, and, after travelling four miles, reach Hess Bank, where they passed the arm of the sea at low water, that divides this part of the country from the hundred of Furness.

The prospect on all sides was now wild and dreary, the horrors of which were increased by the approach of night and bad weather. Before them lay an extensive but shallow ford, formed by the river Kent and other streams. At the entrance into this water, they were met by a guide, called the Carter, who is maintained at the public expence, and obliged to conduct over passengers at all hours in the day.

* See First Tour.

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Three miles from the shore is Cartmel, a small irregular town, lying in a vale, environed by lofty hills. The church is large and cruciform, with a singular steeple, composed of a square within a square. The inside is handsome and spacious; the choir, in particular, very beautiful; and several elegant, or ancient, monuments decorate the walls.

The gateway of a monastery, founded by William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, in 1188, is still standing; but this had long before been holy ground, as it was included in a donation to St. Cuthbert, by Egfrid, king of the Northumbrians, who reigned between 670 and 685.

Leaving Cartmel, they pass through a strange mixture of pasture, rock, and small groves, and descend a hill to Holker, a large irregular house, in a park, pretty well wooded, and commanding some romantic scenery. This seat contains many choice productions of the pencil. The Duchess of Cleveland, by Lely, and Admiral Penn, father of the celebrated William Penn, are two of the most remarkable.

Cross another track of sands, under the guidance of a Carter, and soon reach Ulverston, a pretty large town seated near the water-side, and accessible, with the tide, to vessels of one hundred and fifty tons. It has a good trade in iron, bark, lime-stone, oats, barley, and beans. Great quantities of potatoes are raised here, and so productive is the soil, that four hundred and fifty bushels of this root have been got from a single acre.

Make an excursion to visit the great iron mines at Whitrigs, in this vicinity. The ore is found in immense beds, from ten to fifteen yards thick, and forty in extent; and, sometimes, two hundred tons have been raised in a week. The common produce of metal is one ton from somewhat less than two

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of ore; but some is much richer, and yields a ton of iron from twenty-seven hundred weight of the mineral.

These mines have been worked above four hundred years, and appear to be inexhaustible. The ore is of that species called hæmatites; it is red, and very greasy, and perfectly dyes those who are engaged in raising or manufacturing it.

The ore is carried on ship-board at Barrow, for 12s. a ton; and the adventurers pay 1s. 6d. a ton for the privilege of procuring. It is entirely smelted with wood charcoal, which is neverless plentiful than the mineral; and, therefore, considerable quantities are sometimes imported.

From this spot they had an extensive view of the Lower Furness, of Peel Castle, and of the Abbey of Furness, whose very ruins evince its former magnificence. It was founded in 1127, by Stephen, afterwards King of England.

In this excursion they also saw Swartz Moor Hall, near which Martin Swartz and Lambert Simnel encamped in 1487, in order to collect more forces before their attempt to wrest the crown from Henry VII. From Swartz-moor Hall, too, in after times, issued George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, after converting and marrying the widow of Judge Fell; and, perhaps, unintentionally gave rise to a crowd of spiritual Quixotes, who were guilty of all the extravagancies that enthusiasm could dream of.

Returning to Ulverston, after dinner, they proceed on their journey by Newland Iron Furnace, and Penny Bridge, or Crakeford; and, keeping along by the side of the river Crake, reach Coniston, Thurstain Water, a beautiful lake, about seven miles long, and three quarters of a mile broad. The view about this lake is extremely noble, and infinitely varied. It produces pike and char; the

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latter a favourite luxury of modern times, and, therefore, become very dear.

Leaving the sides of the lake, they ascended a steep hill, surrounded with woods, and from the summit, enjoy an extensive view of the lake, of the stupendous falls in the neighbourhood, and of a winding chasm between some black and serrated mountains.

They next reached Hawkshead, standing in a fertile bottom, but containing nothing worth remark. Beyond this place they traced Urswick Mere for some way. The roads excellent, amidst fine woods, with grey rocks patched with moss. In one place they passed a holly park, a track preserved entirely for sheep, which are fed in winter with the croppings. The lichen Tartareus incrusts most of the stones in this vicinity; it is collected by the peasants for the use of dyers.

Reach Graithwaite, and from the Cat's Craig, an eminence above the house, they had a delightful landscape of Winander Mere, for several miles, than which nothing can be more picturesque.

The day being very propitious, they took a boat, that they might have an advantageous view of the beautiful lake of Winander, which is about twelve miles long and one broad. It has many bays, which give an elegant sinuosity to its shores, especially on the Westmorcland side. The waters are discharged at the south end, with a rapid precipitous current, and then assume the name of the Leven.

The depth of Winander is very various; it is intersected by vast subaqueous precipices, and the fall of the Leven is ninety feet.

The boatmen, directing their course north, carried them by the heathy isle of Lougholme, and the far-projecting cape of Rawlinson's Nab. On the left hand, south of the Stor, a great promontory,

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Lancashire ends; so that Westmoreland has the fairest claim to this superb expanse of water.

Doubling the Stor, a new reach opened before them. Leaving the little isle of Crowholme, on the right, they traversed the lake towards the Horse-ferry, and a little farther Greatholme, a delicious isle, of thirty acres, highly ornamented and inhabited, crosses the water and conceals the rest.

Passing this isle, a new and broader expanse was disclosed, varied with several pretty little isles, some bare, others tufted with trees. A track, near the village of Boulness, falls gently to the water's edge, and runs again to a high and large mountain, backed with others of still superior magnitude and elevation.

Mr. Pennant and his friends landed at Boulness, anciently Winander, and dined on delicate trout and perch, the produce of the lake.—Char is found here in great plenty, and of a superior size.

Among the birds which inhabit these Alpine regions, are eagles, and other kinds, attached to lofty and almost inaccessible situations.

Reach Ambleside, a small town above the extremity of the lake, below which, in a meadow near the river Brathay, is a Roman camp, where coins and other vestiges of that nation have frequently been found. The castrametation is still very visible, and the situation was very advantageous for the command of several passes.

Near Ambleside is Rydal House, in a charming situation, having the lake in front, and on each side a stupendous guard of mountains. Near the house is a lofty, rocky knowl, clothed with multitudes of gigantic yews, and hollies of great age. In the vicinity are some cascades that deserve notice.

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Leaving the precincts of this enchanting lake, by Rydal Pass, they ride through Grass Mere, a fertile vale with a lake, shut up by Helm Crag, a noble pyramidal mountain. Beyond this they observed Dunmail Wray's Stones, collected in memory of a defeat given to a petty king of Cumberland, of that name, in 946, by Edmund I. who, with the barbarity of the times, put out the eyes of the two sons of the unfortunate prince, and bestowed his territory on Malcolm, king of Scotland.

The descent from hence to the Vale of Keswick is very picturesque. On the left are Helvellin Fells, with their long-extended front. Most of the hills in these parts are fine sheep-walks, smooth and well turfed. The mutton fed here is exquisitely flavoured, but the wool is coarse.

Enjoy a view of Thirl Water, a fine but narrow lake, filling the bottom of a long dale for near four miles. Visit a fine piece of druidical antiquity, about a mile and a half from Keswick. It is an arrangement of great stones, tending to an oval, forming an area of thirty-four yards from north to south, and thirty from east to west. Many of the stones are fallen down; and at the north and south ends are two much larger than the rest, probably to mark the entrance. The highest, however, is a single one on the east. What distinguishes this from all other druidical remains hitherto discovered is a rectangular recess on the east side of the area, formed of similar stones with those of the circumference. This was, probably, a kind of holy of holies, from which the vulgar were excluded.

Arrive near the paradise of the north, the Vale of Keswick, a circuit of about twenty miles. From an eminence have a fine bird's-eye view of the whole.

Dine at Keswick, a small manufacturing town, and take boat on the celebrated Lake of Derwent-

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water. It is of an irregular figure, extending from north to south about three miles and a half, and from east to west about one and a half. The aspect of the banks on each side is very different. Here all the variety of Alpine scenery is exhibited in contrast with smooth and verdant hills.

The two extremities of the lake are equally diversified. The southern is a composition of all that is horrible; the northern is, in all respects, a beautiful and striking contrast to it. Each boundary of the lake seems to resemble the extremities, and emulates their appearance. The south varies, in rocks of different forms, from the tremendous precipices of the Lady's Leap, and the same diversity is perceptible in other points.

The entrance into Borrowdale divides the scene, and the northern side assumes a milder aspect. The environs here appear to the navigator of the lake to the greatest advantage; for on every side mountains close the prospect, and form an amphitheatre scarcely to be paralleled for grandeur.

The isles that decorate this lake are few, but well disposed, distinct, and delightful. The principal is the Lord's island, about five acres, where the Radcliffe family had once their residence, and from this place took the title of Derwentwater. The last ill-fated earl lost his life and fortune, by engaging in the rebellion of 1715; and his estates, near 20,000l. a year, are assigned to Greenwich Hospital.

St. Herbert's Isle is chiefly noted for being the residence of that saint, the bosom friend of St. Cuthbert, and who both departed this life at the same instant, according to the prayers of the former. The water of this lake is subject to violent agitations, without any apparent cause, as our tourist experienced; for, though the weather was calm, the waves ran to a great height, and the boat

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was violently tossed, by what is called a bottom-wind.

Visited Crossthwaite Church, which has five chapels belonging to it, and is the church to Keswick. In it is a monument of Sir John Radcliffe, and dame Alice, his wife, with an inscription in the style of the Popish times, dated 1527.

The livings of this county have, of late years, been much improved by Queen Anne's bounty; "but it is not long," says Mr. Pennant, "since the minister's stipend was five pounds a year; a goose-grass, or the right of commoning his goose; a whittle-gait, or the valuable privilege of using his knife, for a week at a time, at any table in the parish; and, lastly, a harden sark, or coarse linen shirt*."

The neighbourhood is replete with minerals; but none are so valuable as black lead, the mines of which are opened only once in seven years, lest the market should be glutted with this article. The best sort sells from eight to twelve shillings a pound, as it is taken from the mine; nor indeed is it capable of being refined.

Continuing the journey, they passed along the Vale of Keswick, keeping above Bassenthwaite Water, a fine expanse of four miles in length, bounded on one side by high hills, on the other by fields and the skirts of Skiddaw.

Beyond Armethwaite, the country ceases to be mountainous, but swells into extensive risings. Ride near the Derwent, and passing through several hamlets, reach Bridekirk, a village with a small

* Our tourist here was, probably, imposed on by some wag, who wished to lessen the dignity of the clerical order. The livings in many parts of the kingdom are too small to maintain incumbents; but we do not believe that any man of liberal education would submit to such degradations.

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church, noted for an ancient font found at Papcastle, with an inscription in Runic characters, thus explained:

"Here Erkard was converted, and to this man's example were the Danes brought."

Their next stage was Cockermouth, a large town with spacious streets, washed by the Derwent on the western side, and divided in two by the Cocker, over which is a bridge of a single arch. The number of inhabitants are between three and four thousand. The principal manufactures are shalloons, worsted stockings, and hats. It is a borough-town, with a castle seated on an artificial mount, founded by Waldof, contemporary with William the Conqueror. It was besieged and taken by the rebels in 1648, and then burnt; since which time it has never been repaired.

Pursuing their journey, without any thing worthy of notice, they came at once in sight of Whitehaven, a place that has risen in modern times to a great extent and opulence, from the collieries in its vicinity. In fact, it is now one of the handsomest towns in the north of England, and the best planned.

In this town are three churches or chapels, besides several meeting-houses for dissenters of various denominations.

The harbour is a noble work, guarded at the south end by a long pier, where ships may lie in great security. Another is built farther out, to break the force of the sea, and within these are two quays. The shore is also lined with conveniences for lading vessels; and, when the whole plan of the harbour is completed, it will be quite land-locked. About 218,000 tons of coal are annually exported to Ireland from this port.

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The mouth of the collieries lies near the town, and is supported by arch-work. The mines run two miles under the sea, and are really stupendous works. The beds of coal are nine or ten feet thick, and dip one yard in eight.

The property of these works, as well as of the whole town, belongs to Sir James Lowther*, who draws from this place 16,000*l.* a year, whereas his grandfather only made 1500*l.* of the estate.

Leaving Whitehaven, they proceed to Workington, where the devoted Mary Stuart landed, after her flight from Scotland. The town extends from the castle to the sea, and contains about four or five thousand inhabitants, who subsist by the coal-trade. The Derwent washes the skirts of the town, and on each bank are piers, where the ships lie.

Following the trending of the shore, they came to Mary Port, another new creation, belonging to the Senhouse family. Not half a century ago only one house stood here; and now upwards of seventy vessels, of different sizes, belong to the place, chiefly engaged in the coal trade.

On a hill, at the south end of the town, are the remains of a large Roman station, from which is an extensive view towards Scotland, and round the neighbouring country. Many antiquities have been discovered in this vicinity, some of which have been engraved, and published by Camden, Horsely, and Gordon. At Nether Hall, the seat of Mr. Senhouse, they were indulged with a sight of those curiosities, and met with a most polite reception.

Their next stage was Wigton, a small town, with some manufactures of checks. Beyond this the country is flat and barren, till within a small dis-

* The late Earl of Lonsdale.

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tance of Carlisle. Near that city, cultivation and trade begin to display themselves in a striking manner.

Enter Carlisle by the Irish gate, and take another survey of this place, which Mr. Pennant visited, and described in his former tour. "Here," says our author, "I had the pleasure to be introduced to that worthy veteran Captain Gilpin, who favoured me with a number of fine drawings of views and antiquities relative to this county."

Cross the little river Petrel, and visit Warwick, or Warthwick church, three miles to the eastward, remarkable for its tribune, or rounded east end, with thirteen niches, ten feet high and seventeen inches broad, the top of each arched. The whole church is built with good cut stone; it is unquestionably of great antiquity, but the founder is unknown.

About two or three miles beyond this, they visited the remains of Wetheral Priory, and the deep cells, called after the same name, cut out of the solid rock, in the midst of a vast precipice. They are three in number, and in the front are three windows and a fire-place. Each cell is twelve feet eight inches deep, and about nine feet six inches wide. Before them is a sort of gallery, twenty-three feet and a half long, bounded by the front, which hangs at an awful height above the Eden.

They are supposed to have been the retreat of the monks of Wetheral Priory, during the inroads of the Scots. They are only accessible by a most horrible path, amidst woods that grow out of precipices rather than slopes, and far impending the subjacent river.

Return to Corbie, formerly a castle, now a modern house, seated on an eminence above the river, and containing several curious paintings. Of the old castle, not a trace remains.

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On the 30th of May, after satisfying their curiosity in the vicinity, they bade a final adieu to Carlisle, and crossed the Eden, near the village of Stanwick. The Picts' Wall, or, more properly, that of Severus, passed this place.

After crossing the Leven, they proceeded through the village of Arthuret, in the church-yard of which is a rude cross, with a pierced capital, forming the exact figure of the cross of the knights of Malta. In the same cemetery lie the remains of Archy Armstrong, a jester or fool to Charles I. who was degraded from his profession, and died in obscurity, owing to the resentful pride of Archbishop Laud. It seems Archy met his grace soon after the news arrived of the tumults in Scotland, occasioned by Laud's attempt to introduce the liturgy into that country, and had the presumption to ask, "Who is fool now?" a question which a man who possessed real greatness of mind would have either smiled at or disregarded; but for which the archbishop sought and obtained revenge.

Reach Netherby, the seat of Mr. Graham, standing on a rising ground, washed by the Esk, and commanding an extensive landscape. The spirit of improvement is manifested here to an extraordinary degree, and does infinite honour to the taste and patriotism of the owner of the soil.

Visited Solway Moss, whose eruption the year before excited so much curiosity. It was, in the opinion of our tourist, a natural phenomenon, without any thing wonderful or unprecedented; as Pelling Moss had made a similar eruption in the present century, and Chat Moss in the time of Henry VIII.

Late in the night of November 17, 1771, a farmer, who lived nearest the Moss, was alarmed with an unusual noise. The surface had at once given way, and the black deluge was rolling to-

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wards his house. By the light of a lantern, he perceived the cause of his affright, but thought it something preternatural. However, he had the prudence to alarm his neighbours with all expedition, though some were not waked till the Stygian tide had entered their houses; and their suspense and terror were indescribable till the return of morn.

About three hundred acres of moss were found to be discharged, and four hundred acres of arable land covered. The houses were either overthrown, or filled to the roofs; yet providentially not a human life was lost.

The eruption burst from the place of its discharge like a cataract of thick ink, mixed with fragments of peat. The farther it flowed, the more it expanded and lessened in depth, till it reached the river Esk.

The surface of the Moss received a considerable change. What was before a plain, now sank into a vast bason, and thus afforded a view from Netherby of land and trees, unseen before.

In their return, they visited the ancient border-house at Kirk Andrews. It consists of a square tower, with a ground floor, and two apartments above, one over the other. In the first it was usual to lodge the cattle; the family occupied the upper stories.

In those unhappy days when invasion or pillaging was so frequent, the wretched inhabitant was obliged to shut himself and his property up, upon the first alarm. The windows were few, and very small; the door was of iron. If the robbers made an attempt to break open the door, they were annoyed from above by stones or scalding water.

As late as the reign of James I. watches were kept along the whole border, day and night, and

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every precaution was used to gain a precarious security, either from Moss troopers, as they were called, or from other accidental ravagers.

Return to Netherby, built on the site of a Roman station, where many curious and interesting antiquities have been discovered, and in general preserved with great care. They consist of inscriptions, altars, vessels, statues, and various utensils.

From hence they visited Liddel's Strength, or the Mote, a strong intrenchment, on a steep and lofty cliff, above the river Liddel. It is probably of Roman origin; but, since their time, has been applied for the purpose of defence by the warders. It was stormed by David II. who strangled the governor's two sons before his face, and then ordered the head of the distracted father to be struck off.

Crossing the Liddel, they entered Scotland, in the county of Dumfries, a most fertile and well-cultivated track of low, arable, and pasture land. Here our tourist met with a farmer, who told him that a pebble, naturally perforated, hung over a horse that was long ridden, or troubled with nocturnal sweats, was an infallible cure for him. This is a flagrant proof that superstition is not extinct!

Return and pass through the parish of Cannonsby, a small fertile plain, watered by the Esk. Most of the houses here are built of clay, and sometimes are reared in a single day.

Ascend a bank on the south side of this valley to a vast height above it, commanding great and enchanting views. Two precipices are particularly distinguishable; the one called Carsidel, the other Gilnochie's Garden.

Ford the Esk, the water of which was of the most crystalline brightness, and on the opposite

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eminence see Hol House, a defensible tower, one of the seats of the famous Johnny Armstrong, laird of Gilnochie, the most popular and potent thief of his time, who laid the English borders under constant contributions, but never molested any of his own countrymen. He was at last ordered to execution by James V. in spite of all the offers that could be made to save him; and he died, as he lived, with heroic bravery.

Rode through beautiful woods to Mr. Maxwell's, of Broomholme, a seat surrounded with a magnificent theatre of trees, clothing the lofty hills. The rest of the ground, which this gentleman now keeps in his own hands, during the unsettled times of the beginning of the last century, was only eight shillings and fourpence English, though it is at present well worth one hundred pounds per annum. This is one proof of many which might be produced of the happy effects which have resulted from union and consequent security.

Advancing by a beautiful road, along a fertile country, the town of Langholme opened to view, with the entrance of three dales, which give rise to as many rivers. There are several manufactures carried on here; and the surrounding country feeds a vast number of sheep, the great staple of this district.

The castle of Langholme is only a square tower, or border-house. In their walk, to view it, the spot was pointed out where several unfortunate creatures had suffered, in the last century, on the ridiculous charge of witchcraft.

In this place they keep an instrument of punishment, called the brank, which the magistrates liberally apply to check the excesses of that unruly member the female tongue. It is a headpiece that opens and encloses the head of the offender, while a sharp iron enters the mouth. "This," says our

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tourist, "had been used only a month before, and as it cut the poor woman till blood gushed out from each side of her mouth, it would be well that the judges, before they exert their power again, consider not only the humanity but the legality of the practice."

Among the various customs in this district, now obsolete, the most curious was that of handfisting, in use about a century ago. An annual fair was held, to which the young of both sexes resorted. The unmarried looked out for mates, made their engagements by joining hands, or hand-fisting; cohabited till next anniversary of the fair, returned again, and either declared their consent to be man and wife for the period of their lives, or terminated the connection. In the latter case, the inconstant was to take care of the offspring of the year of probation; but no particular reflection lay on either, and they were mutually at liberty to make a new choice.

Of the favourite sports in these parts *curling* is one of the chief. It is performed in winter on the ice, by sliding from one mark to another very heavy stones, of a hemispherical form, with a handle atop. The object of the player is, to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner, or to strike off that of his antagonist.

Lodge again at Netherby on the night of the 1st of June, and next day pass through Longtown, a place remarkable for the great trade carried on during the season of cranberries. Cross again the Esk, and pass a track between that river and the Sark, called the Debatable Land, having been disputed by both crowns; but in the reign of James I. was purchased by Sir Richard Graham, and declared a part of the county of Cumberland.

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Enter Scotland again by a small bridge over the Sark, and soon after stop at the little village of Gretna, so well known to matrimonial adventurers. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who performs the ceremony from two guineas a job down to a glass of whisky. If the pursuit of friends proves hot, the frighted pair are advised to slip into bed, and in this situation are shewn to the pursuers, who then give up the contest.

"This place," says Mr. Pennant, "is distinguished from afar by a clump of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place. I had the curiosity to see the high-priest, who appeared in the form of a fisherman, in a blue coat, with a large quid of tobacco in his mouth. One of our party was supposed to have come to explore the coast; we questioned him about the price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour."

The church of Scotland endeavours to prevent these clandestine marriages; but, as excommunication is the only punishment it can inflict, these self-made priests despise its fulminations.

Continuing their journey, they pass by Rig, a sort of chapel of ease to Gretna in runaway nuptials: the performer here was an alehouse-keeper.

On their left was Solway Frith, and a view of Keswick Fells, between which and Burnswech Hill, in Scotland, is a champaign of forty miles.

Reach Annan, a small town, situated on a river of the same name, navigable, by ships of considerable burden, to within half a mile of the town. This place trades in wine and corn.

After dining here, they made an excursion to Ruthwell, whose church contains a most curious monument; an obelisk, once of great height, now lying in three pieces; having been demolished by

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order of the general assembly in 1644, under pretence of its being an object of superstition among the vulgar. It contains inscriptions and figures, which prove it to be of high antiquity. Tradition says, that the church was built over this pillar long after its erection; and as it was reputed to have been transported here by angels, it was probably secured within walls, like the Holy Chapel of Loretto, lest it should take another flight.

In this church-yard lies Mr. Gawin Young, the Vicar of Bray of Scotland. He was ordained minister in 1617, when the church was Presbyterian; soon after a moderate sort of episcopacy was established; in 1638 the famous league and covenant took place; in 1660 episcopacy arrived at its plenitude of power; yet Mr. Young maintained his post, amidst all those vicissitudes; and, what is more, supported a most respectable character, lived a tranquil life, and died in peace, after enjoying his benefice fifty-four years.

This parish extends along the Solway Frith, which yearly gains upon the land. Salt is made here in a peculiar manner.

Return through Annan, and after travelling over a naked track, reached Sprinkeld, the seat of Sir William Maxwell, near which is the site of Bell Castle, where the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas lodged the night before their defeat at Kirkonnel, in the immediate vicinity.

In the burial-ground of Kirkonnel are the graves of fair Ellen Irwine and her lover. She was the daughter of the family of Kirkonnel, and passionately beloved by two gentlemen at the same time. The unsuccessful candidate for her affection vowed revenge; and while the enamoured pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle, Ellen perceived the disappointed lover on the opposite

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side, fondly interposed her body, and receiving the wound intended for her favourite, fell, and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death; then fled into Spain, served some time against the infidels, and returning, stretched himself on the grave of his unfortunate mistress, and expired without a sigh. He was interred by her side, under a stone, with 'Hic jacet Adam Fleming.' The memory, however, of this ill-starred pair is better preserved in an ancient ballad.

Visit the Roman station at Burrens, in the parish of Middleby. It lies on a flat, bounded on one side by the small water of Mien, and was well defended by four ditches and five dykes; but much of both is carried away by the winter floods. A hypocaust and other antiquities have been discovered here. Mr. Horsely imagines this was the place where Agricola concluded his second year's expedition.

The country now began to grow hilly, but was still verdant, and formed excellent sheepwalks. On the sides of a hill, called Burnswerk, are two beautiful camps, united to each other by a rampart, winding along the hill. There were also the works of Agricola, and probably was the summer camp of that at Burrens.

The view from the summit is very extensive and picturesque. Descend and pass through the town of Ecclefechan, noted for its great monthly markets for cattle. Keep along the plain, and arrive again on the banks of the Annan, whence they have a fine view of Hoddam Castle, a strong border house, now converted to a hospitable residence. In the walls about this house are preserved altars and inscriptions, found in the station at Burrens.

Near Hoddam, on an eminence, is a square edifice, called the Tower of Repentance. On it is carved the word Repentance, with a serpent at

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one end, and a dove at the other, signifying remorse and grace. It was built by a Lord Harries, as an atonement for putting to death some prisoners, after a promise of pardon.

Proceeding over a track of low hills, reach, in a well-cultivated and woody flat, the castle and house of Comlongham, the birth place of the great Lord Mansfield. The castle consists of a large square tower, now almost in ruins. Many small rooms are gained out of the very thickness of the sides. At the bottom of one, after a descent of many steps, is the noisome dungeon, without light, or even air-holes, except the trap-door in the floor, continued for immuning captives.

Ride along the shore by the extremity of Locher Moss, a morass about ten miles in length, and three in breadth, with the little water of Locher dividing it. From recent surveys, this track appears to have been overflowed by the sea, an event which tradition confirms. Near a place called Kilblain, they saw one of the ancient canoes of the primeval inhabitants of the country, in no respect differing from those of America, on its first discovery. It was dug out of the moss, as had another of the same nature several years before. The length of this vessel was eight feet, the breadth two, and the depth eleven inches. At one end were the remains of three pegs for the paddle, and the excavation was made with fire.

Over Locher Moss is a road remarkable for its origin. A stranger, many years ago, sold some goods to certain merchants of Dumfries on credit. He disappeared, and the money was never claimed by him or his heirs. The merchants very honestly put out the sum to interest, and after a lapse of more than forty years, the town of Dumfries obtained a gift of it, and applied it to this useful purpose.

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Visit Wardlaw, a small hill, crowned with a round British camp: near it are the faint traces of one of Roman origin. See the Isle of Caerlaveroc, as it is called, though not near the sea; on it stands a fortress, or border-house, which has undergone different sieges, particularly under Edward I. who sat down before it in person. The last siege, after a series of revolution, was under Cromwell's usurpation.

The form of the present castle is triangular: the yard is of the same form; and over an arch is the crest of the Maxwells, with this motto, "I bid ye fair." Several other coats of arms and figures are engraved on different parts of the building.

Pursuing their journey along the coast to the mouth of the Nith, reached Newby Abbey, founded by Devorguila, wife of John Balliol, who died, and was buried here. His lady embalmed his heart, and placed it, in a case of ivory, near the high altar; on which account the abbey is frequently called Sweet-heart and Suavicordium.

Passing by Port Kepel, the frith gradually contracting itself, and the country on both sides extremely beautiful, decorated with groves and villas.

Reach Dumfries, an elegant, well-built town, on the Nith, containing near five thousand souls. At present it has little commerce; but its weekly markets of black cattle are of considerable advantage.

The two churches are remarkably neat. In the cemetery of St. Michael are several pyramidal monuments, very ornamental; and on some gravestones are inscriptions, recording the violence of the apostate, Archbishop Sharp, and the bigotry of James II. Powers were given, at one time, to an inhuman set of miscreants to destroy, on suspicion of disaffection, or for refusing to give a

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satisfactory account of their political principles; and in consequence, many poor peasants were shot. Some of the epitaphs in this cemetery will prolong the infamy of Sharp and James.

This place, like most of the great towns of Scotland, has its seceders chapel, a sect of rigid Presbyterians, who possess their religion in all its original sourness, and think their church in danger, because the ministers of the establishment degenerate into moderation, and wear a gown, or vindicate lay patronage. To avoid these supposed enormities, they separate themselves from their brethren, and preserve all the rags and rents bequeathed to them by John Knox, which the more sensible preachers are studying to darn and patch.

Dumfries, like other border towns, was much exposed to the inroads of the English, and was frequently ruined by them. To prevent their invasions, a ditch and mound, called Warders Dykes, were drawn from the Nith to Locher Moss, where watch and ward were constantly kept. On most of the eminences of those parts, beacons were likewise erected for alarming the country; and the inhabitants, able to bear arms, were bound, on the firing of signals, to repair instantly to the warden of the marches, under pain of high treason.

Cross a bridge, in front of which is a beautiful artificial cascade, and ascend Gorbelly Hill, from the top of which is an enchanting prospect of the circumjacent country.

Visit the Abbey of Lincluden, about a mile distant, in the ruined chancel of whose church is an elegant tomb of Margaret, daughter of Robert III. wife of Archibald, earl of Douglas. The effigy lay at full length, but is now mutilated, and her very bones have been scattered about by some wretches, who broke open the tomb, in search of treasure. The arms of the Douglases and

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Stewards are dispersed in various parts of the existing remains of this abbey.

On their return to Dumfries, Mr. Pennant was honoured with the freedom of the town, in the politest manner; and on the 6th of June, continued his journey through the beautiful Nithsdale, a charming pastoral spot.

Ride through a track covered with broom, and arrive in sight of Drumlanrig, a seat of the Duke of Queensbury; magnificently situated on the side of a hill, and embosomed in trees. It is a vast square building with a tower at each corner, crowned by three small turrets. Over the entrance is a cupola, terminating in an immense ducal coronet. Hearts, carved in stone, the Douglas arms, every where appear. The windows are grated as high as the third story, and the two principal doors are the same; so that the whole has the appearance of a magnificent state prison. Yet this edifice was raised in peaceful times, between 1679 and 1689.

The apartments are numerous, and some of them elegant. The gallery is one hundred and eight feet long; and is ornamented with a number of paintings, some of them excellent.

In the gardens, which are exquisitely cut out of a rock, is a bird-cherry, not less than seven feet eight inches in circumference, and among several fine silver firs, one upwards of four feet in diameter.

The park is equal to the magnificence of the house, and contains a white breed of wild cattle, derived from the native race of the country. They are still very savage and fierce, shy of being seen; and if wanted, can only be shot. They are of a middle size, have very long legs, and the cows are horned. The orbits of the eyes and the tips of the noses are black; but our tourist says, the bulls

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had not the manes which were attributed to them by Boethius.

From hence they rode to Morton Castle, about four miles distant. It stands on a lofty and steep projection, near the Auchinleck Hills. At present only one of the fronts remains. It was demolished by David II. on his return from England, at which time the Castle of Durisdeer, two miles farther north, shared the same fate.

In the church of Durisdeer is the mausoleum of the family of Drumlanrig. Over the door of the vault are four spiral pillars, supporting a canopy, all of marble; and against the walls is a superb monument, in memory of James, duke of Queensbury, who died in 1711, and his duchess.

The beauties of Drumlanrig are not confined to the elevated parts of the ground: the walks, which follow the windings of the Nith for a considerable way, are replete with picturesque and varied scenery. The present duke has made many improvements on his seat, and its environs; but what does him more honour, he promotes manufactures among his tenantry, and grants every encouragement to the industrious and deserving.

Leaving Drumlanrig, they continued their journey for some way above the Nith, which occasionly appeared in singular forms. The most striking was a place, called Hell's Cawdron, a sudden bend, where the water eddies in a large hole, of vast depth and blackness, over which trees cast a gloomy shade. By degrees the river assumed a milder course, and flowed through cultivated fields, or sylvan scenes.

Quit Nithsdale, pass through the deep glen of Lochburn, and lodge for the night at Lead Hills, in the parish of Crawford. This place consists of a number of mean houses, inhabited by about fifteen

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hundred souls, the greatest part of whom are supported by the lead mines in this track.

Nothing can surpass the steril and gloomy appearance of the surrounding country; but the internal treasure seems to be inexhaustible, though the space, where the ore has hitherto been found, does not exceed a square mile. About seventy pounds weight of metal are generally produced from a hundred weight of the ore; but very little silver is found here. There are, however, several varieties, such as common-plated ore, steel-grained ore, and the curious white, lamellated, and fibrous ores, so much valued in the cabinets of the curious.

The miners and smelters are subject to the common lead distemper, called here the mill-reek; yet instances sometimes occur of primeval longevity among them. Not long ago, died John Taylor, miner, who regularly followed his vocation till he was 112, and completed his 132d year before he paid the last debt of nature. This extraordinary man did not marry till he was 60, after which he had nine children: he never used spectacles, nor did his teeth give way till six years before his death.

Native gold has frequently been found in this district; and it is certain, that, in former times, considerable quantities of that precious metal have been procured in Scotland, particularly within a moderate distance of Lead Hills. Lord Hopetoun, the owner of those mines, has a piece of gold about an ounce and a half in weight.

Continuing their progress, near the village of Crawford John, they were obliged to procure a guide over an extent of trackless moors, and soon after descend into Douglas Dale, a valley distinguished by the residence of the Douglas family, a race of turbulent heroes, celebrated throughout

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Europe for feats of arms; the glory, yet scourge of their country; the terror of their sovereigns; and the pride of the northern annals of chivalry.

They are said to derive their name from Sholto du-glasse, or the black and grey warrior, who lived in the eighth century. The good Sir James Douglas, however, who died in 1330, was the most honourable and undoubted raiser of his name and family; and happy would it have been for his successors, had they studied to deserve his character. During a century and a half, their greatness knew no bounds, and their arrogance was equally conspicuous. That high spirit, which was wont to be exerted against the enemies of their country, now degenerated into faction, sedition, and treason; they became too powerful for subjects; and practised every vice and enormity, without fear and without shame.

Douglas Castle, their residence, seems to have met with as many revolutions as its masters. Many castles have been built on the same site, and as often demolished. The present is an unfinished pile, begun by the late duke, who lies buried, by his own direction, under the base of one of the round towers in front.

The windows are Gothic, and the apartments possess sufficient elegance. "Near the castle," says Mr. Pennant, "are several very ancient ash trees, whose branches groaned under the weight of executions, when these chieftains knew no law, but their will.

In the church are deposited the remains of several of this great name. The good Sir James, the friend and favourite of Robert Bruce, lies here, though he was killed in Spain; and near him, beneath a magnificent tomb, Archibald, first earl of Douglas, and duke of Terouan in France, with several others of the lineage.

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Leaving Douglasdale, a track of great fertility, but destitute of wood, they soon after crossed the Clyde, and arrived at Lanerk, a county town. Here the gallant Wallace made his first effort to redeem his country from the tyranny of the English, and succeeded.

At no great distance from Lanerk, are the celebrated falls of the Clyde at Cory Lin, which are seen to great advantage from a ruinous pavilion in a gentleman's garden, which enjoys an elevated situation. The cataract precipitates itself for an amazing way, from rock to rock, forming a rude slope of furious foam. A path conducts to the beginning of the fall, into which projects a high rock, insulated by floods; and from its top is a tremendous view of the dashing stream. In the cliffs of this wild retreat, the gallant Wallace is said to have concealed himself, while meditating the salvation of his country.

About a mile and a half from this, is the bold fall of Bouiton, where the river falls in a foaming sheet, far projecting into a hollow, with a violent agitation, and a far-extending mist.

They next visited the great fall of Stone-Biers, about a mile from Lanerk. This has more of the horrible in it than either of the other two. It is composed of two precipitous cataracts, falling one above the other, into a vast chasm, bounded by lofty rocks, forming an astonishing theatre, when viewed from the bottom.

From hence they walked to Caitland Crags, a zig-zag den of great extent, bounded by masses of rock, clothed with trees. It is a place of laborious access from above; the bottom is watered by the river Mouse, while the sides are finely varied with wild and horrid scenery.

Crossing the Avon, they reach Hamilton, so

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called from the noble family of that name*. Hamilton House, a palace, stands at the extremity of the town, and is a large, but inelegant pile. Its internal decorations, however, particularly the paintings, are very fine.

Cross the Clyde at Bothwell Bridge. The castle of Bothwell is now in ruins. A modern house has been erected near the spot.

Soon after they arrived at Glasgow, the second town in Scotland, and one of the best built in Europe; but as it has been described in the last tour, we shall not farther enlarge concerning it; except to say, that our ingenious author was, on this occasion, honoured with the freedom of the city; a compliment which gave and reflected mutual credit. On the 11th of June they took boat and sailed down the river, to survey the means used for deepening its bed. The views from several spots in their progress were highly picturesque. Pass under Kirkpatrick, where a considerable manufactory of agricultural tools has been established; but it is far more celebrated for being the supposed termination of the Roman Wall, or Graham's Dyke, built under the auspices of Antonius Pius. This wall, whose remains can still be faintly traced in several places, was guarded with small forts, from one extremity to the other.

The village of Kirkpatrick is yet farther illustrious, for being the birth-place of St. Patrick, who performed such wonders in Ireland, that even legendary lore is put to the blush to recount them.

After visiting Port Glasgow and Greenock, they

* It appears that the Hamiltons, or Hamptons, are of English extraction; and that Sir Gilbert de Hamilton, having fought and slain John De Spenser, chamberlain to Edward II. fled to the Scottish monarch, who received him with open arms. From this gentleman, the noble family of Hamilton is descended.

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dined at the latter place, and engaged a vessel to carry them on their intended voyage round the Hebrides. While preparations were made to equip her, they spent a few days in perambulating the vicinity of Glasgow; paid a visit to the manufacturing Paisley, to Renfrew, the capital of a shire of that name, now an inconsiderable place; and once more, with undiminished pleasure, traversed the banks of Loch Lomond, the pride of British lakes.

At length every thing being prepared, on the 17th of June, they went on board the Lady Frederick Campbell, a cutter of ninety tons, Mr. Archibald Thompson, master. Sail between two and three in the afternoon of the same day and steer south, conveyed rather by the force of the tide than the wind.

Passing the town of Leven and the opposite ruins of Dunoon, the view down the frith began to assume a more noble appearance, and the shores to be delightfully varied. The isles of Cumbray lay in front, and Bute, with its fertile shore oblique, while the stupendous mountains of Arran soared, at some distance, far above.

In the evening, they landed at the little point of Squolog, on the isle of Bute, and walked up to Mount Stewart, the seat of the Earl of Bute, an elegant modern house, charmingly situated on an eminence, encircled with woods. The trees are as vigorous in their growth as in the more southern parts, and throstles, and other birds of song, filled the groves with their melody.

The Isle of Bute is about twenty miles long, but the greatest breadth does not exceed five. It contains about twenty thousand acres of land, and four thousand inhabitants; and is divided into two parishes, Kingarth and Rothesay. In the church

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of the last are buried two of the bishops of the Isles.

The face of the country is hilly, but not mountainous. Red grit-stone, mixed with pebbles, an indifferent species of slate, and some lime-stone, are the principal strata.

The quadrupeds are hares, polecats, weasels, otters, seals, and moles. Among the birds are grouse and partridges.

The produce of the soil is barley, oats, and potatoes, in which it makes liberal returns. Turnips and artificial grasses have lately been introduced with success. Great numbers of cattle and sheep are reared here. Arable land lets from 9s. to 10s. an acre; and the whole rental is about 4000l. a year. The average rent, of single farms, is about 25l. sterling: one sheep farm, however, lets for 200l.

The air, in general, is temperate, and snow never lies long on this island; nor is it subject to mists or fogs; but winds and rains frequently annoy this otherwise favoured spot.

This isle, with that of Arran, the two Cumbrays, and Inch Marnoc, form a county, under the name of Bute, and sends a member to parliament alternately with Caithness.

Civil causes are determined here, as in other parts of the united kingdoms, by the sheriff depute, who is always resident. Criminals are lodged in the county jail at Rothesay, but are removed, for trial, to Inverary. The Earl of Bute is admiral of the county, which is independent of the office of lord high admiral of Scotland.

Visit the ruins of old Kingarth Church, which has two cemeteries, a higher and a lower: the latter was allotted for the interment of females alone. Near this place is a circular inclosure, called the

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Devil's Cauldron, formed of stone, of excellent masonry, but without mortar. It was probably a sanctuary in ancient times.

The south end of Bute is more hilly than the rest, and divided from the other part by a low, sandy plain, where they saw the remains of a druidical temple. There are several small lochs in this island.

Rothesay, the capital, is a small, but well built town. The females here spin yarn: the males are chiefly fishermen. This town has a good pier, and lies at the bottom of a fine bay.

The castle is of various architecture, and of different eras; its antiquity is unknown. Like most other fortresses, it has undergone numerous vicissitudes of fortune, and often changed its master.

Took a boat to carry them to their vessel, which was moored under Inch Marnoc.

This little island, which is scarcely a mile in circumference, receives its name from St. Marnoc. It contains nothing remarkable, bnt the ruins of a chapel; and is tenanted by a gentleman and his family, under the patronage of Lord Bute.

Early in the morning of the 19th of June, they weighed anchor; but were frequently becalmed. The views, however, were so delightful, that it was impossible to feel impatience under their protracted contemplation.

Leaving the point of Skipnish, in Cantyre, to the westward, they with difficulty passed a rocky straight, of about a hundred yards wide, into the safe and pleasant harbour of Loch Tarbat, of sufficient depth and capacity for a number of large ships. The scenery on all sides was picturesque.

Land at the village, where much whiskey is distilled; and visit the narrow neck of land, which joins Cantyre to South Knapdale. It is scarcely a

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mile wide: and plans have been projected, to cut a canal for ships through it, to avoid the turbulent tides of the Mull of Cantyre; but, though this may be practicable, our tourist thinks the expence would be too considerable for this country to bear.

From the top of a small hill, they had a view of the Western Loch Tarbat, which winds along about twenty miles, forming one continued harbour. The boundaries are hilly, varied with woods and tracks of heath. The soil is so rocky, that, instead of the plough, the natives are obliged to use the spade; of consequence, cultivation is at a low ebb.

After an ineffectual attempt to get out in the afternoon, they succeeded next morning, and got into the same expanse as before. Land on Inch Bui, or the Yellow Isle, one entire rock; sail by Inch Skaite, near which they hailed a fishing boat, in order to purchase some of the cargo. The owner declined selling any; but offered to present a part. "A piece of the greater generosity," says Mr. Pennant, "as, in this scarce season, the subsistence of the whole family depended on the fortune of the day."

After repeated calms, having got within two miles of Arran, they take to the boat, and land in Loch Ranza Bay, in that island. The approach was magnificent: a fine bay, in front, about a mile deep, with a ruined castle near the lower end, the whole encircled by a theatre of mountains.

The village of Ranza, and its small church, lie a little farther on the plain, beyond the castle.

The latter consists of two squares united, and is built of red grit-stone. It is a fortress of some antiquity.

In this bay, a basking shark, twenty-seven feet four inches long, had been harpooned a few days before, and still lay on the shore. Mr. Pennant availed himself of the opportunity of viewing a fish,

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so rarely to be met with in other parts of Britain; and found it, indeed, a monster, notwithstanding it was much inferior in size to others that have been caught.

These fish generally keep within the arctic circle; yet small shoals of them annually visit the Hebrides, the coast of Ireland, and the vicinity of Anglesea. They are very inoffensive; and swim with great deliberation, as if asleep, with their two dorsal fins above water. They are either so tame, or stupid, that they will permit the approach of man, and suffer a boat to follow them, unregarded, till they feel the harpoon, when they exert their native strength, and have been known to tow a vessel of seventy tons against a fresh gale. The liver, the only useful part, will yield eight barrels of oil, and two of sediment.

Spent a cheerful evening with the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, the minister of the parish, and experienced every hospitality the place would afford. Accompanied by this gentleman, they next morning set out on a tour of the island. At first, they met with general sterility: the mountains were great masses of moor-stone; on the shore, mill-stone and red grit-stone.

Continuing their ride along the coast, they met a flock of goats, feeding on the sea plants, attended by their herdsman. Invalids resort to this island, during the season, to drink goat's whey.

Arrive at Brodie Castle, seated on an eminence, amidst flourishing plantations, above a small bay. This place has been so much modernized, that it retains little appearance of a fortress, though it was certainly a strong hold in very remote ages. It was garrisoned as late as the time of Cromwell's usurpation.

The Isle of Arran is of no great extent, being

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only twenty-three miles from Sgreadan Point, north, to Beinnean, south. The population is calculated at seven thousand, who chiefly inhabit the coasts, the greatest part of the interior bidding defiance to improvement. There are two parishes, Kilbride and Kilmore, with a sort of chapel of ease to each, founded in the last century, under the auspices of Ann, duchess of Hamilton, whose memory is still dear to the inhabitants.

The principal mountains of Arran, are Goat-Field, or the mountain of the winds, of a height equal to most of the Scottish Alps, composed of immense piles of moor-stones, the retreats of eagles and ptarmigans; Beinnbbarrain, or the sharp-pointed mountain; Ceumna-caillich, the step of the old hag; and, lastly, Grianan Athol, that yields to none in ruggedness.

The lakes are Loch-jorsa, where salmon spawn; Loch-tana; Loch-na-h-jura, on the top of a high hill; and some others. The chief rivers are Abhan-mhor, Slaodrai-machrai and Jorsa.

The climate is very severe; and, even in the valleys, snow has been known to lie for a quarter of a year together. The air, however, in summer, is remarkably salubrious.

The principal disease here is the pleurisy, for which they generally bleed twice a year. Small-pox, measles, and chin-cough, visit the island periodically, at intervals of seven or eight years.

The Duke of Hamilton, who has almost the entire property of Arran, keeps a surgeon in pay, who, at spring and fall, visits the island. On notice of his approach, the inhabitants of each farm assemble in the open air, extend their arm, and lose a certain quantity of their vital fluid.

They have several local remedies. In burning fevers, an infusion of wood sorrel is used with

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success; and Ramsons, or allium ursinum, steeped in brandy, is esteemed efficacious in gravelly complaints.

The men are strong, tall, and well-built. They all speak Erse; but their ancient habit is laid aside. Their diet is chiefly oatmeal and potatoes; and, during winter, they have a little dried mutton, or goat's flesh. A deep dejection marks their countenances in general: they have no leisure for amusement; and their whole thoughts are absorbed in providing for their humble domestic accommodations, and the means of paying their rent.

The leases of farms are for nineteen years; and the method of letting them is very singular. A farm of 40l. a year, is frequently occupied by eighteen different people, who are bound by their laws, conjunctly and severally, for the payment of the rent. These live in houses, clustered together, and annually divide the arable land by lot. Each keeps his horse, which he joins to the common plough, as occasion requires.

Inclosures are almost unknown here. Sea-plants, coral, and shells, are the usual manures. Oats are the chief produce; but, notwithstanding all their toil, a considerable quantity of meal must be imported annually, for the support of the natives.

Cattle, hogs, and herrings, are the chief exports; but the money that must be expended for mere necessaries, is a melancholy drawback on their industry.

The inhabitants are sober, religious, and diligent. The men have scarcely a stated holiday throughout the year; and the women are not less actively employed in domestic duties. Is it then to be wondered at, that a settled gloom overspreads their faces? Without relaxation from labour, and occasional gleams of joy, the life of man must be a dull and melancholy scene.

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In their ride through the country, they saw several remarkable memorial, or sacred, stones. In one place were two set up in the form of rude columns. Such are common to many nations, and their use is of great antiquity. They are mentioned in the Mosaic writings, as memorials of the dead, as monuments of friendship, or marks to distinguish places of worship or assembly. The northern nations erected them in memory of great actions, or as sepulchral monuments.

"Not far from this was a stone, the most singular," observes Mr. Pennant, "and the only one of the kind that ever fell under my observation. It lies on the ground, is twelve feet long, two wide, and one thick. At one end is a rude attempt to carve a head and shoulders; and this was, probably, the first kind of essay to give a human resemblance to stone." The natives all agree in calling it Mac Bhroclchin's Stone, whom they describe as a person of gigantic size.

In other places are the remains of druidical circles, places of interment, and a variety of cairns, some of enormous magnitude, which are well known to have been raised over the graves of heroes and chiefs. To this moment, there is a proverbial expression among the Highlanders, allusive to the ancient practice, *Curri mi cloch er do charne;* I will add a stone to your cairn; or, in other words, I will do all possible honour to your memory, should I survive you.

In their tour, they descended through a narrow cliff to a part of the western shore, called Drum-an-diùn, or the ridge of the fort; so named, from a round tower that stands above. The beach is bounded by cliffs of white grit-stone, hollowed beneath into vast caves. The most remarkable are those of Fingal, the son of Cumhal, the father of

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Ossian, who, according to tradition, occasionally resided in this island for the pleasure of hunting.

One of these caverns is one hundred and twelve feet long and thirty high, narrowing atop like a Gothic arch. Near the end, it branches into two; and within these recesses, which penetrate far, are several small holes, opposite to each other, in which were placed transverse beams, to support the pots in which the heroes dressed their food.

On the front of the division, between these recesses, and on one side, are various rude figures of men, animals, and a clymore, or two-handed sword, carved on the stone. It is not easy to ascertain whether these were the amusements of the Fingallian age, or of after times.

Adjoining, are several hollows, designated as stables, cellars, and dog-kennels, of the great Mac-cuil. One cave, without a name, is remarkably fine, very extensive, and has a beautiful flat roof, well lighted by two august arches at each extremity.

Visit Mr. Fullarton, whose family has been settled in this island near seven hundred years. He is one of the lesser proprietors of the island; but his farm is in excellent order, and is inclosed with thriving hedges. This gentleman's ancestor, Fergus Fullerton, obtained a grant of some lands from Robert Bruce, which still continue unalienated in the line.

In their excursion, through different parts of the island, they discovered several fossile, or volcanic, productions; particularly a species of Ireland agate, very fine and large black crystals, and great variety of beautiful sardonyxes, and other elegant stones, indiscriminately called Scotch pebbles.

Leaving Brodie Castle, in the afternoon of the 24th of June, they proceeded to the harbour of

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Lamlash, one of the safest ports in the universe, where their vessel lay at anchor. It is a beautiful semilunar bay, about nine miles in circumference, before which lies the lofty island of Lamlash, leaving on each side a safe and easy entrance. The depth of water is sufficient for the largest ships; and here, vessels bound to Glasgow, perform quarantine, when this precaution is required.

Lamlash, on which they landed, is a vast mountain, in part covered with heath; but has some spots of pasture and arable land.

This island was the retreat of St. Maol-jos, for which reason it sometimes receives the appellation of Holy Island. The cave of St. Maol-jos, his well, his chair, and the ruins of his chapel, are still shewn to strangers; but walking here is far from agreeable, as the saint, instead of clearing his island, seems to have encouraged the breed of vipers, which much infest it.

Next day, they weighed anchor early in the morning, and getting into the middle of the frith, had a magnificent view, on all sides, of Arran and Lamlash, and the coast of Cantyre on one side, and of the coasts of Cunningham and Carrick on the other. In front lay the hills of Galloway, and the coast of Ireland, with the vast crag of Alisa in the midst of the channel.

After a tedious calm, reach this crag, and anchor on the north-east side, where is a small beach. All the rest is a perpendicular rock, of an amazing height; but, from the verge of the precipice, the mountain, whose base is about two miles in circumference, assumes a pyramidal form.

On the east side is an astonishing assemblage of precipitous, columnar rocks, rising in a wild series one above another. Beneath these are groves of elder, the only trees of the place.

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The quadrupeds, that inhabit this rock, are goats and rabbits. Marine birds are very numerous.

The Earl of Cassilis is the proprietor of Alisa, who lets the whole for 33*l.* a year. The rent is made of young gannets, which are taken for the table, and of the feathers of other birds. The fowler pursues a very perilous vocation; but his success is generally sufficient to stimulate adventure.

Near the beach, they found the ruins of a chapel, and the vestiges of some fishing-huts. With much difficulty they ascended to the castle, a square tower, of three vaulted stories, placed pretty high, on the only accessible part of the rock. "The road to it is horrible, and it might have been thought," says Mr. Pennant, "that nothing but an eagle would have fixed his habitation here; and, probably, it was some chieftain, not less an animal of rapine."

In 1597, one Barclay, of Ladyland, undertook the romantic design of occupying this rock, and fortifying it for the service of Spain. He arrived with a few adherents, as he imagined, undiscovered; but, one day, walking along the beach, he unexpectedly met Mr. John Knox, who was sent to apprehend him, and in despair rushed into the sea, and was lost.

In the evening, they returned on-board, and steered towards Campbeltown, but made little progress. Next morning, when within nine miles of the town, as the sea was calm, they took to the boat, directing the master of their cutter to wait under the Isle of Gigha, and proceeded to the harbour.

Campbeltown is now a very considerable place, though formerly only an insignificant fishing-town. It was in fact created by the fishery, being appointed the rendezvous for the busses, of which

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vessels two hundred and fifty have been in the port at once. The number of inhabitants are computed at seven thousand.

This town stands in Cantyre, the most southern part of Argyleshire, a peninsula about forty miles long, and from five to twelve miles broad. The country is generally open and naked, and the soil a mixture of heath and arable land, capable of bearing wheat, though barley is more cultivated.

Notwithstanding the comparative fertility of this track, there is often a dearth of grain, from the quantities distilled into whiskey. This poisonous spirit seems to be a modern invention; but so infatuated are the natives with its use, that all the penalties which the Duke of Argyle, the principal proprietor of this country, can impose, are not sufficient to deter them from distillation. Like a wise and patriotic master, he tries both encouragements and restraints; but nothing can prevail on the people to forego this Lethean draught.

Riding along the west side of the bay, they observed in Kilkerran church-yard, several tombs of artificers, with the instruments of their trade engraven on them: a goose and shears pointed out the dust of a tailor; a last and an awl, that of a shoemaker. A little farther are the ruins of Kilkerran Castle, built by James V.

Turning to the south, they visited some grand caves in the rocks that face the frith. On all sides of one of them, is a range of natural seats; another, which had been the residence of St. Kerran, is in form of a cross, with three fine Gothic porticos. On the floor is the capital of a cross, and a circular bason cut out of the rock, full of sweet water, the salubrious beverage of the Saint, in old times; and of the sailors, in the present, who occasionally land here.

On their return to Campbeltown, they examined

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the antique cross in the middle of the town, said to have been brought from Jona, and charged with a half-obliterated inscription. In the evening Mr. Pennant was admitted a freeman of Campbeltown; and, according to the custom of the place, consulted the Oracle of the Bottle, on the event of their future voyage.

On the 28th of July, they took leave of Campbeltown, with a due impression of the civilities they received there; and next day landed on Gigha, an island about six miles long and one broad, the most eastern of the Hebrides. The soil is a mixture of rock, pasture, and arable: the produce, barley, oats, flax, and potatoes.

This island is divided into thirty marklands, each of which ought to maintain fourteen cows and four horses, and is commonly occupied by a single farmer, who has several married servants under him, who live in separate cottages, and are allowed to keep a few cattle and sheep. The wages of the men servants are from three to four pounds a year; of the maids, from twenty to thirty shillings. The whole number of inhabitants about five hundred: the revenue nearly 600*l.* per annum. The principal proprietor is Macneile of Taynish.

Breakfasted with the minister, who may truly be said to be wedded to his flock, the ocean forbidding all wandering, even if he had the inclination; and the equal lot of the Scotch clergy is still a farther check to each aspiring thought. "This," says our tourist, "binds them to their people, and invigorates every duty towards those to whom they consider themselves connected for life."

Among the curiosities of this isle is a little well, of miraculous quality; for if the chieftain, in old times, lay here wind-bound, he had only to cause the well to be cleared, and instantly a favourable gale arose. This miracle, of course, has ceased.

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At Kilchattan is a great rude column, sixteen feet high, four broad, and eight inches thick, and near it a cairn. On a line with this is another; and still higher, in the same direction, is a cross and three cairns. In a bottom, to the east of those antiquities, is a large, artificial mount, of a square form, diminishing towards the top, which is flat, and has the vestige of a breast-wall round it.

On the shore is a vast bed of pure and fine sand, used in the glass manufacture: the same species, but less pure, appears on the opposite coast of Cantyre.

Going on board, they pass under Cara, an island about a mile long, inhabited by a single family. Attempt to steer for the Isle of Ilay, but are becalmed; meanwhile, the beauty and sublimity of the prospects assisted to relieve the tedium of disappointment.

At last, an adverse gale sprang up, which obliged them to keep on towards the north; and about one o'clock in the morning of June 30th, the vessel touched ground, in the entrance of the harbour of the small isles of Jura. When daylight appeared, they found themselves at anchor in a most picturesque bay, bounded on the west by the isle of Jura, and on the east by several little isles, clothed with heath.

Land on the greater island, which is high and rocky, reckoned the most rugged of the Hebrides, naked, and incapable of general cultivation. It is about thirty-four miles long and ten broad, at a medium; and the whole number of inhabitants does not exceed seven or eight hundred. In favourable seasons, they raise sufficient bear and oats for their consumption; but the chief food of the common people is potatoes, fish, and shell-fish. That bane

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of morals, population, and industry—whisky, is too much in use here.

Necessity has instructed the inhabitants to discover and apply native dyes. The juice of the tops of heath, boiled, furnishes a yellow colour: the roots of the white water-lily, a dark brown: those of the yellow water-iris, a black; and the gallium verum, a very fine red.

Some stags are found here, and formerly they must have been much more numerous. Quadrupeds are few; birds are plentiful; and, among other species, black cocks, grouse, ptarmigans, and snipes.

The hard fare of the people seems neither to prevent fecundity, nor to shorten the duration of life. The women frequently produce twins, and men of ninety are not past their labour.

Our tourist says, there was at that time a woman of eighty living, who could run down a sheep. They received a confirmation of the account Martin gives of Gillour Mac-crain, the Methuselah of the islands, who kept one hundred and eighty Christmases in his own house, and died in the reign of Charles I.

This parish is supposed to be the most extensive in Great Britain, consisting of Jura, Colonsay, Oransay, Skarba, and several other little islands, forming a length of not less than sixty miles, supplied by only one minister and an assistant.

Superstition is not quite obliterated here. The old women, when they undertake any cure, mumble certain rhythmical incantations. They also preserve a stick of the mountain ash, as a protection against elves.

Visit the little island of Fruchlan, near the shore, on the top of which is a ruined tower, the prison, where the Macdonalds kept their captives, and the guard of the mouth of the sound.

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Taking a boat, they coasted along Jura, and observe some sheelings, or summer tents for goat-herds. Land, and walk up to a grotesque group of these humble dwellings, some of which were oblong, others conic, and so low as to deny entrance, without creeping through the little opening left for a door. They are constructed of branches of trees, covered with sods; the furniture, a bed of heath, placed on a bank of sod, two blankets and a rug; some dairy vessels, and pendant shelves, of basket work, to hold the cheeses.

Cross a large plain, covered with deep heath, where they observed the arctic gull, which breeds here. After proceeding four miles, reach the Paps, as they are called, three in number, and ascend one of them with much difficulty; but are amply recompensed by the sublime view which the summit afforded them.

The Paps are composed of vast stones, slightly covered with moss, near their base; but all above, bare, and unconnected with each other. They appear like immense cairns, the work of the sons of Saturn, or of the founders of the Tower of Babel. Mr. Banks measured the height of one, and found it two thousand three hundred and fifty-nine feet; but that named Beinn-an-òir, or the mountain of gold, far overtopped it.

Cross the sound, and are hospitably entertained by Mr. Freebairn, near Port Askaig, in the island of Ilay. Soon after, they took a walk into the interior, and visited the lead-mines, under the superintendance of their host. The ore is much mixed with copper, which occasions expence and trouble in the separation. The veins rise to the surface, and have evidently been worked, at intervals, from very remote ages. The old miners extracted the ore by trenching and picking, with an

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instrument now unknown. Vestiges of their works every where appear.

The lead ore is rich; the copper yields thirty-three pounds per hundred weight; and forty ounces of silver from a ton of the metal.

Not far from these mines are vast strata of that species of iron called Bog ore, of the concreted kind, and beneath it large quantities of vitriolic mundic. On the top of a hill, in the vicinity, are some rocks, with large veins of emery running through their middle. A small quantity of quick-silver has been found in the moors.

Continuing their walk to the neighbouring hill of Dun-Bhorairaig, they saw a Danish fort, of a circular form, on its summit, now ruinous, but of excellent masonry, without mortar. The walls, which are now fourteen feet high, are no less than twelve feet in thickness. On the outside is the vestige of a subterraneous passage, or sally-port.

On the 3d of July several gentlemen of the island waited on our travellers, and offered their service to conduct them to see whatever was worthy of attention. Having gladly accepted this polite offer, they set out together to the southward; visit Kilarow, a village seated in a deep bay, near which is the seat of the proprietor of the island. In the church-yard of this place is a curious prostrate column, with figures and inscriptions; and two remarkable grave-stones, one of a warrior, with a sword in his hand and a dirk by his side; the other has the representation of a vast sword, and some animals; and near to them a plain tablet, unengraved.

"This part of the island," says Mr. Pennant, "is in many places bounded by a sort of terrace, more than twenty feet high, entirely composed of seaworn pebbles, now some hundreds of yards dis-

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tant from the medium line beween high and low-water mark, and upwards of twenty-five yards above it: a striking proof of the loss sustained by the sea in these islands."

Pass by the harbour of the great Macdonald, and visit the site of one of his houses at Kilchoman. A deep glen was pointed out as the place where he kept his fat cattle.

Near this spot they observed a track quite covered with natural clover; and a little farther they reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Campbell, at Sunderland, whose lands are in a high state of cultivation, and whose apple orchard bore plentifully. Sat up till half past one in the morning, at which time they could read the small print of a newspaper by the light of the sky.

Next day they set out to visit Loch Guirm, an expanse of water about four miles in circumference, abounding in trout. On a small island in it stands the ruins of a fort, belonging to the Macdonalds.

Dine at Mr. Campbell's of Balnabbi, whose lands are in the most improving condition. Observe, near the house, three upright stones, of immense dimensions, placed almost equi-distant.

Ride to Doun-vollan, where some high rocks project, one behind the other, into the sea, with narrow isthmuses between, well secured, the probable retreats of the inhabitants in the extremity of danger.

In various parts indeed of this neighbourhood are scattered small holes, large enough to hold a single man in a sitting posture, the top covered with a broad stone, and that with earth. To these dens the unhappy fugitives resorted for concealment, till the enemy had retired. The incursions of barbarians were always short: men were then almost in

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a state of nature, and bore a strong resemblance to beasts of prey.

The scenery of this part of the coast was unspeakably savage. Descend a steep track, and enter the cave of Saneg-mor, of august extent and height, and whose echoes returned the discharge of a musket with the noise of thunder. It divides into a number of passages, and forms a perfect natural labyrinth. A bagpiper preceded them as they traced its windings: at times the whole space was filled with the sound of his instrument, which died away, by degrees, to a mere murmur, and soon again astonished them with a fresh repercussion.

On the 5th of July they left the family at Sunderland, and took a different route across the island. Pass some cairns, and reach the head of Loch Druinard, a place celebrated for a battle fought in 1598 between the Lord of the isles and Sir Laughlan Maclean of Mull, in which the latter was defeated and slain, with numbers of his followers. A stone still marks the place of his fall.

Ride by Loch Finlagan, a narrow sheet of water, famous for its isle, a principal residence of the great Macdonald. The ruins of his palace and chapel still exist, and also the stone on which he stood when he was crowned king of the isles. Near this is another small isle, where he assembled his council.

Having seen the principal curiosities in this island, they returned to their vessel, in Whitefarlane Bay. But, before we proceed, a more particular description of Ilay will reasonably be expected.

This isle is of a square form, deeply indented, on the south, by the great bay of Loch-an-daal, and divided from Jura by a sound, fourteen miles long and one broad, through which the tides flow with violent rapidity. Its greatest length is about

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twenty-eight miles: the latitude of Freeport 55 degrees, 52 minutes, 29 seconds, north.

The face of Ilay is hilly, but not mountainous; the soil, in many parts, excellent; but much is covered with heath, and absolutely in a state of nature. The produce is bear, oats, and flax; and wheat has been tried, in an enclosure, with good success.

The natives are depressed by poverty, and their huts are scenes of misery. These have neither chimneys nor doors, and scarcely any furniture. The fare may rather be called a permission to exist, than a support for vigorous life. The people, as may be expected, are lean, dusky, and smoke-dried. "But my picture," adds Mr. Pennant, "is not of this island only." The population is computed at between seven or eight thousand. The men are employed in agriculture, fisheries, and the mines: the women spin, and attend to family affairs.

Notwithstanding the fertility of the soil, so much grain is wasted in whisky, that a considerable quantity of meal must annually be imported. Ale is frequently made here of the young tops of heath, mixed with about a third part of malt, and a few hops. This liquor, it appears from Boethius, was much used among the Picts; but, when they were extirpated by the Scots, the secret of preparing it perished with them.

Numbers of cattle are bred here, and many exported. Wild quadrupeds are stoats, weasels, otters, and hares. Among the birds are eagles, falcons, black and red game. The fish are of many species.

Vipers swarm in the heath; and the natives retain the vulgar error of their stinging with their forked tongues. A poultice of human ordure is deemed an infallible cure for the bite.

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The air is less healthy than that of Jura: the prevalent epidemics are dropsies and cancers, the natural effects of bad food.

Though superstition has not yet entirely let go her hold on the weak, her empire begins to be very much circumscribed. The power of fascination is still believed, and care is taken, by good housewives, to prevent the *evil-eye* from hurting their milch cows, by the observance of certain forms, too ridiculous to be named.

The unsuccessful lover revenges himself on his fortunate rival, by taking three threads, of different hues, tying three knots on each, and thrice imprecating the most cruel disappointment on the nuptial bed. But the bridegroom, to avert the harm, stands at the altar with a shoe untied, and places a sixpenny-piece under his foot.

Our tourist was presented with a cock-knee-stone, supposed to be obtained out of that part of the bird, and used as an amulet. He received another, which appeared to be a species of fossile gryphites, which was to cure all pains in the joints. "I was also," says Mr. Pennant, "favoured with several of the nuts, commonly called Molucca Beans, the seeds of different West-Indian plants, and frequently found on the western shores of the Hebrides, carried hither by the winds and currents."

Where the depression of indigence is so much felt, diversions cannot be much pursued. The active sports are wrestling, jumping on a pole held up horizontally by two men, and throwing the sledge hammer.

One game is played by two or three hundred persons, who form a circle, and each places his stick on the ground, by way of a barrier. A person, called the *old man*, stands in the middle, and delivers his bonnet to some one in the ring.

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This is nimbly handed about, and the owner is to recover it by his superior agility. On succeeding, he takes the place of that person from whose hands he got it; while the other is removed to the centre.

Ilay, which formerly belonged to the great Macdonalds, whose line became extinct in 1620, is now the property of Mr. Campbell, of Shawfield, and the rents are about 2300l. a year.

Early on the morning of July 6th, they weighed and got out of the sound. Near its mouth is the celebrated cave of Uamh-Fhearnaig, which is usually tenanted all the year round, but principally in summer.

About eight or nine miles from the mouth of the sound, lie the isles of Oransay and Colonsay.

The stillness of the day making the passage tedious, they took to the boat, and landed, soon after noon, on the Isle of Oransay.

Their first business was to visit an ancient monastery, founded, as some say, by St. Columba; but, with more probability, by one of the lords of the isles, who fixed here a priory of canons, regular of Augustine, dependant on the abbey of Holyrood, in Edinburgh. The church is fifty-nine feet by eighteen, and contains the tombs of many of the ancient islanders, including heroes, priests, and females.

In a side chapel, beneath an arch, lies Abbot Macdufie, with two of his fingers elated in the attitude of benediction. He died in 1539, and is said to have been executed for his tyranny, by order of the Lord of the isles. Near his tomb is a long pole, placed there in memory of the ensign-staff of the family of Macdufie, which, tradition says, had been miraculously preserved for two hundred years.

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Adjoining to the church is a singular cloister, forty-one feet square. One of the sides of the inner wall is decayed; on two of the others are seven low arches, composed of two thin stones, three feet high, with a flat stone on the top of each, serving as a plinth, and on them two other thin stones, meeting atop, and forming an acute angle, by way of arch. On the fore-side are five small round arches. These surround a court, in a manner peculiar to this place; but it is said, the same form of cloister is to be seen in some of the religious houses of the Archipelago.

Several other buildings join this, all in a ruinous state; but a most elegant cross is still standing, twelve feet high.

St. Columba, when he left Ireland, made a vow never to settle within sight of his native country; but when he and his friend Oran landed here, they ascended a hill, which Mr. Pennant and his party also visited, and Ireland appearing in full view, they made a sudden retreat. Oran, however, had the honour of giving name to the island.

Oransay is about three miles long, low and sandy towards the south, in other quarters high and rocky. It is divided from Colonsay by a narrow sound, dry at low water. The produce is bear, flax, and potatoes, cattle, cheese, and butter.

The whole island is rented by a Mr. Macneile, brother to the proprietor of that and Colonsay. The rent is about 40*l.* a year; yet, according to the custom of the isles, the farm employs a number of servants, who have certain privileges and portions of land assigned them.

After visiting Bird Island, and some other rocks, tenanted by eider ducks and shieldrakes, they passed over into Colonsay, an island twelve miles long and three broad, very rocky, but agreeably

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diversified with grassy vales and tracks of excellent pasturage. Even the hills are not destitute of herbage.

The want of wood, the common defect of all the Hebrides, is sensibly felt here. Bear, oats, and potatoes, are the principal productions; of the former, a vast quantity is wasted in distillation, to the great distress of the islanders, who are obliged to import meal for their subsistence. About two hundred and twenty head of cattle, at 3*l.* each, are annually exported, and some kelp is burnt here; but such is the poverty of the inhabitants, that they are prevented from using the very means of gaining a comfortable living, which Providence here puts into their power. The soil is good; they have plenty of lime-stone and peat, and the sea abounds in fish; yet their distressed state precludes them from enjoying their natural advantages by sea or land.

In both islands are only between five and six hundred souls. The old inhabitants were the Macdufies and the Macvurechs. Afterwards Oransay and Colonsay became the property of the Argyle family, and about sixty years ago were transferred to the ancestors of the present proprietor, Macneile, who, according to our author, "has never raised his rents, but preserved the love of his people, and lost but a single family by emigration."

In their ride through Colonsay, they met with little interesting. Pass by a chain of small lakes, called Loch Fad, and see some erect monumental stones at Cil Chattan, with two or three ruinous chapels: yet though these might be supposed to have been isles of sanctity, it appears that, since the reformation, the sacrament had only been once administered to the natives, till within the last six years.

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At Cil Oran, the seat of the proprietor, they were entertained with much politeness. The house is well sheltered, and trees grow vigorously in its vicinity.

Rabbits abound here, and barnacles appear in vast flocks in September, and retire the latter end of April. Among the domestic fowls, they observed peacocks.

On the morning of July 8th they went on board their cutter, and sailed for Jona. The lofty mountains of Mull lay in front, and, on other hands, the views were equally striking.

Their course was greatly delayed by calms; but towards evening they arrived within sight of Jona, and of a tremendous chain of rocks to the southward, on which the waves dash with a horrid noise.

Next morning they narrowly escaped striking on the rock Bonerevor, but the tide carried them out of its reach. Anchor in the Sound of Jona, though the safest anchorage is on the eastern side, between a little isle and that of Mull.

Here they saw multitudes of gannets a fishing. These birds precipitated themselves from a vast height, plunged on their prey at least two fathoms deep, and carried it instantly up into the air with them.

The views of this celebrated isle are very picturesque; the east side exhibits a beautiful extent of plain, a little elevated above the water, and almost covered with the ruins of the religious edifices, with the remains of the old town, still inhabited. Beyond these are little, rocky hills, with narrow, verdant vales between.

The island, which is an appendage to the parish of Ross in Mull, is three miles long and one broad; the whole a singular mixture of rock and fertility. The soil is a compound of sand and comminuted

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sea-shells, mixed with black loam, producing bear in abundance, but is less adapted for oats. Flax and potatoes, however, thrive very well.

The tenants here run-rig, as it is called, and leave the pasturage in common. They have about one hundred head of black cattle and five hundred sheep.

The whole number of inhabitants is about one hundred and fifty. "The most stupid and lazy," says Mr. Pennant, "of all the islanders; yet many of them boast their descent from the associates of Columba."

A few of the more common birds frequent this spot, and wild geese breed here. That beautiful plant the sea-bugloss, enlivens the shores with its glaucous leaves and purple flowers; eringo, or sea-holly, is frequent; and some places yield the fatal belladonna, or deadly nightshade.

Jona derives its name from a Hebrew word, signifying a dove, allusive to the name of the great St. Columba, the founder of its fame. This holy man left his native country, Ireland, in 565, instigated with a pious zeal to convert the Picts, mingled perhaps with some disgust against his countrymen, as he vowed never to make a settlement within sight of them. This mean prejudice shewed the saint was rather less than more of what man ought to be.

Columba was soon distinguished by the sanctity of his manners, and miracles were not wanting to give strength to his pretensions. The Pictish king, Bradeus, who had refused him an audience, and ordered the gates of his palace to be shut against him, was no doubt surprised to find them fly open by the power of the saint; and, as a compensation for the indignity, made him a present of this little isle.

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No sooner was he in possession of Jona than he founded a cell of monks, of which he constituted himself abbot. His life was truly exemplary, and during his time he had the honour of burying here two kings of Scotland, and of crowning a third. At last, worn out with age, he died in the arms of his disciples, and was interred there; though the Irish, notwithstanding his avowed aversion for them, pretend his corpse was afterwards translated to Down; a circumstance which the Scots as strenuously deny.

After the death of Columba, the island received the name of Y-Columb-cill, or the Isle of the Cell of Columba; and in process of time the island itself was personified, and worshipped, under the title of St. Columb-killa.

The religious remained unmolested for two centuries; but in 807 were attacked by the Danes, who, with their usual barbarity, put part of the monks to the sword, and obliged the rest to fly from their rage, with their abbot, Cellach. On the retreat of the Danes, a new order of Cheniacs was formed, which continued to the dissolution, when the reversions were annexed to the see of Argyle.

Taking boat, Mr. Pennant and his friends landed on the spot called the Bay of Martyrs, the place where the corpses of those who were interred in the island were first received.

Observe, a little beyond, an oblong inclosure, called Clachnan Druinach, supposed to have been the burial-place of the Druids, as bones of various sizes are found there.

Having erected a tent for their accommodation during their stay on the island, they returned through the town, consisting of about fifty mean thatched houses, and then proceeded to visit every place in order.

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The first was the ruin of the nunnery, filled with canonesses of St. Augustine, and dedicated to St. Oran. The church was fifty-eight feet by twenty; the roof at the east end is entire, a pretty vault of thin stones, bound together by four ribs, meeting in the centre. The floor is covered some feet with cow-dung, this place being the common shelter for the cattle; and the islanders too lazy to remove the accumulated manure of a century, for the benefit of their grounds.

By dint of persuasion and a bribe, they at last prevailed on some of the listless natives to remove a quantity of this dug-heap, and thus they gained a sight of the tomb of the last prioress. Her figure is cut on one half of the face of the stone; an angel on each side supports her head; and above them are a small plate and a comb. The Virgin Mary and child occupy the other half, with *Sancta Maria, ora pro me.* Round the prioress is inscribed, *Hic jacet Domina Anna Donaldi Terleti filia quondam priorissa de Jona, quæ obiit anno* MDXI. *ejus animam altissimo commendamus.*

Though some assert that this nunnery was founded in the time of St. Columba, it seems so opposite to his principles, that it cannot be believed. This saint held the fair sex in such abhorrence, that he detested all cattle on their account, and would not permit a cow to come within sight of his sacred walls. His maxim was—"Where there is a cow, there must be a woman; and where there is a woman, there must be mischief."

From hence they proceeded to the cathedral, and by the way saw an elegant cross, called that of Macleane, one of the three hundred and sixty that decorated this island at the time of the reformation, but which were almost immediately after demolished, by order of a provincial assembly.

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Arrive at the burial-place of Oran, a vast inclosure, the great place of interment for the princes and monarchs who were ambitious to repose in this holy ground. It is, in a manner, filled with grave-stones, but so over-run with weeds, particularly with the butter-bur, that few were then to be seen.

"I was very desirous," says Mr. Pennant, "of viewing the tombs of the kings, described by historians. The dean of the isles says, that in his time there were three, built in form of little chapels, one inscribed, *Tumulus regum Scotiæ;* another, *Tumulus regum Hiberniæ;* and the third, *Tumulus regum Norwegiæ**. But of these celebrated tombs we could discover nothing more than certain slight remains, built in a ridged form, and arched within, but destitute of the inscriptions. Among these stones are found two with Gaelic inscriptions, and the form of a cross carved on each: the letters those of the most ancient Irish alphabet. Some other inscriptions are still to be seen, when the weeds are less luxuriant; and it is said that the dean of the isles collected no fewer than three hundred, which were presented to the Earl of Argyle, but afterwards lost in the troubles of that family.

The chapel of St. Oran stands in this place. Legendary lore informs us, that this was the first building attempted by St. Columba; but that, owing to the intervention of evil spirits, the walls fell down as fast as they were raised.

* That so many crowned heads should choose this as their place of sepulture, is said to have been owing to an ancient prophecy, to this effect: "Seven years before the end of the world, a deluge shall drown the nations; the sea at one tide shall cover Ireland, and the green-headed Ilay; but Columba's isle shall swim above the flood."

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After some consultation, it was pronounced that they never would be permanent till a human victim was buried alive. Oran made a tender of himself, and was interred accordingly. At the end of three days, Columba had the curiosity to take a last peep at his old friend; and, to the surprise of beholders, no sooner was the earth removed, than Oran started up, and began to reveal the secrets of his prison-house; and particularly declared that all that had been said of hell was a mere joke. This was carrying the joke too far: the politic Columba instantly ordered the grave to be closed, and an end was put to poor Oran's prating. His grave, near the door, is distinguished by a plain red stone.

In Oran's chapel are several tombs, and near it many more, some of which have recording inscriptions; but of far the greater number, the very names have perished.

About seventy feet south of the chapel is a red unpolished stone, beneath which lies a nameless king of France.

Near the door is a pedestal of a cross, on which are certain stones, apparently the supporters of a tomb. Numbers who visit this island think it their duty to turn these thrice round, according to the course of the sun. They are called Clacha bràth; for it is thought that the bràth, or end of the world, will not arrive till the stone on which they stand is worn through. "Originally," says Mr. Sacheverel, "there were three noble globes of white marble, placed in three stone basons, and these were turned round in the same manner; but the synod ordered them, and sixty crosses, to be thrown into the sea. The present stones are probably a substitute for the globes. The precincts of these tombs enjoyed the privileges of sanctuary.

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The cathedral lies a little to the north of this inclosure, and is cruciform. The length, from east to west, one hundred and fifteen feet; the breadth of the transept seventy. Over the centre is a handsome tower.

On the south side of the chancel are some Gothic arches, supported by pillars, with capitals in a peculiar style, being carved with various superstitious figures; among the rest, angels weighing of souls.

The altar was of white marble, veined with grey. The superstitious were of opinion that a piece of it conveyed success to the possessor, in whatever he undertook: no wonder, therefore, that little of it now remains.

Near the altar is the tomb of Abbot Mackinnon, with an inscription, from which it appears that he died in 1500. On the opposite side is the tomb and figure of Abbot Kenneth. On the floor is the effigy of an armed knight, with a whelk by his side.

According to Boethius, the present church was raised out of the ruins of the former, by Malduinus, in the seventh century; but our tourist thinks the architecture far too magnificent for that age. Most of the walls are built with red granite, from Nun's Isle, in the Sound.

In the cemetery is a fine cross, formed of a single piece of red granite, fourteen feet high, two feet two inches broad, and ten inches thick. Near the south-east end is St. Mary's chapel: besides this, it appears there were several others, founded by the Scottish monarchs.

The monastery lies behind the cathedral: it is in a most ruinous state. In a corner are some black stones, deemed so sacred, for what reason is unknown, that it was customary to swear by them.

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North of the monastery are the remains of the bishop's house, the residence of the diocesan of the isles, after the Isle of Man was separated from them, in the time of Edward I. On their arrival, the abbots permitted them the use of the church, as they had no cathedral of their own in this quarter.

The title of these prelates, during the conjunction of Man and Sodor, has generally been mistaken; but Dr. Macpherson has removed the error. During the time that the Norwegians were in possession of the Hebrides, they made a civil division of them into the northern, comprehending all that lay to the north of the point of Ardnamurchan, which they called Nordereys, from *norder*, north; and *ey*, an island; while the Sudereys took in those that lay to the south of that promontory. Hence Sodor, or the Sudereys, meant no more than that portion of the Hebrides annexed to the see of Man; for there is neither town nor island of the name of Sodor.

To the west of the convent is the abbot's mount, beyond which are the ruins of a kiln and a granary, and near it was a mill. North from the granary is a fenced square, containing a cairn, said to be a burial-place; and, in all probability, is a vestige of druidism, which, most likely, prevailed here at the arrival of St. Columba.

"The public," says Mr. Pennant, "was greatly interested in the preservation of this place, as it was the repository of most of the Scottish records. The library, if we can depend on Boethius, must have been invaluable. From that author we learn that Fergus II. who assisted Alaric, the Goth, in the sacking of Rome, brought away a chest of books, which he presented to the monastery of Jona. A small parcel of them were, in 1525, carried to Aberdeen, and great pains taken to un-

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fold them; but, through age, little could be read. The register and records of the island, however, all written on parchment, and probably other more antique and valuable records, were all destroyed by that worse than Gothic synod, which, at the reformation, declared war against all science."

"At present," observes our author, "this once-celebrated seat of learning is destitute of even a schoolmaster; nor is there even a minister to assist in the common duties of religion."

After visiting the Bay of St. Columba, on the south-west side of the island, on their return, they ascended Cnoc nar Aimgeal, or the Hill of Angels, where the saint held a conference with those celestial beings soon after his arrival. On the top is a small circle of stones, and a little cairn in the middle, evidently druidical.

From the summit of the hill of Dun-Ii is a most picturesque view of the long chain of little islands in the vicinity of Jona; of the longlow isles of Col and Tir-I, to the west; and those of Rum and Skie to the north.

On the 11th of July they set sail with a fair wind for the Sound, when Loch Leven, in Mull, soon opened to their view. After passing a cape, see Loch-in-a-Gaal, a deep bay, with the isles of Ulva and Gometra in front. On Ulva are some basaltic columns, of a lighter tint than usual.

On the west, the beautiful group of the Treashunish Isles appears, the nearest of which is Staffa, a newly-discovered giant's causeway, rising amidst the waves, with columns far superior in height to those in Ireland. The greatest height is at the southern part of the isle: on the eastern side they decrease, till they are lost in the formless strata.

"I wished," says Mr. Pennant, "to make a nearer approach; but the prudence of Mr. Thomp-

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son, the master of the vessel, who was unwilling to venture in these rocky seas, prevented my farther search of this wonderous isle: but it is a great consolation to me that I am able to lay before the public a most accurate account of Staffa, communicated to me through the friendship of Sir Joseph Banks, bart. who, on August 12th of this summer, visited these parts, in his interesting voyage to Iceland."

From this gentleman's description we extract the following particulars, after premising that the wonders of Staffa seem scarcely to have been known to the natives of the Hebrides, or at least were disregarded:

"We no sooner arrived at the south-west part of the island, the seat of the most remarkable pillars, than we were struck with a scene of magnificence which exceeded our expectations, though formed, as we thought, on the most sanguine foundations: the whole of that end of the island, supported by ranges of natural pillars, mostly above fifty feet high, standing in natural colonnades, according as the bays or points of land formed themselves; upon a firm basis of solid unformed rock, above these the stratum, which reaches to the soil or surface of the island, varied in thickness, as the island itself formed into hills or valleys; each hill which hung over the column below forming an ample pediment; some of these above sixty feet in thickness, from the base to the point; formed by the sloping of the hill on each side, almost into the shape of those used in architecture.

"Compared to this, what are the cathedrals or the palaces built by men? Mere models, or play-things! imitations, as diminutive as his works will always be, when compared to those of nature. Where is now the boast of the architect? Regularity, the only part in which he fancied himself to exceed his mistress nature, is here found in his

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possession, and here has been, for ages, undescribed.*

"With our minds full of such reflections, we proceeded along the shore, treading upon another giant's causeway, every stone being regularly formed into a certain number of sides and angles, till, in a short time, we arrived at the mouth of a cave, the most magnificent, I suppose, that ever was described by travellers.

"The mind can scarcely form an idea more magnificent than such a space, supported on each side by ranges of columns, and roofed by the bottoms of those which have been broken off, in order to form it; between the angles of which a yellow stalagmitic matter has exuded, which seemed to define the angles precisely; and, at the same time, vary the colour with a great deal of elegance; and, to render it still more agreeable, the whole is lighted from without; so that the farthest extremity is plainly seen from the entrance, and the air within, being agitated by the flux and reflux of the tides, is perfectly dry and wholesome."

They asked the name of this beautiful cave. Said their guide, "It is the cave of Fhinn Mac Coul, whom the translator of Ossian's works has called Fingal." We subjoin the dimensions of this magnificent natural retreat.

	Feet.	In.
Length of the cave, from the arch without,	371	0
From the pitch of the arch	250	0
Breadth of the cave at the mouth	53	7
At the farther end	20	0
Height of the arch at the mouth	117	6
At the end	70	0
Height of an outside pillar	39	6
Of one at the north-west corner	54	0
Depth of water at the mouth	18	0
At the bottom	9	0

* Buchanan slightly mentions Staffa, but its characteristic beauties were never recorded before.

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The little Isle of Staffa lies on the west coast of Mull, about three leagues from Jona: its greatest length is about an English mile, and its breadth about half as much. The most magnificent range of pillars lies farther to the north-west: here, indeed, they are bare to their very bases, and the stratum below them is also visible.

The neighbouring little island of Bhuachaille, separated from the main by a channel, not many fathoms wide, is wholly composed of basaltic pillars, without any stratum above them; and, though small, are uncommonly elegant.

The stratum above the pillars, where it is found, is uniformly the same, consisting of numberless small pillars, bending and inclining in all directions; sometimes so irregularly, that the stones can scarcely be said to have a columnar form; in others, more regular, but never breaking into, or disturbing, the stratum of large pillars, whose tops every where keep an uniform line.

At Corvorant's Cave, near the north end of Staffa, the stratum under the pillars is very deep, and the pillars themselves are of less dimensions than those at the north-west end, though still very considerable. Beyond this is a bay, having passed which, the pillars totally cease, and no signs of regularity occur for some space.

We now resume the history of Mr. Pennant's voyage. Beyond Staffa, they descried Baca Beg, and the Dutchman's Cap, composed of rude basaltic pillars. Next succeeded Lunga; the low flats of Flada; and, lastly, the isles of Cairn Beg, one of them noted for its ancient fortress, the outguard of the Sudereys, or southern Hebrides.

In their course, had a distant view of Tiery, or Tir-I, famous for its great plain, and a breed of small horses. The Isle of Col is separated from this by a small sound, and said to be adapted for the cultivation of tobacco.

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Passing the Point of Ruth-an-i-Sleith, the Isles of Egg, Muck, Rum, and Skie, appeared in view; and, soon after, the entrance of the Sound of Mull opened, bounded on the north by Cape Ardnamurchan.

The wind, freshening into a gale, attended with rain, prevented them from a proposed chace of seals on the rock Heiskyr, a little to the west, where they swarm. Catch a sight of the rock Humbla, formed of basaltic columns; sail under the vast mountains of Rum, and anchor in the evening in the snug harbour of the Isle of Cannay, formed on the south by the little Isle of Sanda.

The shore of Cannay is verdant and covered with cattle, and at first sight presented a view of plenty and fertility; but a short conversation with the natives dispelled this agreeable error. It appeared that, for a long time, they had been obliged to subsist entirely on fish and milk; and what added to their distress, was a scarcity of fish-hooks.

Our benevolent tourist laments, that it was not in his power to relieve the wants of these poor people with a few pecks of oatmeal, or a few dozens of fish-hooks. "The Turks," says he, "erect caravansaras; and I could wish that public bounty, or private charity, would found, in these distant parts, magazines of meal, as preservations against famine."

It seems the crops had failed the last year; and that, in consequence, they were exposed to all the horrors of a precarious subsistence at this season. "The isles," observes Mr. Pennant, "I fear, annually experience a temporary famine; perhaps from improvidence, perhaps from an eager desire of breeding too many cattle, which they can easily dispose of, to satisfy the demands of a landlord, or the rapacity of an agent."

The cattle here are of a middle size, and have

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thin staring manes, from the neck, along the back, and up part of the tail. Each couple of milch cows yields, on an average, seven stones of butter and cheese. The cheese sells at three shillings and sixpence a stone; the butter at eight shillings.

There are very few sheep in Cannay, but horses in abundance. Cod and ling are numerous on the coasts; but the natives are too poor to purchase the necessary implements to carry on the fisheries with effect.

The length of the island is about three miles; the breadth two. It belongs to Macdonald of Clan Ronald. His factor, a resident agent, rents most of the land, which he subsets at an extravagant advance, to the impoverishing, and the very starving of the wretched inhabitants.

All the clothing is manufactured at home. The women not only spin the wool, but weave the cloth; while the men make their own shoes, of leather tanned with the bark of willows, or the roots of tormentil; and, in defect of waxed thread, use split thongs.

Sickness seldom visits this spot, and when it appears, is generally cured by rest and whey drink.

A singular custom is observed in Cannay. Every man on the island mounts his horse without a saddle, taking behind him a young girl, or the wife of his neighbour, and rides backwards and forwards, from the village to a certain cross, without being able to assign any cause for the origin of this whimsical adventure. At the end of the ceremony, they alight at some public-house, where the females treat the companions of their ride; and on returning to their own houses, an entertainment is prepared with primeval simplicity.

Matrimony is held in such esteem here, that an old maid, or old bachelor, is scarcely known. The fair-sex are used with much tenderness and delicacy,

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being employed only in domestic affairs, and never forced to participate in the labours of the field.

The islands of Rum, Muck, Egg, and Cannay, form one parish. The Catholic religion prevails in this island; but there is neither church nor school; though there is indeed a catechist, with a salary of nine pounds a year. The minister and the popish priest reside in Egg; and by reason of the turbulence of the seas, can seldom visit their flocks. When either arrive, both Catholics and Protestants, with a spirit of genuine moderation, attend divine service.

In popish times, here was probably a resident minister, as the ruins of a chapel and a small cross are still visible.

The weather being unfavourable, Mr. Pennant and his party could only visit that part of the island which lay next them. On a slender rock, jutting out into the sea, stood a little town, accessible only by a narrow and horrible path. Tradition says, that it was built by a jealous chieftain, to confine a handsome wife in.

On the north-west, above this prison, lies Compass Hill, on the top of which the needle in the mariner's compass was observed to vary a quarter, the north point standing due west.

This irregularity our author ascribes to the nature of the rock, highly impregnated with iron; while others think it originates from some secret magnetic power, or loadstone rock.

On the 13th of July, in the afternoon, they left Cannay, and in about two hours anchored in the Isle of Rum, in the Bay of Loch-Sgriosard. At the bottom of this lies the little village of Kinloch, built in a very singular manner. The walls are thick and low, with the thatch roofs reaching a little beyond the inner edge, so that they serve as benches for the lazy inhabitants, whom they found

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sitting on them, in great numbers, waiting their landing with avidity to hear some news, a passion common to the whole country.

On entering one of the houses with the best aspect, they found domestic accommodations very poor indeed; but they experienced an address and politeness, from the owner and his wife, that astonished them. Curds and milk were presented them with the greatest alacrity; apologies were made for their humble fare; and, in point of simplicity and hospitality, they might have fancied themselves carried back to the age of Homer and the country of Greece.

Rum is the property of Macleane, of Col; a landlord mentioned by the natives with much affection. Its length is about twelve miles, and breadth six; containing about three hundred and twenty-five souls, and fifty-nine families, in which were one hundred and two sons, and only seventy-six daughters. "This disproportion," remarks Mr. Pennant, "prevails in Cannay, and the other little isles, in order, ultimately, to preserve a balance between the two sexes; as the men, from their habits of life, are exposed to perpetual danger from these stormy seas, and other local inconveniencies."

This island is one great mountain, divided into several points, forming, on the south-west, precipices of stupendous height. Heath covers the greatest part of it; but there is some arable land, on which oats and beans grow pretty well, and also potatoes. The chief subsistence of the natives is milk, curds, and fish. They are a well-made personable race; but carry famine in their looks; and are often a whole summer without a grain of corn, which they less lament on their own account than that of their infants.

A number of black cattle is annually exported

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from hence; their mutton is small, but extremely delicate; and a fat sheep may be purchased for four shillings and six-pence.

No wild quadrupeds are found here, except some stags; and eagles are reducing their number, by killings the fawns. The feathered race is numerous and various.

At the foot of Sgor-mor are found abundance of agates, and some stones have the appearance of a volcanic origin.

Though there are several streams in this island, there is not a single mill. The corn is graddaned*, or burnt out of the ear, with a wasteful indolence, instead of being threshed; a practice destructive to the poor inhabitants themselves, and therefore wisely prohibited in some islands.

The quern, or bra, is in common use; but this molinary operation is very tedious, employing two pair of hands, four hours, to grind only a single bushel of corn.

Few are the disorders which attack these people. If seized with a dysentery, they use a decoction of the roots of tormentil in milk. The small-pox had visited them but once in thirty-four years.

Here the second sight is still firmly believed. A gentleman was informed by a mantologist, that he could not rest for the noise he heard of the hammering of nails into his coffin; and accordingly, the poor man died within fifteen days.

Our author gives an instance of a peculiar kind of prophesying. Molly Macleane, aged forty, has the power of foreseeing events through a well-scraped blade-bone of mutton. Some time ago she took up one, and predicted that five graves were soon to be opened; and so it fell out. "These pretenders to the second sight," says,

* This is the parched corn of Holy Writ.

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Mr. Pennant, "like the Pythian priestess, during their inspiration, fall into trances, foam at the mouth, turn pale, and abstain from food, before they impart their visions."

Only the ruins of a church are to be seen on this island, so that the minister, when he visits his congregation, is obliged to preach in the open air. The attention of our popish ancestors, to furnish the most distant and savage part of this country with places of worship and an attending priest, delivers down a great reproach on the negligence of their reformed descendants.

On the 15th of July, they left Rum, with a favourable and brisk gale, for Skie, and with some difficulty at last anchored safely beneath Mackinnon's Castle, amidst a fleet of vessels, waiting with anxiety for the appearance of the shoal of herrings. They lay under a vast hill, called Glaisbhein, clothed with birch and oaks, and tenanted with roes; and down its side, in various places, ran beautiful cataracts.

Next morning, they quitted their station, and, passing through a narrow and short sound, arrive in another fine expanse, beautifully landlocked by part of the mainland of Rosshire, the islands of Rona, Croulin, Rasa, Scalpa, and Pabay, all once covered with woods, but now naked.

Part of the shore of Skie exhibited a verdant slope, beyond which soar the conic hills of Straith; and still farther, the ragged heights of Blaven.

While they lay here, Mr. Mackinnon, junior, came up, and pressed Mr. Pennant and his friends to accept the entertainment of his father's house at Coire-chattachan, in the vicinity; which polite invitation they accepted, directing the master of their vessel to carry her to the north part of the island.

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In their walk, near the village of Kilchrist, they discovered a vast stratum of fine white marble, veined with grey, and great quarries of white granite, spotted with black. Messrs. Lightfoot and Stuart, ascending the high Lime-stone hill of Beinn-shuardal, found it in a manner covered with that rare and beautiful plant, the Dryas Octopetalas.

On their return, they were entertained with the *laugh*, or walking of cloth, a substitute for the fulling mill. This is performed by twelve or fourteen women, arranged on each side of a long board, ribbed longitudinally, on which the cloth is placed. First they worked it backwards and forwards with their hands, singing as when they are engaged at the quern; and when they have tired their hands, they use their feet with the utmost violence, while the fury of their song rises with their agitation, "till at length," says Mr. Pennant, "you would imagine them to be a troop of female demoniacs."

In like manner these people sing when cutting down the corn, frequently keeping time to the sound of a bagpipe. Indeed, they relieve all hard labour with singing in concert, to slow and melancholy tunes; a custom of the remotest antiquity.

On the 18th of July, they walked up Beinn a Caillich, or the hill of the old hag, a very picturesque mountain, covered with vast loose stones, the shelter of ptarmigans. On the summit is an artificial cairn, of enormous magnitude, reported to have been thrown over a gigantic woman in the days of Fingal. The prospect on all sides is either sublime or pleasing.

Taking leave of the hospitable family of Coire-chattachan, they proceed towards the northern coast, and breakfast at Sconser, an inn opposite to Rasa, an island nine miles long and three broad, divided from Skie by a channel a mile broad.

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Continuing their tour through a heathy track, producing only some poor flax, they come to the end of Loch Bracadale, which pierces the island on this side. Indeed Skie is so indented by arms of the sea, that every few miles furnishes a good harbour; yet it has neither commerce nor towns.

The corn land here is dug with a crooked spade, instead of being ploughed, and harrows are commonly tied to the horses' tails.

Descending through a narrow pass, they arrive in a very flat track of land, with a view to the west of North and South Uist, and bounded on other sides by high precipices, down which, in rainy seasons, cataracts devolve.

Here they visited Mr. Macleod, of Talyskir, an officer in the Dutch service, who, with the utmost hospitality, sheltered them from the inclemency of the day. His seat stands in a wood, and a warm situation, and belongs to the chief of the name, being in former times the constant portion of a second son.

This gentleman shewed them a Clymore, or great two-handed sword, the length of whose blade was three feet seven inches, of the handle fourteen inches: the whole weighing six pounds and a half. These swords where the original weapons of our country. At the same time, Colonel Macleod presented Mr. Pennant with a brazen sword, an instrument of war common to the Romans, Scandinavians, and Britons. It was found in Skie, and is probably a relic of the Danes. Similar swords have been discovered in different parts of Britain and in Sweden.

After visiting the well of Cuchullin, they take boat, and were rowed beneath a range of magnificent cliffs, while the crew gave them a specimen of marine music, called here Jorrams. These songs were intended to regulate the stroke of the oars;

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but, in modern times, are generally sung in couplets to slow and solemn music.

Ascend the hill of Brüs-mhawl, having in the front a fine series of genuine basaltic columns, about twenty feet high. The stratum, resting on this colonnade, is very irregular and shattery, yet seems to incline to form.

At a small distance, on the slope of a hill, is a small track, entirely formed on the tops of the several series of columns, even and close set, forming a reticulated surface of amazing beauty. "This," says Mr. Pennant, "is the most northern basaltes I am acquainted with, the last of four in the British dominions, all running from south to North, nearly in a meridian. The Giant's Causeway appears first; Staffa succeeds; then the rock of Humbla; and finally the column of Brüs-mhawl; the depth of the ocean in all probability concealing the lost links of this chain."

Leaving Talyskir, they advanced to Loch Bracadale, and passed over this beautiful land-locked harbour, which seems to be the Milford Haven of these parts; and is a station well adapted for the building of a town; yet strange to say, there is not a town on this coast from Campbeltown in the Frith of Clyde to Thurso at the extremity of Caithness, an extent of two hundred miles, and upwards.

At Struam, passed a Danish fort on the top of a rock, known by its circular form, of excellent masonry, and the walls still eighteen feet high. About a furlong from this, is another large rock, precipitous on all sides, save one, on which are some ruins of fortifications, probably belonging to the same nation.

These fortresses in Erse obtain the general appellation of Duns: it seems they are in Scandi-

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navia: because fortifications, in an amicable country, are of little use.

They next reached Dun-vegan, the seat of Mr. Macleod, a gentleman of the most ancient and honourable descent, but whose personal character does him infinitely higher honour than this fortuitous distinction. "To all the milkiness of human nature, usually concomitant on youthful years, is added," says Mr. Pennant, "the sense and firmness of more advanced life. He feels for the distresses of his people, and insensible of his own, instead of the trash of gold, is laying up the treasure of warm affection, and heart-felt gratitude."

The castle of Dun-vegan is seated on a high rock, over a loch of the same name. Part of this edifice is modern, but the greatest portion is ancient. Here is preserved the Braolauch-shi, or fairy flag of the family, bestowed by Titania the Benshi, or wife of Oberon, king of the fairies, who blest it at the time of the gift with powers of the first importance, which were to be exerted only thrice; and after the last end was obtained, an invisible being was to carry off the standard and its bearer, never more to be seen.

"The flag," says our author, "has been produced thrice; the last time, to gratify my curiosity; but it was so tattered, that Titania did not think it worth sending for."

This superstition was probably derived from the Norwegian ancestry of Macleod, and in ages of ignorance might have its effect. The Danes had their magical standard, Reafan, or the Raven; and Sigurd had an enchanted flag given him by his mother, with circumstances somewhat similar to the Dun-vegan colours.

Among the other curiosities of the castle, which

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mark the ancient splendor of the family, are a great ox horn, tipped with silver, the usual drinking vessel of kings and heroes; and a round shield made of iron, even in its decayed state weighing twenty pounds; a load of itself, in these degenerate days.

On the authority of Mr. Macqueen, our tourist says that near this castle is an Anait, or druidical place of worship, of which there are four in Skie, much of the same construction, and on similar situations. This lies in the heart of an extensive moor, between the confluence of two waters. From one of these streams to the other, is a strong stone wall, forming an equilateral triangle, near the centre of which is a small square edifice of quarried stones, and on each side of the entrance, which conducts to it from the wall, are the remains of two houses, both within and without, the probable residence of the priests and their attendants. It is singular that Plutarch and Pausanias mention Diana, the Anait, the name by which this religious building is called; and that she had temples erected to her honour. Can this be one of them, as antiquarian conjecture would make us believe?

Arriving on the banks of Loch Grisernis*, they took boat, and landed at Kingsburgh, the residence of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, who yielded a generous protection to the fugitive Pretender, when he was driven to the last distress. This lady, whom Mr. Pennant had formerly known, was then absent.

Mr. Macdonald presented our author with three very curious pieces of antiquity; an urn of elegant workmanship, found in a stone chest; a glain-naidr, or serpent head, of a triangular shape,

* Here the ropes of the fishing nets were made of the purple melic grass, remarkable for its quality of resisting decay.

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made as usual of glass, marked with the figures of serpents coiled up*; and lastly, a denarius of the emperor Trajan, found on a moor, near this spot.

The night of July 22d, Mr. Pennant slept in the same bed that formerly received the unfortunate Charles Stuart. Here he lay one night, after being some time in a female habit, under the safeguard of Miss Macdonald. Alexander Macdonald, the master of the house, suffered a long imprisonment, on account of his fidelity to his guest; but neither the fear of punishment, nor the lures of interest, could induce him to violate the rights of hospitality. He presented our author with a pair of gloves worn by the Pretender, while he appeared in the female character.

Leaving Kingsburgh, they passed by a cairn, with a great stone at the top, called the stone of Ugg, probably erected in memory of the poet Uggerus. Beneath is a fertile bottom, laughing with corn; and on the other side of a hill, they entered the parish of Kilmore, the granary of Skie. On their left lay Muggastot, the principal seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, lineally descended from the lords of the isles.

Beneath the house, was the lake of St. Columba, now drained, once famous for an ancient monastery, built on an island, the ruins of which shew it to have been constructed after the manner of the druids.

While they were pursuing their journey, a minister of the church of Scotland, who was attending them, observed that a couple were in

* Both ancients and moderns agree in their belief of the virtues of the druid's head, or serpent stone; and that good fortune attends the possessor, wherever he goes. Claudius put to death a Gaulish knight for carrying one about him. The vulgar of the present age think it will cure the bite of adders, and give ease in child-birth.

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pursuit of him to obtain the nuptial benediction. Not willing to delay their happiness, Mr. Pennant begged he would perform the ceremony. Accordingly they entered a cottage: the minister laid before them the duties of matrimony, asked whether they took each other willingly, joined hands, and concluded with a prayer. "I observed," says Mr. Pennant, "the bridegroom defied all the powers of magic; for he was married with the latchets of both shoes tied."

Take a repast at the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald's piper, who, in virtue of his office, holds his lands free. His dwelling, as was common in this country, consisted of several apartments, the first for his cattle during winter, the second formed the hall, the third a sitting room, and the fourth for the lodging of his family—all within each other. The piper treated them with several tunes on his favourite instrument.

In feudal times, both the Macdonalds and the Macleods had a college of pipers on this island, who had regular appointments in land, and received pupils from all the neighbouring chieftains.

Among other gentlemen of this island, who with true Hebridean politeness convoyed them from place to place, was Dr. John Maclean, whose family had been hereditary physicians for some centuries to that of Macdonald. They had constantly been educated at the expence of the chieftain, and receive to this day an appointment in land, with the tenure of the Castle of Duntuilm, now a ruin, but inhabited so late as 1715. It was the original seat of the Macdonalds in Skie, and near it is a hill, called Cnock-an-eirick, or the Hill of Pleas, where they determined all differences among their vassals. Such eminences are frequent near the residence of great men, and their precincts are held sacred.

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Skie is the largest of the Hebrides, being above sixty miles long, though the breadth is very unequal by reason of the lochs, which penetrate deep into it on both sides. It receives its appellation from the Norwegian word Skie, a mist, on account of the clouds that constantly hang on the top of its lofty hills.

The westerly winds prevail here, and, arriving charged with vapours from the vast Atlantic, they dissolve in rains, and frequently deluge the island. There is scarcely a week of fair weather, and towards the autumnal equinox, the clouds fall in torrents.

At this period, so interesting to the farmer in more propitious climes, the swain sighs over the ruins of his vernal labours, and sees the fruit of his toils become the spoil or the prey of the elements. The poor foresee famine, and consequent disease: the humane tacksmen agonize over distresses, that they have not the ability to relieve. Many hundreds are obliged every year to prowl like other animals along the shores, to pick up shell-fish, in order to support their miserable existence; and numbers in all parts of the western Highlands fall beneath the pressure of hunger, or the putrid fever, the common epidemic of the coast, originating, no doubt, from unwholesome food.

Bear and small oats are the common produce of Skie; but the land is too wet to ripen them to perfection; and the produce of the crops is very rarely, in any degree, proportioned to the wants of the inhabitants; the years of famine are as ten to one. The grand helps of bad years are potatoes; a root whose cultivation cannot be too earnestly recommended to the poor in any country.

Migrations, and depression of spirits, have reduced the population for this island, within

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twenty years, from fifteen thousand to between twelve and thirteen hundred. In the year 1750, the whole rent of Skie was three thousand five hundred pounds. By an unnatural exaction, some of the rents are now doubled, and even trebled. This has alienated the affection of numbers from their native soil, and induced them to take refuge in the wilds of America. "Policy and humanity," says Mr. Pennant, "have of late checked this spirit, so detrimental to the public; and the wisdom of the legislature may perhaps fall on some new methods to conciliate the affections, and to provide for the real wants of so valuable a part of the community."

The proper products of this, as well as of the rest of the Hebrides, are men and cattle: the value of the first need not be insisted on; in a natural view, it is obvious: the latter in this island have pre-eminence for size and breed; but they are neither well managed, nor have they at all times sufficent food to keep them alive. Even the cows are sometimes forced to have recourse to the shores, and feed on the sea plants at low water. At the ebb of the tide, instinct teaches them to hasten from the moors, notwithstanding they are not in sight of the sea.

About four thousand cattle are annually sold, from forty shillings to three pounds a head; and about two hundred and fifty horses. No more sheep are kept here than are necessary for home consumption, or for the clothing of the inhabitants.

Neither goats nor hogs are introduced into this island, though the former might be attended with advantages to the poor natives, and would thrive in the woody parts.

About three hundred tons of kelp are annually made and exported; but this robs the land of so much useful manure.

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The roots of the orobus tuberosus, the carmel of the Highlanders, are in high esteem in this and other islands, either chewed or fermented. They are reckoned expectorant, and very efficacious in complaints of the breast and lungs; but are probably most agreeable, from putting off the uneasy sensation of hunger, a quality likewise attributed to tobacco.

Ligusticum Scoticum, or Scotch parsley, is also much valued as a carminative, and for other purposes; besides being a common food in various ways.

Superstition is almost extinct in Skie, or confined to the more vulgar. Even Browny, or Robin Good Fellow, is put to flight; and the Gruagach*, anciently worshipped by libations of milk, is now only noticed by the milk-maids, who still pour some milk on the stones that bear his name.

This island forms a part of the shire of Inverness, the sheriff of which county has a resident substitute, who takes cognizance of petty offences, and settles small disputes about property.

After a tempestuous night, on the 24th of July, they left their harbour, and going through a narrow channel, at the north-end, they had a view of Fisher's-Rock. Soon after the Isle of Lewis opened, with a group of little islands, called Siant, to the north of which is the town, and a fine harbour of Stronway. A putrid fever raging there with great violence, they were dissuaded from entering that port, as they intended.

Direct their course for Loch Broom, and next morning found themselves near a number of small islands, of a most dreary appearance, though they

* In English *fair haired*, and supposed to have been an emblem of Apollo, or the sun.

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have been named, or rather nick-named, the Summer Islands.

The wind shifting, they drop anchor about nine in the evening, under Martin Isle, in the bottom of a bay, called Loch Kinnard. To the south is a hill, which they ascend, and caught a view on the other side of Loch Broom. This parish is the largest in Scotland, perhaps in Great Britain; extending thirty-six miles in length, and twenty in breadth. It has seven places of worship, and three catechists; but is destitute of a parochial school. None of the inhabitants, except the gentry, speak English. The Earl of Seaforth is the chief proprietor, and the Mackenzies the general name.

The face of the country is mountainous, and the soil a mixture of rock and heath, with some arable flats. Cattle are the staple commodity, and many of them are sold, and driven to Craven, in Yorkshire.

The weather being very unfavourable, they continued on board for a day; but, on the 28th of July, land at the bottom of a bay in Rosshire, and proceed up Strath Kinnard, a forfeited estate, and annexed to the crown. The commissioners here give all encouragement to the tenants, and the people seem comparatively happy and contented.

Kindness and hospitality are inherent in the dispositions of the natives in these parts. Scarcely could Mr. Pennant and his friends pass a farm-house, but the good woman sallied out, and offered them a bowl of milk or whey.

Ascending a very high mountain, they passed through a birchwood, and soon after came to some precipices of lime-stone, mixed with marble, from whence they had a most tremendous view of mountains, apparently torn and convulsed in such a

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manner, as for ever to check the power of vegetation; while the blackmoors at their feet gave additional horror to the picture.

Entering Assynt, in Sutherland, they rode by Loch Camloch, and admire its little wooded islands. At Ledbeg they put up, but found very indifferent accommodations.

This country is environed by mountains, the strata of which, near the bases, are composed of white marble, that rivals the Parian. Houses and walls are built with it, and it also serves for manure.

"This track," says Mr. Pennant, "seems the residence of sloth: the people are almost torpid, and wretched to a high degree." The corn they raise is not half equal to the consumption; and the climate conspires, with their indolence, to make bad worse.

Dispirited, and driven to despair, from ill-conduct and want, crowds were hastening to the eastern coast, on the report of a ship being there laden with meal, and numbers were preparing for emigration, on the forlorn prospect of a temporary slavery, at best, in a foreign land; for they were too poor to pay for a passage.

In a country where ignorance and poverty prevail, it is not surprising that superstition should gain an ascendant over their minds. A very few years ago, a woman of more than common strength of understanding lived in the neighbourhood, and she was consulted, as an oracle, on the common occurrences of life. This excited the envy of another female in the same district, who gave out that the object of her hatred was a witch; and that she had the power of counteracting her devices, by means of a good genius. At length she so worked on the minds of the simple vulgar, that they insti-

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gated a parcel of children to strangle her*. The inciters to the murder artfully concealed themselves, and the deluded children were too young to suffer capital punishment.

The parish of Assynt contains between three and four thousand souls. Many cattle are bred here, and a considerable quantity of salmon is taken in the river Innard.

On leaving the vessel, it was the intention of Mr. Pennant and his friends to have penetrated as far as the extremity of the island; but they were informed the way was impassable for horses, and therefore returned, happy to think they had escaped broken necks.

When they reached the ship they found some busses just anchored, in expectation of the shoals of herrings which annually visit this place; but only a few had yet made their appearance. This kind of fishing is always performed in the night, unless by accident; and during winter it is a severe and a hazardous employ; yet, providentially, few lives are lost.

Loch Broom has been celebrated for some centuries as one of the favourite resorts of the herrings. They generally appear here in July, and are detached from the great western column of that army, which annually leaves the depths of the arctic circle.

Though the migration of these fish is certain, their appearance in one particular spot is extremely precarious. A loch that has swarmed with fish one year is totally deserted the next; yet the neighbouring loch may perhaps be crowded with the shoals. All have their turns, which occasions the

* An event equally tragical happened at Tring in Hertfordshire, where knowledge might have been supposed to be more generally diffused.

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busses to be continually shifting their stations, in quest of these valuable wanderers.

The arrival of the herrings is marked by flocks of gulls and gannets, which prey upon them, and assist to direct the fishers.

In a fine day, when the fish appear above the surface, they exhibit an amazing brilliancy of colours; but during night, when they play on the water, the sea appears on fire, and luminous as the brightest phosphorus.

On the 29th of July they weighed anchor, and sailed with a favouring breeze to the mouth of the bay, designing to return southward; but the wind changing, and a heavy gale coming on, they were glad to anchor in Little Loch Broom, where they passed a dreadful night, in instant expectation that the vessel would drive, or that they should be obliged to cut the cables.

Next morning the wind moderated; but no sooner had they weighed, than a furious squall arose, and exposed them to accumulated dangers; but fortunately they obtained a safe anchorage at last, under a high and finely-wooded hill, in eight fathoms water.

By the favour of Kenneth Mackenzie, of Dundonnel, they obtained horses, and took a ride along the side of the hill, above the loch; and arrived in a small but fertile vale, where they were rejoiced at the sight of inclosures and fertile fields, to which they had been long strangers.

Reaching Dundonnel, they determined to proceed by land to Loch-maree, and ordered the cutter to wait for them at Gairloch. Here they found themselves on a spot picturesque and magnificent beyond description. The banks of the river that rushed by Dundonnel were fringed with trees, and its course often interrupted by cascades. At a small distance the ground began to rise, and they

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were entertained with new objects, and sometimes alarmed by the roar of invisible cascades. Torrents darted down precipices of a thousand forms, losing themselves beneath the undermined rocks, and again appearing in sheets of foam. In short, no words can do justice to the sublime grandeur of the scenery.

On the last day of July, after taking a deoch-an-doruis, or door-cup, with the family at Dundonnel, they proceeded south, over hills and vales, alternately dreary and gay with woods of birch, with occasional cataracts. On one side of them appeared an amazing mountain of whitish marble, so extensive, smooth, and glossy, as to resemble an enormous sheet of ice. This hill they understood was called Lecach. The whole scene was truly alpine.

Passing over a horrible way, amidst strata of red and white marble, steep and slippery, they came to morassy heaths, and sat down to a plentiful repast, furnished by Mr. Mackenzie, whose son attended them on the side of a rill, at the bottom.

At last they arrived at a mean inn near Lochmaree, when they took up their lodging for the night. The only bedstead assigned to Messrs. Pennant and Lightfoot was covered with a warm litter of heath, and they lay in their clothes, wrapped up in plaids, and enjoyed a comfortable repose. Their Highland friends formed their bed of wet hay, flung a plaid over it, undressed, and slept without injury, on what must have in a short time become a genuine hotbed. Such are the hardy constitutions of even the gentlemen in this country.

Next morning they procured a boat, and set out on Loch-maree, filled with a number of indistinct isles. They landed on that of Inch-maree, the favoured isle of the saint, who is patron of the coast. The shores were neat and gravelly; and

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the whole surface thickly covered with a beautiful grove of oak, ash, willow, and other trees. In the centre is a circular dyke of stones, with a narrow entrance, used as a burial-place for ages. A stump of a tree was shewn as an altar, probably the memorial of one of stone, which originally stood there; but the chief curiosity of the place is a well of sovereign virtue in cases of lunacy.

The unhappy patient is brought to the sacred island of St. Maree, is made to kneel before the altar, where an offering is made for him in money, and is then conducted to the well, and sips some of the holy water. A second offering is then made, and afterwards he is thrice dipped in the lake; and the same operation is repeated for some weeks, when, as it often happens that the lunatic receives relief from natural causes, the saint has all the credit of his cure.

The common oath of the country is by the name of this saint; and no one passes any of his resting places, without making him an occasional offering, be it ever so trifling.

About a mile beyond this the lake contracts. The scenery is extremely varied, and often magnificent. Towards the bottom of the lake, which is eighteen miles long, the water suddenly narrows to a hundred yards, and continues so for a mile. A rapid succeeds, which discharges itself into Pool-Ewe, that opens again into the large bay of Loch-Ewe.

The fish of this lake are salmon, char, and trout; some of the last weighing thirty pounds.

On landing, they were received by the Reverend Mr. Dounie, minister of Gairloch, whom they attended to church, and afterwards enjoyed the hospitality of his house.

This is a spot of much concourse, as the military road, which crosses from the east to the west sea,

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terminates here; yet there is not an inn within some miles of the place.

Gairloch consists of a few scattered houses, and stands on a fine bay of the same name. This parish is very extensive, and the population evidently increases, from the facility with which a livelihood may be procured by fishing. Herrings are generally found here in shoals, from June to January, and cod and ling at other seasons.

The want of a town is sensibly felt in all those parts, as every necessary of life, or implement of trade, is difficult to be procured, and at a great price. Our benevolent tourist here throws out some hints, for the consideration of the great land-owners in this district, with a view to the meliorating the situation of their people, and ultimately to the enriching themselves.

They found their vessel safely riding at anchor amidst many others, on the south side of the bay; and going on board, they weighed with a good breeze. After passing Apple Cross Bay, they left the isles of Rona, Rasa, and Scalpay, on the right; sailed close under Croulin, passed the sound between Skie and Kintail, and anchored once more beneath Mackinnon Castle.

On the 4th of August they proceeded on their voyage down the bay, leaving on the east the entrance into Loch Lung and Loch Duach, near the last of which are the dangerous passes of Glenshiel and Stratchell. Passing the Kil-ru, buffeted by violent squalls, they brought to, and landed in the parish of Glen-elg, in the county of Inverness.

Walk up the valley of Glen-elg, or Deer, and paid a visit to Mr. Macleod, the minister, from whom they met with the best welcome that his circumstances would permit. In the vicinity of his manse, he shewed them the remains of a mine of

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black lead, neglected on account of the indifferent quality of what the adventurers found near the surface, without ascertaining its richness at a proper depth. On the top of an adjoining hill, they saw a British fortress, mounded round with stone, with the vestige of a circular inclosure in the middle.

This part of Glen-elg is divided into two valleys—Glenmore, in which are the barracks of Bernera, capable of containing two hundred men, and Glenbeg. In the latter are some celebrated Danish forts, which they visited. One of them appears of a most elegant taper form; the present height upwards of thirty feet; but in 1722, some Goth purloined from the top more than seven feet, so that the whole must have been at that time about forty feet high.

The courses are most beautifully laid, without any mortar. The diameter within is thirty-three feet and a half, about ten feet from the bottom; the wall, in that part, being seven feet thick, but it gradually grows thinner till it reaches the top; the slope wholly on the outside.

In the thickness of the wall are two galleries, one above the other, and rows of holes, but neither of them passing through; nor is there the least appearance of window or opening on the outside wall. All the holes are squares, but too small to admit a human body.

The entrance is a square opening on the west side, before which are the remains of some building; and almost contiguous is a small circle of rude stones, which is called the foundation of the Druids' houses.

At the distance of less than a quarter of a mile stands another tower, of a similar form, about twenty-four feet high, and nearly of the same dia-

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meter; but here are three galleries, the lowest of which goes entirely round.

These were probably places of defence, or rather of devotion, though it is difficult to trace their origin or particular age. They are called here the Castles of Teilba; and tradition says, that there were two more, all built by a mother for her four sons. Other similar structures are found in different parts of the north of Scotland, particularly in Rothshire.

Next morning, being very wet and boisterous, they continued under the roof of the hospitable minister. In the evening they passed over to Skie.

On the morning of the 6th of August they weighed, but both tide and wind were adverse; and, after some hours struggle, they were obliged to put into Loch Jurn, or the Lake of Hell, on the Inverness coast, where they landed, and paid their respects to Mr. Macleod, of Arnisdale. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Pennant, "the hospitality of the house: before I could utter a denial, three glasses of rum, cordialized with jelly of bilberries, were poured into me by the irresistible hand of good Madam Macleod."

Made the tour of Loch Jurn, a lake of considerable extent, environed with scenery of alpine wildness and magnificence. The hills are of an enormous height, and for the most part clothed with extensive forests of oak and birch. In many places are extensive open tracks, verdant, and dotted with a few trees; while grey rocks, on particular spots, peep out over the thickest woods with striking contrast.

On the south side, or the country of Knoydart, are vast numbers of pines, scattered among other trees. A conflagration had, many years ago, destroyed a fine forest of this kind; but young pines are springing up, which are likely to repair the loss.

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The beautiful Scotch firs seem to have been little known in England, till the time of Evelyn and Ray; though their vast size and aptitude for masts were recorded long before.

"It is not wonderful," says our author, "that the imagination, amidst these darksome and horrid scenes, should figure to itself ideal beings, once the terror of the superstitious. In less enlightened times than the present, a dreadful spectre haunted these hills, sometimes in the form of a great dog, man, or a slim gigantic hag, called Glas-lich. The exorcist was called in to drive away these evil genii, and of course prevailed against the nonentity."

In their return from the extremity of this sequestered spot, they were most agreeably amused with meeting at least a hundred boats, preparing to lay their nets, while some of their companions on shore were busied in lighting fires, and preparing a piscatory repast.

"So unexpected a prospect of the busy haunt of men and ships, in this wild and romantic track, afforded this agreeable reflection," says Mr. Pennant, "that there is no part of our dominions so remote, so inhospitable, and unprofitable, as to deny employ and livelihood to thousands; and that there are no parts so polished, so improved, and so fertile, but which might stoop to receive advantage from the dreary spots they affect to despise; and must be obliged to acknowledge the mutual dependance of part on part, however remotely placed, and however different in modes or manner of living."

Spent the evening at Arnisdale, and returned on board in a very dark night; but every stroke of their oars flung a most resplendent glory round, and left a long and luminous train behind. This beautiful appearance was occasioned by myriads of noctilucous Nereids, or worms, that occasionally become visible, particularly after any violent commo-

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tion of the water. Mr. Thompson informed them, that they were most brilliant before rain and tempests; nor was he deceived in his prediction.

Though scarcity and civilization now possess every part of this country, it is not thirty years since the whole district was a den of thieves, of the most extraordinary kind. They conducted their predatory excursions with the utmost policy, and reduced the art of theft into a regular system. Habit concealed its criminality from their view; they even gloried in their vocation; and, when a party was formed for an expedition against their neighbour's property, they prayed as earnestly to heaven for success, as if they had been engaged in the most honourable and laudable undertaking.

"The constant petition, at grace, of the old Highland chieftain," says Mr. Pennant, "was delivered, with great fervour, in these terms: Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread of it."

They paid a sacred regard to their oath; and one of the most solemn forms of it was to swear by their dirk, their chieftain, or their crucifix. Hospitality to their guests was strictly observed. The Kennedies, two common thieves, protected the Pretender, and kept him inviolate, though they were sensible that an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support; and, once to supply him with clean linen, they surprised the baggage-horses of a British general officer. At length, a very considerable time after, one of those poor fellows, who had virtue to resist a bribe of 30,000l. was hanged for stealing a cow, of thirty shillings value.

The greatest of the heroes of the last century, as a public robber, was Sir Ewen Cameron. He long resisted the power of Cromwell; but, at length, was forced to submit; and a garrison being fixed

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in his neighbourhood at Inverlochy, his vassals were restrained from farther depredations.

After the restoration, Rob Roy Macgregor particularly distinguished himself as a leader of banditti, and formed his profession into a science.

The Duke of Montrose was his neighbour, and he frequently saved his grace the trouble of collecting his rents, as he used to extort them from the tenants, and to give formal receipts. But so much was this fellow feared or respected, that no one dared to bring him to justice.

A son of Sir Ewen Cameron refined on the arts of Rob Roy, and conducted his commerce with the utmost secrecy and address, and to an extent unknown before. He accumulated wealth, and might have done still more, in the way of his vocation, had not the battle of Culloden put an end to all his greatness.

The last chief in this line, of any eminence, was Macdonald of Barrisdale, who, not satisfied with near depredations, raised a forced levy far and near, called the *black meal*, as a security for the cattle and other property of those who paid it. Having a formidable gang under his direction, he could either give protection or spread rapine, as he pleased. He is said to have been a man of polished manners and fine person, and considered himself in a very high light, as a benefactor to the public, and a preserver of the general tranquillity.

Setting sail in the morning of the 7th of August, they intended to reach the Sound of Mull, but were forced by contrary winds into Isle Oransay, in Skie, a safe harbour; but afterwards proceeded on their voyage to the east, passing Loch Nevish, Loch Hallyort, and the Point of Ardnamurchan. About nine in the evening of next day, they came to an anchor in Tober Moire Bay, in the Isle of Mull.

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This is a most beautiful circular bason, formed by Mull on one side, and the Isle of Calne on the other. The shores are verdant, and in rainy seasons embellished with cascades. Here a ship, belonging to the Invincible Armada, as it was vainly called, was blown up; from the wreck of which, considerable treasure is supposed to have been obtained by diving. Our author was presented with a fragment of the ship by an old inhabitant, to be preserved in memory of this signal interposition of Providence.

A little to the north of this is Bloody Bay, so named from a desperate sea-fight between a Macdonald, of the isles, and his son.

On the opposite shore of Morvern, stands the ruined Castle of Dun Angal, belonging to the Macleanes.

August 9th, in the morning, they sailed from Tober Moire, and soon after anchored opposite to Aros Castle, the seat of Mr. Campbell, with whom they breakfasted, and collected some particulars of Mull.

This island is about twenty-four Scotch miles long, and as many broad. It is divided into three great parishes, and contains four or five thousand inhabitants. The soil in general is rocky and barren, and by no means yields corn sufficient for the consumption of the natives. A considerable number of cattle, and some sheep, are annually exported. It seems there are coal mines in the island, but that they are nearly inaccessible by the badness of the roads.

Mull was originally part of the dominions of the lords of the isles, but afterwards became the property of the ancient family of the Macleanes, who still retain half, while the Duke of Argyle is possessed of the other.

Sail again down the Sound, and to the north view

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Morvern, the celebrated country of Fingal, Loch Aylin, and Castle Ardtornish.

On the Mull side in Macallester's Bay; and, lower down, where the sound opens to the east, is Castle Stewart, once the seat of the Macleanes, but now garrisoned by a detachment from Fort William.

In crossing Loch Linnhe, they had a fine prospect of the vast and picturesque hills of Glenco. Passing between Lismore and Middle Lorn, they proceeded on their voyage by Herrera, opposite to which lies Lorn; and soon after anchored under the ancient Castle of Dun-staffage, or Stephen's Mount, the hospitable residence of Mr. Campbell, who gave them a very polite reception.

This castle is fabled to have been founded by Ewin, a Pictish monarch, contemporary with Julius Cæsar. It is unquestionably of great antiquity, and here was long preserved that famous stone, the palladium of North Britain, till it was removed to Scone, by Kenneth II. in order to secure his reign. For, according to the inscription,

> Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
> Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

The possessor of this castle shewed them a pretty, little, ivory image, found in a ruinous part of the castle, apparently an inauguration sculpture, and cut in memory of this chair. A crowned monarch is represented sitting in it, with a book in one hand, containing the law of the land, which he was swearing to observe.

Dun-staffage is a square, the inside only eighty-seven feet; partly ruinous, partly habitable. At three of the corners are round towers; the masonry appears very old: the tops battlemented. This pile, whose entrance is towards the sea, is seated on

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a rock, artificially rendered precipitous, to make it conform to the shape of the castle.

At a small distance is a ruined chapel, once an elegant fabrick, and at one extremity of it is the family cemetery. Opposite to these is a high precipice, ending abrupt, where a remarkably distinct echo has been observed.

Rode along the edge of a very beautiful bay, and saw the bear almost ripe. Cross a ferry at Connel, or the raging flood, so called from a furious cataract of salt water, at the ebb of spring tides.

This place is the estuary of Loch Etwi, which runs far up into the country, and receives the waters of Loch Aw. On the northern bank, had a distant view of the site of Ard-chattan, a priory, where Robert Bruce is said to have held a parliament.

The ancient Beregonium, now Dun-mac-Sniochain, lies about a mile from Connel. The foundation of this city has been ascribed to Fergus II. and was reckoned the chief in Scotland for many ages; but, at best, was probably only such a city as Cæsar describes in his Commentaries, when he invaded our island. Along the top of the beach, is a raised mound, called Market-Street, the defence against a sudden landing, within which are two rude erect columns, about six feet high, and nine and a half in girt; and behind these, a morass, or peat moss. On the western side of the morass, is an oblong insulated hill, on the summit of which the country people say seven towers formerly stood; but our author could perceive nothing but three or four excavations, of no determinate form, with a dyke round them.

This hill is evidently of volcanic origin; and in different parts of it are dug up different sorts of pumices, or scoria.

Proceed to Ard-muchnage, the seat of Sir Dun-

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can Campbell, a handsome well-finished house. The owner began to plant at the age of forty, and lived to see the trees, for ornament and use, arrive at perfection. The situation is very picturesque. On their return, they observed, near the hill of the seven towers, a druidical circle, formed of round stones, placed close together. The area is twenty-six feet in diameter: and, at the distance of ten feet from the outside, is an erect pillar, seven feet high.

On the 11th of August they weighed anchor, and sailed by the back of Loch-nel Hill, forming a beautiful woody crescent, and land near the end of the Isle of Lismore.

This island, which is about nine miles long, and one and a half broad, appears to have been originally one continuous forest, stocked with deer: but at present it contains little wood. The soil, however, is good, and produces grain and other vegetables luxuriantly, though the land is neither well manured nor well managed. The bear is chiefly wasted in whisky; and, in consequence, the natives, who amount to about fifteen hundred, are obliged to import much meal for their subsistence.

The whole isle lies on a lime-stone rock: but no use can be made of this valuable manure, for want of fuel to burn it. The peat here is much adulterated with common earth, and requires some management before it is fit for use.

About a hundred head of cattle are annually exported. At present they are remarkably small; but the scull of an ox, dug up in the island, is preserved at Ard-muchnage, which is of larger dimensions than any now living in Great Britain. The horses are early used, and soon lose their teeth and die. Both they and the cows are housed during winter.

Otters are found here; but there are neither

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foxes, hares, nor rats. Mice, however, are very numerous.

There are three small lakes, producing trout and eels. A variety of the duck kind frequents these waters during winter.

Inspect a Danish fort, at present about seventeen feet high, with a gallery within the wall, and round the area a seat. Visit the church, a modern mean building; and observe in the church-yard two or three old tombs, with clymores engraven on them. One tomb is remarkable, as it consists of only a log of oak-wood, a very ancient substitute for a grave-stone.

On a lime-rock they saw the radii of a dial cut; and, in another, a small excavation, probably a rock-bason of the Druids.

The inhabitants of Lismore seem poor, and afflicted with sore eyes. At some seasons they are driven to great distress for want of food.

Leaving this place, they got on board, and enjoyed many delightful views in their passage to Scabra, particularly of the mountains of Lochaber, and of various isles of a grotesque appearance.

In the broad bason, between the little Isles of Plada Belna-hua and Luing, is a most rippling tide; and, though it was calm, the whole surface was disordered with eddies and whirlpools, alternately rising and disappearing.

Anchor on the east side, beneath the vast mountain of Scabra, an island about five miles long, and very heathy. Mr. Macleane, the proprietor, soon favoured them with a visit, and offered his services to shew them the celebrated Gulph of Corry-vrekan, which they imagined would prove a second Mal-strom.

Walking up the mountain, through long heath, swarming with grouse, they unfortunately arrived when the tide was unfavourable, and they saw

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little more than a strong current. Next morning they took boat, and stationed themselves on the rocks, at a fit place for surveying this phenomenon.

The channel between this isle and Jura is about a mile broad, and is exposed to the weight of the Atlantic, which pours in its waters here with great force. At the time of their arrival, the tide had made two hours flood, and ran with a furious current, great boilings and foam, and in some places formed considerable vortices. On the side of Jura it dashes against some sunk rocks, and makes a most dreadful reflux, which, in stormy weather, catches up the vessels that the whirlpools fling into it, and hurry them to instant destruction. "It was our ill luck, however," says Mr. Pennant, "to see it in a very pacific state, and passable without the least hazard."

Another whirlpool lies off a little isle, on the west end of Jura, which contributes to the horrors of the place. It is not therefore wonderful, that, in former days, there should have been a chapel of the Virgin built here, whose services, according to Fordan, were often beneficial to the mariners.

Leaving Scabra, which only contains forty inhabitants, they pass between Nether Lorn and the Isles of Luing and Suil to the east, and of Toracy and Shuna, to the west, all inhabited.

Take a boat and visit Eusdale, celebrated for its slate quarries; or rather, it is an entire rock of slate about half a mile long. The stratum is first blasted with gunpowder, and then divided into the proper sizes, and put on board, at twenty shillings a thousand slates. About two millions and a half of them are annually sent to England, Norway, Canada, and the West Indies. In the slates are infinite quantities of cubic pyritæ.

Coast the western side of Suil, and at the north point turn into Clachan Frith, so narrow in some

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places, that an arch might be thrown from one side to the other. The depth, however, in some places, is fifty fathoms; in others, it is fordable at low water.

Arrived in the beautiful bay of Ard-maddie, when Mr. Pennant immediately waited on his friend, Captain Archibald Campbell, who resides in the vicinity, and took leave of the captain of the cutter, of whose obliging manners and professional skill, he speaks in terms of the highest encomium. Here he found his groom and horses: "and thus," says our author, "ended a voyage of amusement, successful and satifactory in every part, unless where embittered with reflections on the sufferings of my fellow-creatures.—Gratitude," continues he, "forbids my silence respecting the kind reception I universally met with, or the active zeal of every one to facilitate my pursuits, or the liberal communication of every species of information, useful or entertaining."

The 15th of August they spent at Ard-maddie, commanding a beautiful view of the bay, and of the Isle of Suil. This track is hilly, but finely wooded near the house, and on the opposite shore. The property belongs chiefly to the Duke of Argyle.

Next day they left this hospitable mansion, and for some space ride along a fine road, by the side of an arm of the sea. Pass a heap of stones, called Cairn Alpin, because from thence the bodies of the Alpiniades were embarked for interment in the sacred Isle of Jona.

Quitting the loch, they entered on a barren track of black heathy land, occasionally enlivened with some pretty lakes. Arrive on the Banks of Loch Aw, where that fine water is contracted to the breadth of three quarters of a mile, and cross it in a horse boat to Port Sonnachan, and after travelling about ten miles farther, pass between

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two sylvan hills, and reach the town and castle of Inverary.

It lies in a small, but beautiful plain, on the side of Loch Fine, and has long been the residence of the Campbells. It was inhabited about the close of the fourteenth century by Colin, surnamed Jongallach, or the Wonderful, on account of his marvellous exploits. One, not the least of them, was burning his own house at Inverary, on receiving a visit from the O'Neiles, of Ireland, that he might have a pretence to entertain his illustrious guests in his magnificent field-equipage.

The power of the family, and the difficulty of the approach, preserved this place from hostile insult, except in two instances. In December, 1644, during a severe snow, the enterprising Montrose poured down his troops, on Inverary, through ways thought impassable. The Marquis of Argyle, with difficulty, escaped in a little fishing-boat, and left his people to the fury of the merciless invaders.

After the unfortunate expedition of the son of this chieftain, in 1685, this place experienced a fresh calamity. Another clan, armed with the dreadful writ of fire and sword, carried destruction among the Campbells; and seventeen gentlemen, of that name, were instantly executed. A column is erected on the spot where they fell; with an appropriate, but moderate inscription.

In 1715, Archibald Duke of Argyle, then earl of Hay, collected a few troops in this place, in order to prevent the rebels from becoming masters of so important a pass, and, by his resolution, saved it.

The portraits in the castle of Inverary are but few; and, in the opinion of our author, there are only two of distinguished excellence. One is the head of the Marquis of Argyle, a distinguished personage

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in the reign of Charles I. who temporized with the party in power, and seems to have been guided by a view to his own interest alone. Such tortuous politics could not long prevail. On the restoration, he was beheaded: he fell with heroism; and, in his last moments, exculpated himself from some very heavy charges that were insinuated against him; but allowed his criminal compliances with the spirit of the times. "I could have died," said he, "like a Roman, but I choose rather to die like a Christian."

The other valuable head is that of his son, the Earl of Argyle, a steady virtuous, but unfortunate, character. In all his actions, he preserved a patriotic, but loyal moderation; yet ingratitude was the only return he met with. At last, in concert with the Duke of Monmouth, he made a fatal attempt to restore the liberties of his country, then invaded by James II. He failed in the design; and ended his life on the scaffold, with a calmness and constancy in unison with the probity of his life. A short time before his death, he composed his own epitaph; and the following verses will shew that he was a philosopher, if not a poet.

Thou, passenger, who shalt have so much time,
As view my grave, and ask what was my crime:
No stain of error, no black vice's brand,
Did me compel to leave my native land.
Love to my country, truth condemn'd to die,
Did force my hands forgotten arms to try.
More from friends' fraud, my fall proceeded hath,
Than foes, though thrice they did attempt my death.
On my design, though Providence did frown,
Yet God, at last, will surely raise his own.
Another hand, with more successful speed,
Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head.

Various are the beauties of Inverary, which would claim attention in a more diffuse work; but Loch Fine, and its communicating streams, constitute the principal feature in the landscape.

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Here the tunny is found, sometimes to the enormous weight of four or five hundred pounds. Their capture is less attended than it deserves; for they would prove a cheap and wholesome food for the poor. In the Mediterranean, they are the principal support of the religious.

Returning north, next day they reached Cladich, a village on the banks of Loch-aw, and had the pleasure of meeting the minister of Clachandisart in the beautiful vale of Glenurchie. He conducted them to a cairn, in which had been found the ashes of perhaps some ancient hunter, and the head of a deer, probably buried at the same time, from an old superstition, that the departed spirit might delight in its earthly pursuits.

The custom of burning the dead was common to the Caledonians, as well as the Gauls. They thought the violation of the remains of their friends the greatest act of enmity. At this day, when a Highlander would express his malice, it is, by wishing to see the ashes of his enemies floating on the waves.

Take boat, and visit Inch-hail, a little isle, once the seat of a monastery. Amidst the ruins are some tombs of very rude sculpture.

Proceeding in their tour of the lake, they come to Kilchurn Castle, a magnificent pile of ruins, seated in a low isle, near its southern borders. This fortress was built by Sir Colin Campbell, lord of Lochow, in the fifteenth century: his successors greatly improved it; and some of the apartments, at this time, are too elegant to have been of very remote antiquity.

This island, Mr. Pennant thinks, was probably the original seat of the O'Duimhns, lords of Lochow, the ancestors of the Campbells, who, in the reign of Malcolm Kenmure, assumed their present name, on account of the marriage of a

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Macduimhm with the heiress of Bellus Campus, or Beauchamp, in Normandy.

On the south side of the lake is a deep circular hollow, cauldron-formed, in a morass near Hamilton's Pass. According to tradition, it was one of the vats, frequent in the Highland turberies, from which the old natives drew an unctuous black dye for their cloth, before the introduction of copperas.

The vale of Glenurchie, through which they continued their journey, is a track of great fertility, embellished with little groves, and watered by a fine stream. The great hills of Croachan and Benlaoighe bound it on either side. Farther on, they approach so near, that they contract the vale to a narrow glen, of diminished beauty and richness.

Saw, on the road side, several small verdant hillocks, called Shi-an, or the Fairy-haunt, where they are supposed to retreat, after the celebration of their nocturnal revels. Pass by a little lake, and observe a lead mine, worked, to some advantage, by means of a level.

Near this spot, they entered the district to Braedalbane, in Perthshire, and breakfast at Tyendrum, the most elevated habitation in North Britain. Indeed, the whole track of Braedalbane is lofty, as its name imports. Two rivers rise near Tyendrum, and pursue quite opposite courses.

Travel over the small plain of Dalrie, on which was a severe conflict between Robert Bruce and Macdougall of Lorn, when the former was defeated. A servant of Lorn had seized on Bruce, but the prince escaped by killing the fellow with a blow of his battle axe: but, at the same time, lost his mantle and brotche, which the assailant tore away in his dying agonies. This brotche was long preserved in the family at a valuable relic, but was at last consumed by fire.

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Enter Strath Fillan, or the vale of St. Fillan, a pious abbot, who retired here in the beginning of the eighth century. The disordered in intellect are the objects of his regard; and, if we may believe his votaries, wonderful cures are still performed under his auspices.

Unhappy lunatics are brought here by their friends, who, after some preliminary ceremonies, thrice immerge the patient in a holy pool of the river, and then leave him fast bound, during the night, in a neighbouring chapel. In the morning, if he is found loose, the saint is supposed to be propitious: but, if he continues in bonds, the cure is supposed doubtful.

St. Fillan, according to the credulous Boethius, was of singular service to Robert Bruce, by inspiring his army with undaunted courage at the battle of Bannockbourne, in consequence of a miracle wrought the day before in his favour. His majesty's chaplain, it seems, was ordered to bring with him, into the field, the arm of the saint in a silver case. The priest, fearing the loss of this precious relic, in case of a defeat, brought only the empty cover; but, while the king was publicly invoking the aid of the saint, the lid of the shrine opened and shut of its own accord; and, to the wonder of the whole army, the limb was found to be restored to its place. The soldiers accepted the omen; and, assured of victory, fought with a resolution that deserved it. In gratitude for this assistance, Robert Bruce founded here a priory of canons regular, and consecrated it to St. Fillan.

This track is now almost entirely stocked with south-country sheep, which are found to be more advantageous to the farmers than the breed of black cattle.

They next enter Glen Dochart, and trace the banks of the loch of that name. In a lofty island,

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embosomed in wood, are the ruins of a castle, formerly belonging to the chief of Lochow, but once taken by the Macgregors, in a manner that did credit to their invention and address. As the place was inaccessible in summer, the assailants took the advantage of a frost, formed vast fascines of straw and boughs of trees, which they rolled before them, on the ice, to protect them from the arrows of the garrison, till they were near enough to scale the walls of the fortress at once. This mode of attack was common to the northern nations.

A little farther on, is a small lake, noted for a floating island, about twenty-seven yards long and ten yards broad, which shifts its position with the wind, and may even be launched, from the sides of the lake, with poles. It is covered with coarse grass and some small trees. Some years ago a pearl-fishery was carried on in the river, which issues from Loch Dochart, with great success, and the pearls were highly valued.

"The military road, through this country, is planned," says Mr. Pennant, "with a distinguished want of judgment: a series of undulations, quite unnecessary, distress the traveller for a considerable length of way;" but it is probable, that, in a military, though not in a civil, point of view, they might have their use, and have been the effect of design.

Near Achline, is the appearance of inclosures; and some plantations begin to relieve the tedium of unvarying sterility. On approaching the village of Killin, every road and path was filled with groups of people, of both sexes, returning from church. A sober decent dress and demeanour distinguished every party.

Cross two bridges, and observe two beautiful islands, clothed with firs, while the water forms a number of short, but quick-repeated cataracts.

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At Killin, or Cill-Fhin, the reputed burial place of Fingal, they found an excellent inn, built by Lord Braedalbane, who has established several others, at proper places, to the unspeakable comfort of the traveller.

Mount Strone Clachan, to enjoy the beauty of the landscape. A most delicious plain, of meadow and arable, spreads itself beneath, embellished with woods, and watered by streams, finely contrasted; the furious Dochart and the gentle Lochy both terminating in the great expanse of Loch Tay. The northern and southern borders suit the magnificence of the lake; but the northern rise, with superior majesty, in the rugged heights of Finlarig, and the wild summits of the still loftier Laurs, often patched with snow throughout the year.

At the foot of the first, amidst various woods, lie the ruins of the castle of Finlarig, an ancient seat of the Campbells. The venerable oaks, the chestnuts, and ash trees, give a fine solemnity to the scene. Tradition is loud in report of the hospitality of the place, and blends, with its tales of gaiety and festivity, scenes of blood and revenge.

Crossing the Lochy, they passed through a small but elegant glen, and then continued their journey, on a fine road, considerably raised above Loch Tay. The land here is rich in corn, and varied with groves and plantations. The population is immense, and the habitations seem neat and comfortable; a pleasant testimony to the humanity and attention of the chieftain, Lord Braedalbane.

In passing Laurs, they observed a druidical circle; and enjoyed the romantic windings of the lake. Its length is about fifteen miles, and its breadth one; in many places, it is a hundred fathoms deep, and is every where well stocked with fish. All the country abounds with game, such as grouse, ptarmigans, stags, and roes. Foxes

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are numerous and destructive, and otters are common.

That large and delicate bird, the cock of the wood, or capercaille, is now chiefly confined to the pine forests, north of Loch Ness. The male sometimes weighs fifteen pounds. The colour of the breast is green, resembling that of the peacock; and above each eye is a rich scarlet skin, common to the grouse genus. The feet are naked, and the edges of the toes serrated.

Woodcocks appear in Braedalbane in November, and continue in plenty till the latter end of March. They are observed to land on the eastern coasts of Scotland, and to fly westward. Few of them, however, reach the Hebrides; and it is not known, that either this bird, the fieldfare, or the redwing, ever breed in this country.

Sea eagles breed in the ruined towers, but migrate in winter. The black eagles continue all the year round, and are so numerous, that a reward of five shillings has been given for the destruction of each.

Cross the opening into the little plain of Fortingall, noted for its Roman camp, near which some antiquities have been dug up. Visit, a second time, the wonderful view, in the church-yard of Fortingall*, whose ruins measure fifty six feet in circumference. Our ancestors seem to have had a classical reason for planting these dismal trees among the repositories of the dead, and a political one for placing them near their houses.

In the days of archery, so great was the consumption of this species of wood, that the bowyers were obliged to import considerable quantities. This tree is not universally a native of England; or, perhaps, has been, in many places, eradicated; but it still grows in abundance on the lofty hills of

* See the Tour of 1769.

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Westmorland and Cumberland, and other precipitous situations.

Approach near Taymouth, by the side of the lake, leaving on the right, the pretty isle of Loch Tay, tufted with trees, that overshade the ruins of the priory. From the ancient inhabitants of this consecrated island, the present noble possessor derives the liberty of fishing in the lake at all seasons; a privilege denied to the other land-owners in the vicinity.

On the right, is a plantation, the orchard of the monastery, in which grows a black cherry-tree, measuring ten feet, and upwards, in circumference.

Reach Taymouth, the principal seat of Lord Braedalbane, originally called Balloch Castle, or the castle at the discharge of the lake. It was founded in 1583, but has lost its castellated form, and has been modernized with the addition of two wings.

The most remarkable part of the furniture of this seat, is the portraits, many of which are the works of Jameson, the Scotch Vandyke, an éleve of this noble family. They are principally the heads of the Campbells, or their connections: we shall only particularize a few: the famous genealogical picture, containing twenty heads of persons of the same family; the Earl of Airth; John Lord Lesley, afterwards Duke of Rothes; James Marquis of Hamilton; William Earl Marischall; and Thomas Hamilton, Lord Binning, who, in 1640, being commandant of the garrison of Douglas, was blown up, with several other persons of quality, by the desperate treachery of his page, an English boy.

In the drawing-room are two pictures by Vandyke, said to be of inestimable value. They represent two distinguished brothers, Henry Rich, earl of Holland, a favourite of Henrietta, queen

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of Charles I. and his elder brother, Robert earl of Warwick, both infamous temporizing characters.

The grounds are in remarkably fine order, having been cleared of the vast stones that disfigured them, by blasting. The bercean walk composed of great lime-trees, whose branches intermingle, is very magnificent. The south terrace, on the banks of the Tay, is one thousand eight hundred yards long; that on the north, two thousand two hundred, and is to extend much farther.

The rivers runs with great rapidity, and has a wooden bridge thrown over it, of great length, conducting to a pleasure-seat, on the opposite hill, that commands a noble view.

Much flax is cultivated in the environs. Oats, bear, and potatoes, form the other principal crops. The corn raised here seldom, however, suffices the number of inhabitants; and they are obliged to have recourse to importation.

Every person has his potatoe-ground; and some have distilled a very strong spirit from this root, which has been found much cheaper than that produced from grain.

The lichen omphaloides, or corcar, is here an article of commerce. Great quantities of it are annually scraped from the rocks, and sold to the dyers.

Sheep are numerous and cheap, and much wool is exported. The black cattle constitute a considerable article of trade. Before the last rebellion, Lord Braedalbane was obliged to keep a constant guard for the protection of his vassals' cattle, having too much spirit to submit to pay the infamous tax of black-meal, to the plundering chieftains. What a happy revolution for the country and individuals is now effected!

Few horses are reared here; and such as feed on

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the tops of the more lofty hills are liable, at times, to an universal swelling, which speedily kills them, if some remedy is not applied. The vulgar attribute this disease to a certain animal that scatters its venom over the grass; but more probably it arises from some noxious vegetable.

Cross the Lion, near its junction with the Tay, and visit Castle Menzies, romantically seated at the foot of the northern side of Strath-Tay. The woods that boldly rise above, intermixed with grey rocks peeping between, are no small embellishment to the vale. At a considerable elevation above the plain, are the remains of a hermitage, partly natural, partly artificial, the retreat of the chief of the family some centuries ago, who, disgusted with the world, resigned his estate to a younger brother.

After crossing Tay Bridge, they came to Moness, a wild but magnificent situation. A neat walk conducts along the sides of a deep woody glen, enriched with a variety of striking cascades. The first runs down a rude staircase, with numerous landing places. Advancing along the bottom, is a deep and darksome chasm, terminated by a great cataract, consisting of several breaks. Rocks more properly arch, than impend, over it, and trees shade the whole.

Ascending a zig-gag path, cross the first cascade, and following the track among the woods to the top of the hill, pass a field, and again enter the wood. From the verge of an immense precipice, see another cataract forming one vast sheet, tumbling into a deep hollow, from which it gushes furiously, and is instantly lost in a wood below. In short Moness is an epitome of all that is admirable in water scenery.

On the 20th of August, they left Taymouth, and proceeded along the banks of the river, finely bor-

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dered with corn fields, intermixed with small groves. Crossing Tay Bridge, they soon enter that division of Perthshire, called Athol, infamous says Camden, for its witches; but with more truth, at present, admirable for its improvements, natural and moral.

Pass through the little town of Logierait, in feudal days the seat of the regality court, where the family of Athol had an extensive civil and criminal jurisdiction. Justice was administered with great expedition, and often with vindictive severity; originally the period of trial and execution, was limited to three suns; but was afterwards extended to forty days, that his majesty might have an opportunity of exerting his prerogative of mercy.

Above the town are some remains of the castle, defended on the accessible side by a deep ditch. The prospect from hence is most charming; for three beautiful vales, and two great rivers, the Tay and the Tumel, unite beneath.

Being ferried over the last-named river, they enter on the great road to Blair, and turning to the left, visit Dalshian, where, on the summit of a little hill, is the ruins of St. Catharine's Chapel, and on the accessible side of the eminence, a ditch of great depth, supposed to be a vestige of an ancient British post.

Enter the parish of Mouline, a low fertile track, containing about two thousand five hundred souls. Their manufactures and those of Logierait are the same: in both, great quantities of flax are spun into yarn. The produce of grain is not equal to the consumption, on account of the large proportion of population. Barley-bread is much used, and esteemed very wholesome.

"To the honour of the landlords of all the tracks I have passed over, since my landing," says Mr. Pennant, "none of the tenants have emi-

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grated. They are encouraged in manufactures and rural economy, by small judicious premiums."

The common diseases of this country, and of the Highlands in general, are fevers and colds. The putrid fever makes great ravages, and the Glacach, or the Macdonald's disorder, as it is called, is not uncommon. The affected feels a tightness and fulness of the chest, as is common in incipient consumptions. A family, of the name of Macdonald, pretend to cure it by touching the part, and muttering certain charms; but they never accept any gratuity for their trouble.

Some singular remedies were in use here, before they began to

Fee the doctor for his nauseous draught.

Adults, labouring under a cold, plunged into the rivers, even in the dead of winter, and immediately going to bed, under a load of clothes, sweated away their complaints.

The chincough was cured by a decoction of apples and of the mountain ash, sweetened with brown sugar. Consumptions, and all disorders of the liver, found a simple remedy in drinking of butter-milk. Stale urine and bran, applied very hot, were a cure for rheumatism. Fluxes were removed by the use of meadow-sweat, or jelly of bilberries, or sometimes by new-churned butter.

Formerly the wild carrot, boiled, gave relief in cancerous and ulcerous cases. Indeed the carrot-poultice is still applied by regular practitioners, to remove the intolerable fetor of cancers. The scrophulous imagined they found benefit by exposing the part every day to a stream of cold water. Flowers of daisies, and narrow and broad-leaved plantain, were the applications for ophthalmia; and the water ranunculus was used as a vesicatory.

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Thus in all countries there are simple remedies recommended by experience, and it would be for the credit of the healing art, if more attention was paid to discriminate what are really valuable among them, and ought to be retained, instead of rejecting the whole with disdain.

Among the economic plants, the cor-meille, or wood pease, orobus tuberosus, was one of the principal. The dried roots are still the support of the Highlanders, in long journies, where the customary food cannot be obtained; and a small quantity will, for a long time, repel the attacks of hunger. Infused in liquor, it is an agreeable beverage, and exhilarates the mind.

Among the rare plants must be reckoned the trailing thyme-leaved azalea, the reclining Sibbaldia, and the betula nana, or dwarf birch, with which the vulgar in some countries believe our Saviour was scourged, and that on this account it was cursed with a stunted growth.

Among the diseases of the mind, for what else are the superstitions that infect mankind, some few, not recorded in other parts of this tour, deserve notice.

After marriage, the bride immediately walks round the church alone; and the precaution of loosening every knot about the new-joined pair is strictly observed. Matrimony is not contracted in January, which is called the cold month; and the same ceremony is avoided, from a very ancient though unaccountable superstition, in the month of May.

After baptism, the first meal that the company tastes is crowdie, a mixture of meal and water, or meal and ale. The parturient woman never sets about her usual avocations till she has been kirked; that is, has gone into the church, and walked

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round it; for no religious ceremony is used in Scotland on this occasion.

Pilgrimages to certain wells and chapels, are in full vogue, with the common people, and generally undertaken with a view of obtaining relief in bodily complaints.

A Highlander has still some confused idea of danger, from the fairy tribe; and, in order to protect himself, will draw a circle round him with a sapling of the oak. This Mr. Pennant thinks may be a relic of druidism, and a continuation of the respect paid to that reputed sacred tree.

Great attention is paid to lucky and unlucky days; nor could the ancient Romans be more superstitious in this respect than the modern Highlanders. The 14th of May, and even the very day of the week it falls on, are deemed unfortunate.

They are strict observers of what they first meet on the commencement of a journey; and sometimes, when they think the omen unpropitious, return again. Hallow-eve is still kept sacred, and numerous fires are kindled in the open air on that solemnity.

A singular custom, now obsolete, once prevailed here. As soon as the heir of a chieftain was weaned, he used to be sent to some wealthy tenant, who brought him up in the same style as his own children. When the foster-father restored the child to his parents, he always sent, as a parting present, a number of cows, proportioned to his ability; a strong attachment ever after subsisted between the two families; and that of the foster-father was considered under the immediate protection of the chief.

To this day, the greater chieftains are named by their clans, from some of their ancestors, eminent for strength, wisdom, or valour: thus the Duke of

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Argyle is styled Mac-chailean-mhoir, the son of the great Colin; and Lord Braedalbane, Mac-chailean-mhic Dhonachi, that is, the son of Colin, son of Duncan.

In former times hospitality was so much the virtue of the Highlanders, that they did not even shut their doors, as if it were unlawful to put the least impediment in the way of a stranger. "Great hospitality," says Mr. Pennant, "is still preserved through all parts of the country, to such whose character or pretensions entitle them to any notice; but this virtue must cease, or at least lessen, in proportion as the inundation of travellers increases." Good inns, however, now generally established, will prevent the stranger from feeling a partial subversion of the hospitable system.

Strict fidelity is a most amiable trait in the Highland character, and has been so repeatedly proved, that it is unnecessary to produce particular instances of its display. It is well known that Charles Stuart was obliged to trust himself to these mountaineers for five months; and neither the dread of exemplary punishment, nor the dazzling hopes of a splendid reward, could weaken their faith, or induce them to violate the laws of hospitality. But to proceed on the tour.

Soon after entering the parish of Mouline, they left on the right Edradour. At this place, on the summit of a steep den, are the remains of a circular building, called the Black Castle, about sixty feet diameter within, and the walls eight feet thick. Another similar structure stands about a mile west from the village of Mouline, and a third on an eminence south of the former.

Some conjecture these round buildings to have been intended for beacons, in case of invasion; others as storehouses, for the security of valuable effects. "The first," says Mr. Pennant, "is a

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very probable opinion; as I can trace, approaching towards the west sea, a chain of these edifices, within sight of each other for several miles; and it is not unlikely but that they may even extend to the east sea."

Several of these ruins are scattered through Glen Lion. The inhabitants have a tradition that Fingal, the king of heroes, had twelve towers in the winding valley of the grey-headed stones.

In a plain below Dirnanean, in the parish of Mouline, is a circular mount, composed of small round stones, mixed with earth, coated with turf; on the summit of which is a square-formed stone, erect, of a considerable size. This seems to be a sepulchral monument of some person of rank. On the edge of the river, at no great distance, is another stone of the same kind.

At the east extremity of the same plain is the representation of a grave, sixteen feet long, with a stone at each end. In the language of the country, it is called, "the grave of high blood," from a tradition, that a Danish prince was slain and interred there.

In the hollow of Mouline is a ruinous castle, built with whin-stone, cemented with hot lime. Two round towers yet remain, and a transverse wall, with the vestige of a ditch. Its founder is not correctly ascertained.

After a short ride through a barren and dreary track, they came in sight of Faskally, which appeared like fairy ground, amidst the wild environs of craggy mountains, skirted with woods. The house stands in a beautiful meadow, bounded on one side by the impetuous Tumel, which gushes over a vast precipice, at no great distance.

A little to the east of this fall, the Garrie unites itself with the Tumel, a river rising from a lake above Blair. The noted pass of Killicrankie is

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formed by the hills that impend over it on each side. This pass, however, once so full of difficulty and danger, is now a pleasureable ride; and a fine arch, over the Garrie, joins the contiguous hills.

Near the north end of this pass, in its former arduous state, on an open space, was fought the celebrated battle of Killicrankie, where the gallant Viscount Dundee fell in the moment of victory, and was buried in the church of Blair.

Reach Athol House, seated on an eminence rising from a plain, watered by the outrageous Garrie. The house is of uncertain, and indeed of unequal antiquity. At first it was a castle of defence, and in that state underwent many changes. The last siege it sustained was in 1746, when it was gallantly defended against the rebels by Sir Andrew Agnew. After the establishment of peace and tranquillity, never known in the Highlands before, the fortress was dismantled, and the inside fitted up in a style of modern magnificence.

The plantations in the front of the house are rather too artificial; but the picturesque walks, amidst the rocks on the opposite side, cannot fail to attract the admiration of every person of taste. They are cut out of the solid rocks and precipices that bound the Banovy and Tilt, which rivers form, in various places, cascades of singular beauty. The romantic nature of the scene is heightened by the deep umbrage of different trees.

Yorke cascade, a mile from the house, deserves attention. It first appears tumbling amidst the trees, at the head of a small glen, and its waters are soon joined by those of another, dashing from the side. The united streams fall into a deep chasm, and issuing to light again, form four successive cataracts, before they are lost in the Tilt.

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Several of the natural curiosities of the Highlands have not long been noticed even by the natives. Very lately a cataract, of uncommon height, was discovered on the Bruer, a copious stream, about two miles north from the place. It is divided into five falls, all visible at once: the four first form, together, a descent of a hundred feet; the last is nearly equal to the whole, making a fall collectively of about two hundred feet, which is scarcely to be paralleled in Europe.

Trees of all kinds prosper prodigiously in this vicinity; and the noble possessors of late have, with unwearied assiduity, extended the plantations wherever they could contribute to the beauty or richness of the landscape.

A generous attention has likewise been paid to the cultivation of rhubarb, a root of the utmost importance, both in a political and medicinal view. The soil here is light, and similar to that of the Tartarian deserts, the native place of this valuable plant. Some of the roots produced about Athol have weighed fifty pounds; nor do they appear inferior in taste, smell, or effect, to those imported at such a vast expence to the country.

Leaving Athol House, they return by Faskally, along the great road, to the junction of the Tay and the Tumel. Nature has formed on each side a number of terraces, and art has been called in to raise the grandeur of the scene.

On approaching Dunkeld, the vale narrows extremely, and at last leaves only space for the road and the river, which wind between hills, covered with hanging woods.

The town is seated on the north bank of the Tay, and is supposed to have been the Castrum Caledoniæ of the old writers;—but it contains few antiquities. It is a small place, carries on a branch of the

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linen manufacture, and is much frequented, during summer, by invalids, for the purpose of drinking goats milk and whey.

At a very early period, it became the seat of religion. Constantine III. king of the Picts, is said to have founded here a monastery of Culdees, in honour of St. Columba, in 729. The religious were allowed wives, but interdicted from cohabitation, during their turn for officiating. David I. a prince of great piety, converted it into a cathedral about 1127, and made Gregory the first abbot.

The present church was built by Robert Arden, the nineteenth bishop, in 1436. Except the choir, which constitutes the present church, the rest exhibits only a magnificent ruin, amidst the solemn scenes of rocks and woods. In the body of the church is a tomb, with the recumbent effigies, in armour, of Alexander Stuart, earl of Buchan, third son of Robert II. a person of singular impiety and cruelty, and therefore justly styled, the Wolf of Badenoch.

"I looked in vain," says Mr. Pennant, "for the tomb of Margery Scot, who died here in 1728, in extreme senility." Her epitaph ran in these words:

Stop, passenger! until my life you read,—
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin life;
Five times five years I liv'd a happy wife:
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste;
Now, wearied of this mortal life, I rest.
Betwixt my cradle and my grave were seen
Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen.
Four times five years a common wealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rise against the law:
Thrice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
And thrice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end of Stewart's race I saw,—nay, more,
I saw my country sold for English ore.
Such desolations in my time have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

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The Duke of Athol's extensive improvements and plantations are the great ornaments of Dunkeld. The gardens extend along the side of the river, and command some of the most striking views of wild and gloomy nature that imagination can conceive.

Visit the house, or rather villa, of the Duke of Athol, which is small, but furnished with peculiar elegance. The windows are finely painted by a Mr. Singleton. Observe a plain, planted with rhubarb, by way of trial, whether it will succeed in the natural, as well as the cultivated soils.

Cross the Tay, to examine the improvements on the banks of the great torrent, Bran, which rushes most impetuously over its rugged bottom. The environs are a mixture of cultivation with vast rocks, among which wind a variety of walks, bordered with indigenous and exotic plants and shrubs, and adorned with little buildings, in the oriental style.

Continuing their ride along the west side of the Tay, the mountains gradually sink, and the cultivated lands expand. The Plain of Stormant is the most extensive of any in North Britain, stretching at one extremity within a small distance of Stirling, at the other to Stonehive, but assuming different names.

Pass by a settlement of weavers, called Spital-Fields. The country very populous, full of spinners, and weavers of buckram and coarse cloth. Much flax is raised here, and a great quantity of corn, but not enough to supply the numerous inhabitants.

Sleep at Inch Tuthel, the modern Delvin, the seat of a Mackenzie, where they found a continuation of Highland hospitality.

This house is remarkable for its situation, on a flat, of a hundred and fifty-four Scotch acres*, re-

* The Scotch acre is to the English as four to five, or one hundred of the former is equal to one hundred and twenty-five of the latter, nearly.

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gularly steep, and of equal height on every side, about sixty feet above the level of the plain.

The Picts had probably a town on this spot, such as was common to uncivilized nations: and there are still vestiges of the mound that surrounded it. Other dykes cross the ground, and near the extremity is a section, which might be styled their citadel. No traces of their perishable buildings remain, but many of the tumuli, in which they buried their dead.

Besides its elevation, and difficulty of approach, from the figure of the ground, it had an additional security in the Tay, which anciently environed and insulated it; but this river now flows on one side only, though the period cannot be ascertained when it confined itself to one bed.

When the Romans penetrated into this part of Britain, they did not neglect such a fine situation for a station; and, notwithstanding the changes occasioned by time, inclosures, and cultivation, there are still vestiges of one station, five hundred yards square, and a small square redoubt, to cover it on one side.

The foundations of walls have been traced here, and various antiquities dug up at no very remote period. A rectangular hollow, formed of brick, is still entire; about twelve feet long, four feet wide, and six deep.

Boethius calls this place the Tulina of the Picts; and adds, that, in their time, it was a most populous city; but was deserted and burnt by them, on the approach of Agricola. In his own days, he informs us, that it bore the name of Inchtuthel.

Leaving Delvin, they crossed the Tay, at the ferry of Caputh, and travel over a short track of barren land. On the banks of a rill at the remains of an encampment; and, a little farther, in a fertile country, lies Longcarty, famous for the signal vic-

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tory gained over the Danes by Kenneth III. occasioned, chiefly, by the gallant peasant Hay and his two sons, who, arming themselves with the yokes of their oxen, stopt their flying countrymen, and afterwards led them on to victory. Tradition relates, that the monarch gave this deliverer of his country the option of as much land as a greyhound would run over in a certain time, or a falcon would surround in its flight; and that he preferred the latter.

Numbers of tumuli are dispersed over this track, in which are frequently found bones and entire skeletons, variously lodged. *Turn-again-Hillock* probably points out the place where the Scots rallied; and a spot, called Danemerk, where there are eight tumuli, may designate the scene of the greatest slaughter.

Continuing their ride through a fertile plain, with the Tay winding on their left, they entered Perth, by a grand new bridge, finished since Mr. Pennant's first tour.

Till about the year 1437, Perth was the principal city of Scotland, the frequent residence of its kings, the seat of parliaments, and courts of justice. The present city stands in the middle of a verdant plain, which it divides in two parts. Old Perth lay two miles higher up, and was overwhelmed by a flood in the reign of William the Lion, who, together with his family, had a difficult escape in a small skiff. To avoid similar disasters, this prince rebuilt the town in a situation more secure from inundations.

The importance of this place exposed it to the frequent calamities of war; but its ancient religious structure experienced more destruction, from the desolating fury of Knox, and his reformers, than from all the sieges and invasions to which it had been subject in several centuries. Before the zeal of the

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reformers was roused, to demolish the sacred piles, they committed some excesses, which displayed a species of humour, not unpleasing to record: they nailed a pair of ram's horns to the head of St. Francis, and decorated his rump with a cow's tail.

Perth is large, well built, and populous, containing about eleven thousand inhabitants. The two principal streets are remarkably fine, and some of the subordinate ones are increasing in beauty, as the old houses fall into decay.

The Tay washes the east side of the town, and is deep enough to bring vessels of considerable burden up to the quays. The trade is very extensive; and, as the exports exceed the imports, the merchants and manufacturers are, many of them, opulent. Exclusive of white and brown linen, linen yarn, and salmon, linseed-oil is exported from hence to the quantity of about three hundred tons a year. Seven mills are in constant employ, in making this article. The linseed-cakes are now sold to advantage for feeding cattle, though at first they used to be thrown away.

Leaving Perth, they crossed South Inch, a beautifully planted green; and, ascending a hill, enjoy a rich view of the Carse of Gowry, and the Frith of Tay. In the evening, reach Dupplin, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul, whom Mr. Pennant calls his noble friend. The house is decorated with many choice productions of the pencil, by eminent masters.

Visited Mr. Oliphant, postmaster-general, at his seat at Rossie, a few miles from Dupplin. Of this gentleman's urbanity and attention to serve him, by freeing his correspondence, our tourist speaks in high terms.

In their road cross the Earn, and pass by the church of Fort-teviot, once the site of a Pictish palace, where Kenneth II. departed this life, and

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where Malcolm Canmore is said to have resided. Near this place are the vestiges of a camp, occupied by Edward Balliol, immediately before the battle of Dupplin, in 1332, in which three thousand Scots fell on the spot, with the flower of the nobility. The day was particularly fatal to the Hays; and historians, by the figure of hyperbole surely, relate, that the name would have been extinct, had not several of the warriors left their wives pregnant.

On the 26th of August, they resolved to take an excursion up Strathearn. At a small distance from Dupplin, they first saw the Roman road, twenty-four feet wide, formed with great stones, and visible in many places. Pass the extensive plantations at Gask-hall, in the woods of which is a small circular entrenchment; and, farther on, several others, supposed to have been raised by Agricola, on his conquest of this country.

Reach the village of Innerpeffery, furnished with a library, for the use of the neighbourhood, established by David Lord Madderty. Cross the Earn, a little lower, and visit the Roman camp at Strageth, much of which is now obliterated by the encroachments of the plough; but enough remains to prove its vast strength.

Proceeding along the military road to Crief, they observed by the way a row of small houses, destined for the retreats of disbanded soldiers; but, as usual, deserted by the colonists, who are, in general, adverse to habits of industry, after being spoiled by a military life.

Pass by Auchtertyre, the seat of Sir William Murray, seated on a hill, sprinkled with oaks, and commanding a charming view. Below lies the pretty Loch of Monivard, whose bottom yields excellent marle. See Laurs, agreeably placed among woods, and beyond the village of Comerie, observe

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four great erect stones, placed square-form, appearing like the vestibule of a Druid's temple.

The valley now began to contract, but was eminently beautiful and picturesque. Every step unfolded new charms; at last Loch Earn burst at once on their view, an expanse eight miles long and one broad, bordered with vast grotesque mountains, whose bases are finely fringed with wood. After gratifying the eye with the sight of the splendid scenery, in the environs of this romantic lake, they return to Comerie, near which, on a plain, is the famous camp, supposed to have been occupied by Agricola, immediately before the battle of Mons Grampius. It lies between the river Earn and the little stream of Ruthel, on a plain, which our author thinks too contracted for such a number of combatants to form and act on.

This camp, though it could not boast of any great strength, is beautifully designed. The four entrances are entire, guarded by curtains within and without. The extent of the whole is about nine hundred and seventy-five feet by nine hundred.

Two remains of monumental antiquities are to be seen here: the one, evidently British, consisting of a vast upright stone, near the edge of the camp; the other, an immense tumulus, which probably covered the plebeian slain.

Next day, they visited Castle Drummond, boldly seated on the side of a hill, amidst a fine extent of woods, commanding a grand view down Strathearn. The house, however, is unequal to the grandeur of the situation. Behind it are some remains of the old castle.

The Drummonds are said to have descended from Mauritz, a Hungarian, of royal blood, who, having the conduct of the mother and sisters of Edgar Atheling, in their flight from the Norman usurper, was driven with his charge into the Frith of Forth

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by a storm. It is well-known, that the reigning monarch, Malcolm Canmore, married the princess Margaret, one of the sisters, and assigned Mauritz, for his skilful pilotage, a considerable grant of lands, and caused him to assume the name of Dyrmen, or the high ridge; figuratively, the waves of the sea, in memory of the perils from which he had delivered the queen.

After subsisting for so many ages, in high credit, the ruin of the family was completed in 1745, when the Duke of Perth forfeited his hereditary estate, and soon after lost his life.

Riding to the southward, on the top of a moor, about four miles from Drummond Castle, saw a small but strong exploratory fort, called Kemp, or Camp Castle, apparently a place of observation, subservient to that at Ardoch, two miles distant.

They were now in the midst of classical ground, the busy scene of action in the third year of Agricola's expeditions; and, every where, vestiges of this great general presented themselves.

Ardoch forms his first and chief station. It is seated at the head of two vales, commanding a view into each; and, being a stationary camp, was secured with greater strength and art than any of the rest. On one side, it is defended by the steep bank of the little river Kneck, with a single foss; on the other three sides, are five fosses of vast depth, with ramparts of corresponding height between. The works, on the south side, are much injured by the plough; the rest are in fine preservation. In the area is the prætorium, or general's quarter.

To the north of this fortress, are the outlines of different inclosures; through one of which the present road to Stirling runs.

Many antiquities have been found in the vicinity of this station, such as bits of bridles, spear heads and armour. A curious sepulchral monument has

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likewise been discovered here, in the present century, and presented to the university of Glasgow. The inscription is,

DIIS MANIBUS AMMONIUS. DAMIONIS COH. I. HISPANORUM STIPENDIORUM XXVII. HEREDES F. C.

The coins, dug up here, have been all dispersed, except one, in the possession of Sir William Stirling, found in an urn, filled with ashes, and a fragment of the scull unburnt.

On leaving this fine relic of antiquity, they proceeded down Strathearn; cross an extensive moor, and soon after reach Tullibardine, a large old mansion, the original seat of the Murrays.

Approach the smooth and verdant Ochil hills, and descry Kincardine at their foot, and reach Dupplin at night.

On the 28th of August, they made an excursion to see a great cairn, about a mile distant, in which a number of chests, filled with bones, have been discovered, mixed with rings and other trinkets, made of coarse glass. Visited the church and vicinity of Tipper-moor; trace the site of the ancient Bertha, or Perth; and, after viewing the ancient house of Ruthven, once the seat of the unfortunate Gowries, again returned to Dupplin; and next day took leave, and revisited Perth, where the freedom of the city was conferred on Mr. Pennant.

The bridge of Perth, which they passed next day, is the most beautiful structure of the kind in this division of the island. Its length is nine hundred feet; but the breadth is only twenty-two within the parapets. The piers are laid on oaken and beechen piles, and cramped with iron. The number of arches is nine, of which the centre one is seventy-five feet in diameter.

This noble work, designed and executed by Mr. Smeaton, opens a communication with all the differ-

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ent roads in the kingdom, and was completed at the comparatively moderate expence of £26,000.

Several preceding bridges have been washed away by the violence of the floods; the last, in 1621, after it had been just rebuilt and completed, in a magnificent manner. From that period it lay neglected till Mr. Smeaton restored it to its original splendor; and, as it is hoped, has given perpetuity to his work.

On reaching the eastern banks of the Tay, they made a diversion to Scone, about a mile and a half to the left, to visit the celebrated abbey, which was founded by Alexander I. in 1142. Scone, however, had been a place of distinction in the time of the Picts, and was a royal seat as early as the reign of Kenneth. On a tumulus, still in being called the Mote Hill, they kept their courts of justice.

In the church of this abbey was preserved the celebrated choir, whose bottom stone was reckoned the palladium of the Scottish monarchy. If we may believe them, it was the same stone that served Jacob for a pillow, and was afterwards transported into Spain, where it was used, as a seat of Justice, by Gethalus, contemporary with Moses. It afterwards found its way to Dunstaffage, in Argyleshire, from whence it was removed to Scone; and, in the reign of Edward I. was translated to Westminster Abbey, which, we trust, is the last flight it will take.

Returning the same road, they ride under the vast rocks of Kinnoul, which impend in a dreadful manner. Many awful ruins are scattered far beneath the road; one of which, not long ago, overwhelmed a cottage and its inhabitants. Beautiful agates are found on this hill; and our author discovered a considerable quantity of lava on the loose fragments.

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Soon reach the beautiful Carse of Gowrie, a fertile track, about fourteen miles long and four broad. It produces every kind of grain and pulse in the utmost exuberance, and is finely varied with orchards, plantations, and gentlemen's seats, while the roads are shaded with trees.

The view of the Tay, and the opposite shore, enrich the landscape. On the southern bank stands the convent of Elcho, once the receptacle of Cistertian nuns.

A little farther, the Tay begins to assume the form of an estuary. Near the hamlet of Hawkstone, saw a large stone, inscribed CALEDONIA, on which the hawk of the peasant Hay alighted, after it had performed its flight.

Reach Errol, remarkable for its beautiful views, and observe Castle Lion, about a mile to the left. A few miles farther, the Carse of Gowrie terminates, when the land assumes a more elevated form; but still continues fertile and improved.

Their next stage was Dundee, a well-built town, on the estuary of the Tay, about eight miles from its mouth. It ranks the third of the royal boroughs; and contains nearly fourteen thousand inhabitants, with three established churches, and several episcopal chapels and meeting-houses.

This town stands on the side of a hill, and is not remarkable for the regularity of its plan. The harbour is artificially protected by piers, on which are three very handsome large warehouses. The port is capable of containing two hundred sail, and admits vessels of three hundred tons burden; but the shifting of the sands occasions some danger to mariners. About seventy ships belong to the place.

The principal manufactures of Dundee are linen, particularly Osnaburghs, sail-cloth, cordage, thread, stockings, buckrams, tanned leather, and hats. A

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sugar-house has, also, lately been erected. A considerable quantity of salmon is likewise caught near Brough Tay Castle, and exported. Its imports are chiefly those articles connected with the business of its manufactories.

The magnificent Gothic tower of the old church, now standing by itself, gives reason to every spectator to regret the loss of the body. The only remains are the choir, called the old Kirk, whose west end is crossed by another building, divided into two places of worship.

This is not a solitary instance of economy in the religious edifices of this part of the island.

This fine church, when entire, was built in the form of a cross. The period of its destruction is unknown; but it was probably at the time of the reformation, when the zealots of this place made excursions, far and near, to spread desolation.

Dundee contained several convents; but nothing now remains of them worth notice.

The town-house is an elegant structure, and contains several necessary apartments.

A new church is built in a style that does credit to the place; and shews that enlargment of mind which begins to prevail among the Presbyterians. Of the old castle, not a relic remains.

To the east of Dundee, on the river, are the ruins of Brough Tay Crag, an ancient fortress; and opposite to it are Parton Crags.

This place derives its name from *Dun*, a hill; and *Dee*, or Tay, the river on which it stands; it is of considerable antiquity; and, according to Boethius, had originally the appellation of Alectum. It has undergone all the vicissitudes incident to an important town, in a country where the horrors of war were so often felt.

On the 30th of August, they resumed their journey to the north, leaving, on the left, the

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ruined castle of Balumbi, and a curious monumental stone, erected in memory of the defeat of Camus, a Danish general, slain on the spot in 994.

Reach Panmure, a spacious and excellent seat, surrounded by vast plantations. The apartments are decorated by some fine portraits of distinguished personages; among which, are several of the noble family of Maule, the proprietors.

Proceeding eastward, through an open country, in a short time, they reached Aberbrothic, or Arbroath, seated at the mouth of the little river Brothic. It is a small but flourishing place, well built, and constantly improving, and enlarging in size and population. This is to be ascribed to the introduction of manufactures, particularly of coarse linens, or Osnaburghs. "The merchant," says Mr. Pennant, "who first introduced the manufacture, is still alive, and has the happiness of seeing it overspread the country."

The harbour of Aberbrothic is artificial; but, at spring tides, vessels of two hundred tons can come up, and of eighty at neap tides; at low water, however, they must lie dry. This port is of great antiquity, and the place is a royal borough.

The principal glory of Aberbrothic, however, was its abbey, which, even in ruins, is magnificent. It stands on an elevation above the town, and presents an extensive and venerable front, commanding the most delicious views.

On the south-west corner is a tower, the steeple of the parish church; and at the opposite angle was another, with a gate beneath. The magnificent church stands on the north side of the square, and was cruciform: the length, two hundred and seventy-five feet; of the transept, one hundred and sixty-three. A few months before Mr. Pennant's arrival, a considerable part of the fabric tumbled down, and destroyed much of its remaining beauty.

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On the south side, adjoining to the church, are the ruins of the chapter-house. The great gate to the abbey fronts the north, over which has been a long gallery, with a window at each end. The walls of the regality prison, of vast strength, are still to be seen at the north angle of the monastery. The ecclesiastics elected a layman to be judge in criminal matters; and this office was long vested in the family of Airly.

This abbey was founded by William the Lion, in 1178, and dedicated to Thomas à Becket. The founder was buried here; but no remains of his tomb exist, nor of any other, except that of a monk, of the name of Alexander Nicol.

The revenues were very large; and the hospitality of the monks seems to have been adequate to them. They were frequently visited by the king. John, the English monarch, was a patron of this abbey; for, by charter, under the great seal, he granted it an exemption, *a teloniis et consuetudine*, in every part of England, except London. Here Robert Bruce convened the nobility of Scotland, and framed a spirited letter and remonstrance to Pope John, in which the antiquity of the Scots, and their independence of England, were traced to the most distant period. It seems, this remonstrance had great weight; for, in the same year, the pope sent a bull to Edward, to exhort him to make peace with the Scots, on the pretence, that the operations, against the infidels, might be pursued without interruption.

On their way towards Montrose, they continued to pass through an open country, pretty well planted, till they reached Lunan, where the inclosures commence. To the right is the promontory, called Redhead. The shore, in this part, is bold, high, and rocky, and contains some remarkable caves. The most singular is that called Geylit Pot,

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through which the traveller may take a subterraneous voyage, and emerge, at a distance from the sea, amidst corn-fields.

On the south side of Lunan Water is Red-Castle, once a residence of William the Lion. After crossing that water, the country is divided into fields of a convenient size; and a spirit of improvement is very perceptible.

Reach the village of Ferryden; and, crossing the strait or entrance of the harbour, arrive at Montrose, late in the evening.

This town is partly seated on an isthmus, partly on a peninsula, bounded on one side by the German ocean; on the other by a large bay, called the Bason, or back sands. The houses are built on the east side of this bason, which admits ships of considerable burden. There is only one street of any extent, and this is terminated, at one end, by the town-house, a handsome pile, with elegant apartments for the assemblies of the magistrates.

The population amounts to about six thousand, of various religious persuasions, who have their respective places of worship. Numbers of genteel familes reside here, as a place of agreeable retreat, and keep their carriages.

The episcopal chapel is very neat, has a painted altar-piece, and a small organ; and, to the honour of the religious moderation in this place, Presbyterians occasionally attend it. "It is chiefly," says our author, "in the south and south-west that Presbyterian bigotry reigns."

Montrose has increased one third since 1745. At that political era, there was not a single manufacture carried on here; but now there are several, particularly of sail-cloth, coarse linens, and thread.

The bleachery is very considerable; it is the property of the town, and is not only used by manufacturers, but by private families, for drying their linen. "The men," observes our tourist,

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" pride themselves much on the fineness of their linen, both for wearing and the table; and with great reason, as it is the effect of the skill and industry of their spouses, who fully emulate the character of the good wife, so admirably described by the wisest of men."

From six hundred to a thousand barrels of salmon are annually exported, besides what are sold fresh, from three halfpence to two-pence halfpenny per pound. The fishery commences in February and ends at Michaelmas.

Large quantities of cod, turbot, and other white fish, are caught on the great sand banks off this coast. In the time of Henry VIII. England was supplied with salted fish from this coast: the Habberdyn, or Aberdeen fish, was an article in every great larder.

Incredible numbers of lobsters are taken in this vicinity, of which not less than sixty or seventy thousand are annually sent to London, at the average price of two-pence halfpenny a piece.

Several very beautiful species of agates are gathered beneath the cliffs, and sent to the lapidaries in London.

There are scarcely any vestiges of antiquity about this town, except a large mount, called the Forthill. Boethius, however, relates, that it was a fortified place, a little before the battle of Longcarty, when the Danes put the inhabitants to the sword, and levelled the walls, of which no traces remain. Mr. Pennant was honoured with the freedom of this town likewise; and handsomely entertained by the magistrates.

Leaving Montrose, they crossed the North Esk, and entered Merns, or Kincardineshire. At the village of Laurence-kirk*, they slept; and, in

* This place has since risen to some consequence, by the generous attention of the late Lord Gardenston, one of the most amiable characters that modern times have produced.

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the course of that afternoon's ride, were gratified by the visible exertions made for the improvement of the country. Corn waves where, formerly, there was nothing but barren heath.

Proceed through a fine rich bottom, called the *Hollow* of Merns, bounded on one side by the Grampian Hills. Cross the water of Bervie, near the mouth of which lies the royal borough of Inner-bervie; and, inclining towards a cultivated shore, reach Stonehive, a small town, but the head of the shire. It is seated at the foot of some high cliffs, and has a harbour, in which small vessels can enter, and lie in security. The manufactures are, sail-cloth, Osnaburghs, and knitted stockings, by which women can gain 4d. a day.

Visit the ancient castle of Dunnoter, built on a lofty and peninsulated rock, projecting into the sea, and separated from the main land by a vast natural chasm. The entrance is lofty, through an arched gateway; and the area of the rock, on which the ruins of the castle stand, is about an English acre and a quarter in extent. The sides of the rock are precipitous; and art has been called in, to increase the natural strength of the place.

Dunnoter was the property of the Keiths, Earls Marischals of Scotland, a powerful and martial race; but unfortunately involved in the rebellion in 1715, by which they lost their fortune and title, and their country the services of one of the ablest officers of the age, Field-marshal Keith. The castle was inhabited till the beginning of the present century.

Having satisfied their curiosity here, they paid their respects to Robert Barclay, Esq. of Urie*,

* Mr. Barclay's great grandfather was the author of the celebrated Apology for the Quakers, and was the first that reduced their religion to any systematic form, or explained its principles.

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a gentleman, to whose agricultural skill and exertions, his country is under singular obligations.—"He has, more than once," says Mr. Pennant, "walked to London; and, by way of experiment, has gone eighty miles in a day." Surely, such a man ought to be at the head of the Peripatetics! But he possesses qualities which entitle him to more respect; and it would be grateful to our feelings, did our limits permit, to do some justice to his various and beneficial improvements.

On the 3d of September, they travelled near the foot of the Grampian Hills, through a fine open country, and halted, to refresh, at the village of Fettercairn, in the vicinity of which lived the infamous Finella, who artfully insinuated herself into the favour of Kenneth III. and afterwards assassinated him.

About two miles from this place, is an oblong cairn, of stupendous size, probably sepulchral.—On one side is a large long stone, which, most likely, was once erect.

Cross the North Esk, at the bridge of Gannachie, a vast arch, cast from rock to rock, and re-enter the shire of Angus, on whose borders stands the castellated house of Edzel, once the seat of the Lindsays. "Not sixty years since, the laird," says Mr. Pennant, "kept up the parade of being attended to church by a band of armed men; but having murdered Lord Spynie, his relation, he was obliged to fly; and the family residence was moved to Auch-mill, two miles higher up the Esk."

After proceeding some way on black and heathy hills, they ascend one, divided into two summits, the higher named the White, and the lower the Black Catter-thun.* They are both Caledonian posts;

* Literally Camp-town.

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the first of uncommon strength, from the situation, and the concentric dykes and fosses, of which there are still ample remains. The second is nearly on a similar plan.

Posts of this nature are very common at the foot of the Grampian Hills; and were probably the places of retreat for the inhabitants, on hostile invasions. Such fastnesses are also frequent in Wales.

Brechin was the next state, a town consisting of one large and handsome street, and two smaller ones. It stands on the top and side of a hill, washed by the South Esk, and ranks among the royal boroughs. Its trade is confined to some manufactures in course linen, though the tide flows within two miles of the town.

Brechin was a rich and ancient bishopric; and the Culdees had a convent here. The cathedral is a Gothic pile, one hundred and sixty-six feet long, and sixty-one broad, partly ruinous, and partly appropriated as a parish church. The west end of one of the aisles is entire; and the town is one hundred and twenty feet high, and makes a handsome appearance.

At a small distance from the aisle, stands one of those singular round towers, whose use has so long baffled antiquarian investigation. They seem to have been peculiar to North Britain and Ireland.

This at Brechin is peculiarly elegant. Its entire height is one hundred and three feet, and its circumference without about forty-eight. The walls, near the foundation, are more than seven feet in thickness, so that the inner diameter does not exceed eight feet. The height, from the ground to the roof, is eighty feet, above which shoots an octagonal spire, in which are four windows placed alternately on the sides, resting on the top of the tower; and, a little

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lower, are four others, facing the four cardinal points. From some carvings and figures, this structure appears to have been erected in Christian times; and, in our author's opinion, such buildings were prisons for constrained or voluntary penitents, till the time of their purification was fulfilled.

Of the castle of Brechin, built on an eminence, to the south of the town, not a vestige is left. It underwent a long siege in the year 1303, when it was gallantly defended against the English, under Edward III. James Earl of Panmure built a capital house on the scite of the castle, in 1711; but, engaging in the rebellion of 1715, did not long enjoy it.

After being presented with the freedom of Brechin, they resumed their journey on the 5th of September, and crossed the South Esk, leaving on the left, the ruined castle of Finchaven, once the seat of the Lindesays, Earls of Crawford. Above it is a hill, evidently of volcanic origin, the masses of stone, of which it is composed, being strongly cemented by a semi-vitrified substance, or lava.

On both sides of the hill are found great quantities of burnt earth, which answers every purpose of Tarras, or Puzzolana.

Below this hill lies Aberlemni, in the church-yard of which, and on the road-side, are to be seen some of the curious carved stones, supposed to be memorial victories over the Danes, or other important events. These, like the round towers, are local monuments; but are confined within a more narrow compass. They seem, indeed, to be limited to the eastern side of Scotland. The greatest is that near Forres, another stands near Benachie in Mar, and the next are those of Aberlemni.

The figures represent men on horseback, angels, animals, and a variety of fanciful characters; so that

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the whole is probably hieroglyphic. The cross, however, visible on some of them, indicates the era of Christianity.

Proceeding towards Forfar, they pass a moor, noted for a battle between the Picts and the Scots, in 831, in memory of which, a great cairn is erected near the spot of action.

Forfar, the capital of the county, is a thriving place, and contains about two thousand inhabitants, who are principally engaged in the manufacture of linens.

The castle, which stood on a small hill near the town, has not even a fragment left; and the lake, which tradition says once surrounded this place, is very much reduced by draining, to which the fine marle, found at the bottom, offered a temptation.

Five miles from Forfar, stands the castle of Glamis, which, while history, or poetry, and Shakespeare, remain, will always excite attention. The ancient pile, it seems, was of much greater extent than the modern. The spot where Malcolm II. fell by the hands of assassins, in a passage, is still shewn to strangers; and the more pleasing scene, where the bards took their places, and sung the heroism of their patron and his ancestors.

The most spacious rooms, as is customary in old castles, are in the upper stories, and are furnished with the tawdry magnificence of the middle of the last century. The habitable part is below stairs; and here are some good portraits.

In the church-yard of Glamis, is a stone, similar to those at Aberlemni, called the Grave-stone of Malcolm. The murderers of that prince perished miserably. The country being covered with snow, they lost their road as they fled, got upon the lake of Forfar, the ice of which gave way, and they sunk to rise no more. The sculpture on the stone

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seems to allude to the murder and the fate of the conspirators.

Near Glamis are two other stones, charged with rude sculptures of men and animals. One seems to refer to Sueno, a Danish monarch; the other is called Orland's stone.

Denoon Castle, which lies about two miles from Glamis, is seated on a steep rock, and is almost inaccessible. On the north are two or three rows of terraces. The form is semicircular, and the area is encompassed with an enormous wall of stone and earth, twenty-seven feet high, and thirty thick.—This fortress appears to be of the same nature with that at Catter-thun.

At Belmont, the seat of the honourable Stuart Mackenzie, lord privy seal of Scotland, Mr. Pennant and his friends met with the most obliging reception. The environs are fertile and much improved. Much flax is raised, many potatoes are planted, and artificial grasses begin to be sown. The only manufacture is that of coarse brown linen.

"Belmont," says Mr. Pennant, "stands entirely on classic ground; for in its vicinity lay the last scene of the tragedy of Macbeth. In one place is shewn a tumulus, called Belly Duff, or rather the memorial of his fall. It is a verdant mount, surrounded by two terraces, with a cross on the summit, now shaded by broad-leaved laburnums, of great antiquity. The battle, which began beneath the Castle of Dunsinane, might have spread as far as this place."

In a field on the other side of the mansion, is a monument to the memory of the brave Seward, who fell by the hands of Macbeth. It consists of an immense stone, twelve feet high above ground, and upwards of eighteen feet in girt, weighing, according to computation, twenty tons.

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Near this is a small tumulus, called Duffs-knowl; but the church-yard of Meigle, in which parish Belmont stands, is still more rich than the environs in remarkable antiquities. There are several hieroglyphic columns, vulgarly called Queen Vanora's Grave-stones, the reputed wife of King Arthur.—This is probably the same lady to whom the Welch give the name of Guinever, and to whose chastity neither bards nor historians do much credit. Tradition says, that, after the defeat of her lover, she was imprisoned in a fort on the hill of Barra, opposite to Meigle; and that, when she died, she was interred here. It is, however, insinuated by some, that she was torn to pieces by wild beasts, to which the sculpture seems to allude; unless we suppose that the sculpture gave origin to the tale. The stones that formed her grave are reported to have been mortised into each other in a triangular form; the holes and groves still appear, but they are now disjointed.

On the 8th of September, they left Belmont, and pass beneath the famous hill of Dunsinane, on whose summit stood the Castle of Macbeth, with a full view of Birnam wood. "No place," says Mr. Pennant, "could be better adapted for the seat of a jealous tyrant: the sides are steep, and of the most difficult ascent; and the summit commands a most extensive view, in front and rear. Of this celebrated fortress, the only remains are a verdant area, of an oval form, fifty-four yards by thirty, surrounded by two deep ditches."

This place was fortified with abundant labour, and its natural strength was heightened by the application of every art which a tyrant could devise for his security.

On the plain below are several other monuments of antiquity, chiefly sepulchral. One tumulus, of a superior size, and of a pyramidical form, is sup-

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posed to have been that from which Macbeth administered justice; and, in the beginning of his reign, no prince ever ruled with more equity. He was the first of the Scottish monarchs that formed a code of laws.

Cross the river Earn, near the house of Moncrieff, and stop to refresh at Abernethy, once the capital of the Pictish kingdom, seated near the junction of the Earn and the Tay.

The origin of the Picts has been much disputed; but there is every reason to imagine they were sprung from the ancient aboriginal Caledonians, and that both the Picts and the Scots had the same common ancestors.

When the general name of the Caledonians was lost, the Picts, as they were called, obtained the eastern part of Scotland, and the Scots the western. The former derived their name from their plundering disposition, and in those days, rather honour than infamy was annexed to successful marauders; the latter probably gained their appellation from Scuite, a wanderer, in allusion to their modes of life.

No sooner were two rival powers established in this part of the island, than wars arose between them, which were carried on with various success, till at last the Scots proved victorious, and put an end to the kingdom and very name of the Picts.

It does not appear that there are any remains of antiquity at Abernethy, that can justly be attributed to its ancient possessors. Inch-tuthel and many other places are vestiges of the existence of the Picts; and a fastness, on Mordun Hill, in this neighbourhood, may probably have been the citadel of Abernethy, or the refuge for the women and children in times of danger.

A round tower, resembling that of Brechin, is the principal curiosity of this town. Its height

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within is seventy-two feet, and at present it supports a bell; but is uncovered, which reduces its height. The inner diameter is eight feet, and the walls decrease in thickness, as they rise from the ground.

Here St. Brigid, a virgin of Caithness, dedicated herself to the service of heaven, and resolutely persevered in the duties of a monastic life, with nine associates, till the hour of her death, which happened in 513. So high was her reputation for sanctity, that the most extravagant honours were paid to her memory: she was reputed an oracle, had churches dedicated to her; and to swear by her divinity was reckoned one of the most solemn oaths. A collegiate church was founded in honour of her relics; and the see was metropolitan till, in 840, it was translated to St. Andrews, by Kenneth III. after his victory over the Picts. Abernethy declined in consequence of this, being alienated from God and St. Brigid, to whom it had been given by Nectanus, king of the Picts, till the day of judgment.

Ascending the Ochil hills, they soon entered the shire of Fife, near the junction of which with the Strathern stands Mugdrum Cross, an upright pillar, charged with sculptures much defaced, but among which may still be traced horsemen and animals. Near this was the cross of the famous Macduff, Thane of Fife, of which nothing but the pedestal remains. On it were inscribed certain macaronic verses, preserved both by Sibbald and Gordon. It appears, from an interpretation of them by Mr. Cunningham, that they contained a grant from Malcolm Canmore to the Earl of Fife, of several emoluments and privileges.

Leaving the Ochil Hills, they reach Falkland, a royal borough, but of small extent. Here stood one of the seats of the Macduffs, the potent Earls

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of Fife. On the attainder of the seventeenth earl, in 1424, it reverted to the crown, when James V. seems to have been very partial to the spot, and evinced much taste in improving it. Enough still remains to shew the former magnificence of Falkland Castle. Here David, Duke of Rothesay, son to Robert III. was cruelly starved by his uncle, the Duke of Albany. For a time his life was preserved by the piety of two women, one of whom fed him with oaten cakes, the other with her own milk, conveyed by means of a pipe; but being detected, they were inhumanly put to death.

Continuing their journey along a plain, partly arable, partly heath, darkened with vast plantations of Scotch pines, they came to Melvil, the seat of the Earl of Leven and Melvil, an elegant pile, designed by Sir William Bruce, and built in 1692. The apartments are adorned with a few family paintings, and a full length of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden.

In the garden is a square tower, one of the summer retreats of Cardinal Beaton, and near it is Cardan's Well, so called from the eminent physician of that name, who in 1552, was sent for from Milan, to cure Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, of an asthma, which he effected; but by casting the nativity of his patient, is said to have foretold his ignominious fate. The prelate was afterwards hanged on a live tree at Stirling, and the subsequent bitter couplet was composed on the occasion:

Vive diu, felix arbor, semperque vireto,
Frondibus, ut nobis talia poma feras.

Beyond Melvil, the country is well cultivated and fenced with quickset hedges. Pass the ancient church of Darsie, which is built at the verge of an eminence over the river Eden. The tower is poly-

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gonal, terminating in a spire. Here is likewise a castellated house, once belonging to the see of St. Andrews.

Passing a barren moor, enjoy very extensive views, in which the Eden, the estuary of the Tay, and the great bay of St. Andrews, form principal features. Full in front, at the bottom of a long descent, appears the venerable city of St. Andrews, placed near the water's edge. Its towers and spires at a distance give it an air of magnificence, and raise the expectations of the traveller to a very high pitch. On entering the west port, a spacious well-built street appears, of vast length; but grass covers the greatest part of it, and the solitude excites the idea of a pestilence. Advancing farther, the towers and spires, which afforded such an appearance of grandeur, on a nearer view, exhibit only the melancholy ruins of decay. "A foreigner," says Mr. Pennant, "ignorant of the history of this country, would naturally inquire, what calamity has this city undergone? has it been bombarded by a ferocious enemy? has it felt, like Lisbon, the devastation of an earthquake? But with what horror must we reflect, that the destruction originated from the more barbarous zeal of John Knox, who, by his declamations, first inflamed, and then permitted, a furious crowd to overthrow edifices, dedicated to that very Being he pretended to honour by their ruin. The cathedral was the labour of one hundred and sixty years, a building that did honour to the country; yet in June 1559, the Gothic reformer effected its demolition in a single day."

Legends informs us, that St. Andrews owes its origin to a singular circumstance. St. Regulus, or St. Rule, a Greek, was warned by a vision to visit Albion, and to take with him the arm-bone, three fingers, and three toes of St. Andrew. He set out with some companions in 370, and after being tossed

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by tempests, was shipwrecked on the coast of Othonia, in the territory of Hergustus, King of the Picts. His majesty no sooner heard of the arrival of the pious strangers, and their precious relics, than he gave them the most hospitable reception; and having accommodated St. Regulus with his own palace, built a church near it, which still bears the name of that devotee.

Here Regulus established the first Christian priest of this country, called Culdees, either from *cultores Dei*, or from *Keledei*, dwellers in cells. These long professed a pure religion, and withstood the power of the popes; but David I. siding with his holiness, they lost the long-enjoyed authority of choosing their own bishop, and the superstitious rites of popery were introduced.

The cathedral was founded in 1161, by Bishop Arnold: but it was many years before it attained its full magnificence. The length, from east to west, was three hundred and seventy feet; of the transept, three hundred and twenty-two; yet of this immense pile, which was not completed till the fourteenth century, nothing now remains, but parts of the east and west ends, and of the south side. It was made archiepiscopal by Sixtus IV. at the intercession of James III.

The chapel of St. Regulus adjoins to the east, the nave of which exists, but the two side aisles are ruined. The arches of the doors and windows are round, and bear undoubted marks of antiquity.—The tower is one hundred and three feet high, and forms an equilateral triangle.

The priory was founded by Alexander I. in 1122; and had several inferior monasteries dependent on it, with vast revenues. Of this edifice, nothing remains, save the walls of the precinct, which shows its immense extent. Other religious buildings, which once decorated St. Andrews, are only known by

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name: the foundation of some can scarcely be pointed out.

Some ruins of the castle are still to be seen on the east side of the city, seated on a rock, overhanging the sea. The portal remains, and the window is shown, from which it is pretended that the bigoted Cardinal Beaton glutted his eyes with the cruel martyrdom of George Wishart, who was burnt on a spot below. All sects are ready to retaliate the charge of cruelty on each other; Beaton was sufficiently detestable on other accounts; the measure of his crimes was filled up, causing the death of that pious man; and the patience of a martial age was worn out. The cardinal, intrenched behind power, and strongly fortified in the castle, was surprised by only sixteen persons, and was quickly dispatched by their swords, crying out, as he expired, "I am a priest! fie! fie! all is gone!"

In the church of St. Nicholas, is a monument to the memory of Archbishop Sharp, a man whose life and death bore some resemblance to those of the cruel Beaton; but Sharp died with the intrepidity of a hero, and the piety of a Christian, praying for his assassins with his latest breath. On the tomb is represented the manner of his death: on the middle, the prelate is placed, kneeling, the mitre and crosier falling from him; an angel substitutes the crown of glory for the first, with the allusive words, *pro mitra*. Above is a bass relief of a falling church, supported by the figure of the archbishop.

In the church of St. Salvator, is the beautiful tomb of Bishop Kennedy, an honour to his name and his rank, who died in 1466. Within this monument, were discovered six magnificent maces, which had been concealed there in troublesome times. One was given to each of the other Scotch Universities, and the rest are preserved here.—"With these," says Mr. Pennant, "are shewn

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some silver arrows, with large silver plates affixed to them, charged with the arms and names of the noble youths, victors in the annual competitions in the generous art of archery, dropt only a few years ago; and golf is now the reigning game."

St. Andrews was erected into a royal borough, by David I. in 1146, and its privileges were repeatedly confirmed by successive monarchs. The charter of Malcolm IV. is preserved in the tolbooth: it is couched in few words, and occupies only a bit of parchment. Here too are kept the silver keys of the city, which are formally delivered to the king, when he visits this place; or to a victorious enemy, in token of submission.

Though it is impossible to ascertain the ancient population with any degree of precision, it is unquestionably much reduced in modern times. One criterion remains: it is known, that, during the splendour of this city, between sixty and seventy bakers were resident here; and now ten are sufficient. The trade was also once very considerable, but is now dwindled away to the insignificant manufacture of golf balls, which employs several hands. These balls are made by stuffing a large quantity of feathers into a leather case, by the help of an iron-rod, with a wooden handle; and as the chief pressure is against the breast of the artist, the trade is frequently fatal to him, by superinducing consumption.

The ancient and celebrated University of St. Andrews was founded in 1411, by Bishop Wardlaw. It once consisted of three colleges; St. Salvator's, St. Leonard's, and St. Mary's.

The first is a handsome building, consisting of a quadrangle, one side of which is formed by the church, and another by the library. St. Leonard's College is now united to it, from a deficiency of revenues,

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This university is governed by a chancellor, elected by the two principals and the professors.—The office was originally vested in the Archbishops of St. Andrews; but is now conferred on some distinguished nobleman.

The next officer in rank, is the rector, to whose care is committed the privileges, discipline, and statutes of the university. The different professors are indefatigable in their attention to the instruction and morals of the students; and this place, in the opinion of our author, possesses several peculiar advantages for the education of youth. The air is pure and salubrious; and the situation precludes them from all commerce with the world, the haunt of dissipation. From the smallness of the society, every student's character is perfectly known; and vice is checked, before it can rise to any excess.

The students may be accommodated in the colleges, in private houses, or in those of the professors. The price in the colleges is only 8*l.* for a session of seven months: with the professors it amounts from 10 to 25*l.* a quarter. The whole number of students is about one hundred, and their badge is a red gown without sleeves.

On the 12th of September, they left St. Andrews, and after travelling some way over uncultivated hills and moors, with some collieries, they descended into a track rich in corn, and commanding a most extensive and beautiful view of the Frith of Forth. The Bass Island, and that of May, were within the landscape. The latter once belonged to the monks of Reading, in Yorkshire; and by the intercession of Adrian, a holy man, who was buried here, the barren had the curse of sterility removed from them, from which circumstance it was the great resort of female pilgrims.

Reaching the shore of the fine bay of Largo,

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they continued their ride along its curvature, and met with the cheerful and frequent succession of towns, farms, and villas. The country is populous; and carries on a considerable trade in coal and salt.

In a field not far from the village of Lundie*, are three vast upright stones, the largest sixteen feet high, and its solid contents two hundred and seventy. There are either fragments or vestiges of three others; but it is impossible to guess at the form of their original disposition. Near this spot, the Danes met with a considerable defeat from the Scots, under the conduct of Macbeth and Banquo. It is therefore probable that these stones are memorial of the victory. Fragments of human bones have been discovered, on digging near their bottoms.

Having refreshed at the town of Levin, they proceeded through the villages of Buckhaven, Wemys, and Easter Wemys. On an eminence, impending over the sea, is the house of Wemys, the seat of the ancient family of that name; and on the shores are found that beautiful plant, the sea-bugloss, whose fine glaucous colour, and red and blue flowers, enliven the beach in various parts of Scotland and the Hebrides.

Pass through a track of collieries, many of the beds of which have been on fire for above two centuries, and formerly smoke has been apparent in the day, and flame by night; but, of late years, the conflagration is only visible by its melting the snow that falls into the fissures. This phenomenon has been noticed since the middle of the sixteenth century, and was once truly awful.

A little farther lies Dysart, a large royal borough, very populous; and beyond it Path-head, inhabited

* Now rendered illustrious, by giving the title of Baron to Lord Viscount Duncan and his heirs.

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chiefly by check-weavers and nailers, who have been lately collected there.

Adjoining is Kirkaldie, another royal borough, containing about one thousand six hundred inhabitants. This, like most other maritime towns of Fife, depends on the coal and salt trade. The country is very populous, but less so than when the fisheries were more flourishing.

In consequence of the decline of this beneficial branch of commerce, numbers have removed to the south-western parts of the kingdom; but there is still one class of men on this coast, and, "I believe," says Mr. Pennant, "in most of the coal counties of Scotland, to whom the power of emigrating is denied. In this very island, to this day, is to be found a remnant of slavery, paralleled only in Poland and Russia; thousands of our fellow subjects are at this time the property of their landlords, appurtenances to their estates, and transferrable with them to any purchasers. Multitudes of colliers and salters are bound to the spot for life; and even strangers, who come to settle here, are subject to the same cruel custom, unless they stipulate to the contrary."

During a short illness, which confined Mr. Pennant at Kirkaldie, he sent his draughtsman to Doctan, about four miles distant, to obtain a drawing of a remarkable column, about six or seven feet high, mortised at the bottom into another.—Rude figures of men on horseback are still to be traced on it; and it is said to commemorate a victory gained here over the Danes, in 874, by Constantine II.

On September 15th, they continued their journey, and passing the Grange, and Seafield Castle, a square tower, near the shore, they reached Kinghorn, a small borough town. The castle was once a royal

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residence. At this place is the ferry between the county of Fife and the port of Leith, a passage of seven miles.

Opposite to Kinghorn, in the middle of the Frith, lies Inch Keith, an island about a mile in length, famous in history for several centuries. It is said to derive its name from the gallant Keith, who signalized himself by his valour in 1010.

A little from Kinghorn is the precipice down which Alexander III. fell, and was killed, in 1285, as he was riding in the dusk of the evening. A mile beyond this is Brunt Island, the best harbour on this part of the coast, and a place naturally strong, and once well defended by a castle.

Farther on lies Aberdour, a small town, where the Earl of Morton has a pleasant seat.

"Near Aberdour," says Mr. Pennant, "I had the pleasure of seeing a most select collection of pictures, made by Captain Stewart. It is in vain to attempt the description of this elegant cabinet, part of which the proprietor always carries about with him. His house is small, and to get at his library I ascended a ladder."

Two or three miles to the west lies Inchcolm, a small island near the shore, celebrated for its monastery, founded in 1123, by Alexander I. in consequence of the hospitable reception he met with from a poor hermit, when he was driven by a storm to this island. This building was very considerable; the tower of the church, and the ruins of various appendages, are still to be seen. During the reign of Edward III. this place did not escape a sacrilegious violation; but a storm overtook the plunderers, and many of them perished in the deep.

Leaving this place, they visited Dunibressel, the seat of the Earl of Murray, the scene of the cruel murder of the handsome earl, with whom Anne of

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Denmark was supposed to be enamoured; and his fate is ascribed to the consequent jealousy of her spouse.

Ride through the borough of Inverkeithing, formerly a royal seat, and saw in this vicinity the headland of St. Margaret, where the queen of Malcolm III. landed in 1068, after the Norman invasion. This is also called Queen's Ferry; and the village on this side obtains the name of North Ferry.

From Kinghorn to this place, the Frith gradually contracts itself; but here, by the jutting out of the north shore, it forms a strait, only two miles in breadth, while beyond it as suddenly opens into a large and huge expanse. About midway in this strait lies Inch-garvie, with the ruins of a fort, from which the eye is delighted with the circumambient views.

The whole peninsula of Fife is extremely populous, fertile in the soil, and happy in its mines and minerals. The number of towns is, perhaps, unequalled in any similar extent of coast; for the whole shore, from Crail to Culross, about forty English miles, is one continued chain of towns and villages.

After passing Queen's Ferry, they approached Dunfermline, about four miles from the Frith; prettily situated on a rising ground, and a well-cultivated enclosed country. No river washes this town; but a small stream is conducted through the streets for economic uses, the water of which afterwards joins a rivulet, that serves to turn five mills.

Dunfermline is very populous, containing between five and six thousand inhabitants, who carry on various manufactures, particularly of damasks, diapers, checks, and ticking, in which branches near a thousand looms are employed.

Iron-stone abounds in this neighbourhood, and

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there are collieries at the very entrance of the town, of the most excellent quality.

The tolbooth is a singular modern edifice, with a slender square tower, very lofty, and copped with a conic roof. Mr. Chalmers, who has an estate adjoining to the town, has made a curious work, at a vast expence, over a glen, to form a communication between them.

At different periods, the Scottish monarchs, from remote times, have resided here, and some remains of a castle and palace are still to be traced.

A magnificent abbey was begun by Malcolm Canmore, and finished by Alexander I. As if this country could not have produced useless monks, thirteen were imported from Canterbury, in the reign of David I. At the time of the dissolution, these religious amounted to twenty-six, and their revenues were very considerable.

The existing ruins of this pile shew its former splendor. The window of the room near the gateway, called Frater-hall, is eminently beautiful. Adjoining is the abbot's house. Edward I. in 1303, burnt down the whole abbey, except the church and cells, on pretence that it afforded a retreat to his enemies. Part of the church is still used. Several of the Scottish kings lie here, under flat stones, nine feet long. When Jona ceased to be the cemetery of royal dust, Dunfermline for a time received this honour.

On leaving this place, a tumulus was pointed out to them, planted with trees, called the Penitent Mount, from a vulgar notion that it was formed by sacksfull of sand, brought thither by the frail, as a penance for their sins.

Near the shore, they observed the immense lime-kilns belonging to the Earl of Elgin, placed amidst inexhaustible beds of lime-stones, and near immense seams of coal. About 12,000*l.* were ex-

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pended on this useful project; but the profits are likely to afford an ample remuneration to the noble and patriotic undertaker.

Opposite the lime-kilns stands Blackness Castle, on a rock projecting into the Frith, once a place of great importance in preserving a communication between Edinburgh and Stirling. It is a large pile, defended by towers, and is now garrisoned by a few invalids.

After riding a few miles farther, they reach Culross, a small town, remarkable for a magnificent house, built about the year 1590, by Edward Lord Kinloss. Some remains of the Cistertian abbey, founded here by Malcolm Earl of Fife, are still to be seen.

Soon after they entered the little shire of Clackmannan, which, with that of Kinross, alternately elects a member of parliament. The town of Clackmannan is pleasantly situated on a hill, on the summit of which is a castle, the great tower of which is called after the name of Robert Bruce, and here his great sword and casque are still preserved. The hill is prettily wooded, and, together with the tower, forms a picturesque object.

Crossing the little river Devan, they soon reached the town of Alloa, remarkable for its coal trade, as it exports above forty thousand tons annually. The town and parish are very populous.

Here they were politely entertained by Mr. Erskine, representative of the Earl of Mar, who lives in the castle, now modernized. The gardens are laid out in the old style, but are very extensive. In the house are some good portraits, particularly one of the celebrated Lucy Countess of Bedford, painted by Cornelius Jansen, and a remarkable half-length of Mary Stuart, on copper.

Beyond Alloa, the Ochil Hills begin to approach very near to the Forth, between which is a narrow

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track, well cultivated and well wooded. In these hills were found, in the present century, some native silver and cobalt ore.

Visit Cambus Kenneth, of which reformation left nothing but a vast square tower and an arched door-way. This house was founded by David I. in 1147, for canons regular of St. Augustine.

After a short ride, reach the bridge of Stirling *, and entered the town, which contains about four thousand inhabitants. The great street is broad, and in it stands the tolbooth, in which is kept the standard for the liquid measures of Scotland.

The castle is of great antiquity and strength, and has undergone many revolutions. One of the finest seats, belonging to the nobility, was that of the Earl of Mar, began by the regent, but never finished. It is said to have been built from the ruins of Cambus Kenneth, which, drawing on him the charge of sacrilege, he caused these words, yet extant, to be engraved over the gate:

ESSPY. SPEIK. FURTH. I CAIR. NOTHT.
CONSIDIR WEIL. I CAIR. NOTHT.

Near the castle are Edmonston's Walks, cut through a little wood in the vast steep. Beneath, on the flat, are to be seen the vestiges of the gardens, belonging to the palace, called the King's Knot.

Above these walks is the Ladies' Hill, where the fair sat, to behold their faithful knights exert their skill and dexterity in tilts and tournaments, performed in a hollow below.

Stirling is so much connected with the memorable occurrences in Scotch and English history, that to give an account of all the vicissitudes it has under-

* Our author visited this town in his first tour, to which we refer for some farther particulars.

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gone, would be to copy part of the annals of both nations.

Pass through the small town of St. Ninian and the village of Bannockbourne; and, ascending a hill, see the relics of Torwood, illustrious for having sheltered Wallace, after the fatal battle of Falkirk. Some remains of an oak, under which the hero is said to have reposed, are still pointed out with veneration.

At some distance from this, leave, in a valley, on the left, the two mounts, called Dunipace, on the north bank of the Carron. One is perfectly round, and about fifty feet high: the other is of an irregular form, and composed of gravel. It is probable both were sepulchral monuments. To the north-east of these, on the same side of the river, stood that celebrated and lamented antiquity, Arthur's Oven.

Night closing in, before they proceeded so far, our author could not personally visit some antiquities in this vicinity, among the rest, the site of Camelon, a Roman town, the streets and walls of which were perceptible in the time of Buchanan; but now not a vestige is left to attract the curious.

It is said, the sea once flowed up to this town, and that fragments of anchors have been found near it. Buchanan supposes it to have been the Caerguidi of the venerable Bede; but, according to his description, it must have been a fortress on Inch Keith.

Lie at Falkirk, a large ill-built town, noted for its fairs for black cattle.

Carron Wharf lies upon the river of the same name, which, a few miles below, falls into the Frith. The canal, between this frith and that of the Clyde, begins on the south side of the mouth of the Carron: its course is more than thirty miles

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Near Callendar House, at a small distance eastward of Falkirk, are large remains of Antoninus's Wall, or, as it is vulgarly called, Graham's Dyke; a vast work, effected by Lollius Urbicus, governor of Britain, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, as appears by inscriptions.

Continuing their journey, over a naked and barren country, they crossed the water of Avon, and soon after had a charming view of the town, castle, and lake of Linlithgow.

This town contains three or four thousand souls, and carries on a considerable trade in dressing of white leather, flax, and wool-combing. The castle was founded by Edward I. who resided in it during one winter. It was afterwards taken and demolished, but rebuilt with superior magnificence. At present it is a stately edifice, of a square form, finely seated above the lake. James V. and VI. contributed much to its embellishment. Over an outward gate are the four orders of knighthood, which the former wore; the garter, thistle, Holy Ghost, and golden fleece. Within the castle is a handsome square.

Here the unfortunate Mary Stuart first saw the light. Her father, James V. then dying, when he heard a daughter was born, with a prophetic spirit, said—"The kingdom came with a lass, and will be lost with one."

The church is externally handsome, but is disaced by a ruinous floor. "I was shewn the ace," says Mr. Pennant, "remarkable for the rsonated apparition that appeared to James IV. ile meditating the fatal expedition into England; and which," as Lindsay relates, "as soon as it l delivered its message, vanished like a blink of sun, or a whip of a whirlwind."

n one of the streets is shewn the gallery from

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which Hamilton, of Bothwel-haugh, in 1570, shot the regent Murray. This man was instigated by love, as well as revenge, to the perpetration of this deed: his wife had been turned naked into the fields at night, and before morning became furiously mad. Having effectuated his purpose, he fled to France, where, being solicited to destroy the admiral Coligne, he indignantly replied, that, notwithstanding his injured affection compelled him to commit one murder, nothing should induce him to prostitute his sword in a base assassination.

Proceeding along Strathbrock, watered by the Almond, they reached Kirkliston Bridge, and soon after entered Edinburghshire.

On the eastern bank of the influx of the Almond into the Frith, stands Crammond, once a Roman station and port, and the centre of several roads. Many medals, inscriptions, and other antiquities, have been discovered here.

On the right of the road are some rude funeral stones; and on one of them, called Catstean, is this inscription:

IN HOC TUMULO JACET VETA F. VICTI.

Visit Corsterphine, a collegiate church, in which are two monuments of the Forresters, ancient proprietors of the place; and, crossing the water of Leith, at Coltsbridge, soon arrive at Edinburgh.

As this city has already been noticed by our author in his former tour, and will be mentioned by succeeding travellers, we omit his additional remarks on this second visit.

On the 21st of September, they made an excursion to Hawthornden, the seat of the celebrated historian and poet, Drummond, about seven miles from Edinburgh. The house and a ruined castelet

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are built on a vast precipice, beneath which the North Esk winds. In the front of the rock, just beneath the house, is cut a flight of twenty-seven steps; and in the way is a gap, over which is thrown a bridge of boards.

These steps lead to the entrance of the noted caves, which have been hollowed out of the rock with infinite labour. The descent into the great chambers is by eight steps; but on the first entrance, on the right and left, are two rooms, or rather galleries. The grand apartment faces the door, and is ninety-one feet long and six feet high. The width, at first, is twelve feet, but afterwards contracts to five feet eight inches. In a recess of the broader part is a well, and above is cut a funnel, which pierces the roof to the day. Near the end of this apartment is a diverticle, which leads to another gallery, twenty-three feet by five.

These excavations are supposed to have been the works of the Picts; but, in the opinion of our author, they were rather designed for an asylum to the neighbouring inhabitants, in troublesome times. It appears, from Major, that the brave Alexander Ramsay, in 1341, made these caves his residence for a considerable time; and that all the gallant youth of Scotland resorted to him, to learn the art of war; and from hence he made excursions to the English borders.

Having crossed the river, and clambered up a steep hill, they reached the chapel of Roslyn, a curious piece of Gothic architecture, sixty-nine feet long, and thirty-four broad, and highly ornamented. It was founded in 1446 by William St. Clare, prince of Orkney, and had the good fortune to escape the barbarism of Knox's manual reformers. The eminent beauty, indeed, of this venerable pile is sufficient to save it from the most determined enemies to religious splendor.

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In a deep glen, far below, amidst woody eminences, are the ruins of Roslyn Castle, seated on a peninsulated rock, accessible by a bridge of stupendous height. This was once the seat of the Sinclairs, one of whom was Oliver, the unfortunate favourite of James V. and the innocent cause of the loss of the battle of Solway Moss, from the stubborn pride of the Scotch nobility, which would not bend to his command. This man lived in poverty, to give an impressive lesson of the uncertainty of favour to the worthless Arran, minion to James VI. before whom he appeared in his forlorn state, repeating only these words: "I am Oliver Sinclair."

Before Mr. Pennant left Edinburgh, he visited Mr. Braidwood's academy, for the education of the deaf and dumb, and gives the warmest testimony of applause to the skill of the teacher and the proficiency of his pupils. "When I entered the room," said he, "I found myself surrounded by a number of human forms, so strangely circumstanced, that I felt environed by another sort of beings. I was soon relieved, however, by being introduced to a most angelic young creature, about the age of thirteen. She honoured me with her new-acquired conversation; but I may truly say that I could scarcely bear the power of her piercing eyes: she looked me through and through. She soon satisfied me she was an apt scholar: she readily apprehended all I said, and returned me answers with the utmost facility: she read, she wrote well, and her reading was not by rote, as she could clothe the same thoughts in a new set of words, nor varied from the original sense.

"I left Mr. Braidwood and his pupils," continues he, "with the most pleasing reflections on the utility of his art, and the merit of his labours; who, after receiving under his care a being that

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seemed merely endowed with the human form, could produce the latent *divina particula auræ*, and restore a child to its glad parents, with a capacity of exerting its rational powers, by expressive sounds of duty, love, and affection."

The lord provost of Edinburgh having handsomely entertained Mr. Pennant after the freedom of the city had been conferred on him, he set out, with his friends, from this place, on the 26th of September; and, passing through Dalkeith, spent a day with the possessor of Cranston Castle, and in visiting the castles of Crichton and Borthwick, in the vicinity.

Crichton Castle is seated on the edge of a bank, above a verdant glen, and was once the seat of the chancellor of that name. It was leveled to the ground by William Earl of Douglas, but afterwards rebuilt with more magnificence than before. The front of one of the courts is still very handsome, ornamented with diamond-shaped facets, and the cases of some of the windows are charged with rosettes and other decorations.

The dungeon, called the Mas-more, has a narrow mouth, but is deep; and tradition says, that a person of some rank was once lodged here, for presuming to pass the castle without paying his respects to the owner.

Borthwick Castle stands about a mile distant, on a knowl, in the centre of a charming vale. It consists of a vast square tower, ninety feet high, furnished with bastions. Some of the apartments are very spacious, and evince the style in which the Borthwick family once lived.

Next day, after enjoying some picturesque views of the Forth, and the adjacent country, from Soutry Hill, they traversed a tedious dreary moor, and then enter Lauderdale, a long narrow bottom, fertile in corn.

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The little town of Lauder was the scene of an act of aristocratic pride in the reign of James III. This infatuated monarch had created Cochran, a mason, Earl of Mar, who, together with Hornill, a tailor, Leonard, a smith, Rogers, a musician, and Torfifan, a fencing-master, directed all his councils. The nobility being summoned to attend here, to repel a foreign invasion, assembled in the church, to concert the means of their deliverance from such wretched councils. Cochran, in all the pomp of royal favour, attended by a band of warriors, knocked at the door, to demand the cause of their assembly: but he was not allowed to carry back intelligence to his master; he was seized, with his brother counsellors, and hanged, over a bridge, in sight of the king and his whole army.

Near this town stands Thirlstane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, a singularly-built old pile. The inside is heavy, and contains little worth notice, save the portrait, by Lely, of the noted Duke of Lauderdale, one of the cabal in the reign of Charles II.

Making a diversion from the great road, they paid a visit to the proprietor of Gala, who treated them with perfect civility. This place stands in Selkirk, or the forest of Ettrick, a track which the Scottish princes formerly reserved to themselves for the indulgence of the chace, and where they had small houses for the reception of their train.

This country now maintains a number of sheep, the principal wealth of the farmer; but so poor is the soil, that an acre of land is barely sufficient for the support of a single sheep. Hence a farm of this kind, of fifteen hundred acres, is sometimes let for 80*l*. The Dorset sheep have been introduced here; but in two or three years they are said to lose their prolific nature.

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About a mile from a village called Gala Shields are striking vestiges of the great ditch, called the Catrail, twenty-five feet wide, and bounded, on each side, by a vast rampart. It has been traced twenty-two miles, and probably reached from sea to sea. On several parts of its course are strong round forts, defended by ditches and ramparts, of great strength. Who were the workmen, or what was the precise object of their labours, cannot now be ascertained.

Continuing their journey, near the junction of the Gala and the Tweed, they entered Roxburghshire, an open corn country, but better adapted for sheep-walks.

Crossing the Tweed, they pass by Darnwick, and soon after by Skirmish Hill, noted for a fray between the Earl of Angus and the family of Scot, in 1526.

Not far from this lie the elegant remains of the Abbey of Melros, founded in 1136, by David I. for Cistertian monks.

Nothing is left of the abbey, except a part of the cloister walls, finely carved; but the ruins of the church are of singular beauty, and part is still used as a place for divine worship. Some uncouth lines on the walls record the architect, John Murdo, who appears to have been distinguished in this day, and well deserves to be remembered.

The south side of this fabric and the east window are elegant beyond description. The clustered pillars, the lofty windows, and the light, but strong, tracery, are of unrivalled beauty. The exterior is corresponding to the splendor of the rest: the spires, or pinnacles, that graced the roof, the brackets and niches, were originally adorned with statues; but whatever the fury of Knox's disciples spared, the stupid zeal of covenanting bigots destroyed in 1649.

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The west end of the church, which remains standing, is divided into five chapels, once probably belonging to private families of distinction; for besides Alexander II. who lay below the great altar, the Douglases, and other potent families, were interred here.

The situation of Melros is remarkably pleasant. Near it flows the Tweed, and above it rises Eldon Hill with its three heads, one of which is the site of a Roman camp. The venerable ruins just soar above the surrounding trees, and invite to a closer examination, which they amply recompense.

Proceed to Old Melros, now reduced to a single house, standing on a lofty promontory, peninsulated by the Tweed, and commanding a most delightful prospect. This was the site of the ancient Abbey of Culdees, mentioned by Bede, and was celebrated for the austerities of Dricthelmus. This visionary is said to have been restored to life, after being dead a whole night, during which space he passed through purgatory and hell, had a sight of the beatific vision, and reached near the confines of heaven, before his soul was recalled to earth. His angelic guide admonished him of the efficacy of prayer, alms, fasting, and masses; circumstances well calculated to impress the ignorant with respect for the order to which he belonged.

Crossing the Tweed at Dryburgh boat, they visited the remains of Dryburgh Abbey, founded by the constable of Scotland, in the reign of David I. There are very few relics of the church, but much of the convent, the refectory, and other offices, remain, with part of the cloister walls. This pile appears to have been not inelegant; but it is by no means comparable to Melros. The proprietor is the Earl of Buchan.

Continuing their ride through a finely-varied country, full of corn, in sight of the Tweed, whose

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banks are delightfully wooded, they passed a round tower, called Little Den, once a border-house of the Kers.

Leaving Rutherford, they soon after saw a small Roman camp on a high cliff, with an exploratory mount; and proceeding through a picturesque country, the woods and house of Fleurus opened to their view. This is the seat of the Duke of Roxburgh.

The ancient castle of Roxburgh next attracted their notice. It stands on a vast and lofty knowl, of an oblong form, suddenly rising out of the plain, near the junction of the Tweed and the Teviot. From its massy fragments and outworks, it appears to have been extremely strong. A town once stood at the foot of the fortress, which was destroyed by James II. when he undertook the siege of this place; and probably it was never rebuilt. Here that monarch was killed by the accidental bursting of one of his own cannons. A large holly marks the fatal spot.

A train of misfortunes, which we cannot refrain from enumerating, seems to have attended the name and family of Stuart. The first James fell by the hands of assassins, at Perth; this place proved the destruction of the second; the third was murdered by his rebellious subjects; the fourth lost his life n the battle of Flodden Field; and the fifth died of a broken heart, after the defeat at Solway. Through almost every scene of his daughter Mary's life, the dark shades of adversity ran. Her son, James VI. was more fortunate; but, as if fate had not been tired with persecuting his race, its fury was resumed on his successor, Charles, whose son too experienced a long series of misfortunes; and his brother, the bigoted James II. suffered the punishment of his infatuation, and transmitted to his offspring exile and exclusion from royalty.

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Fording the Teviot, they had a charming view of Kelso, seated near the union of the Tweed and that river. The ancient church, the bridge, and a pretty modern mansion, are conspicuous objects. The town itself is neat, and contains about two thousand seven hundred souls. The corn-market is very considerable.

The abbey here was a vast pile, and its remains are venerably magnificent. The environs of Kelso are very fertile, varied, and inclosed with hedges. No place can boast more luxuriant views. Agriculture seems to flourish in the vicinity; and much wheat is produced here, and exported.

Our author laments that he did not arrive a week earlier, to witness the horse-races, which have been established here on the beautiful basis of benevolence, and with the laudable view of conciliating two nations, formerly rivals, but now happily one. The stewards are selected from the Scotch and English; "a Douglas and a Percy," says Mr. Pennant, "may be now seen hand in hand." What a pleasing contrast to former times!

On the 28th of September they found themselves at the extremity of the kingdom. On this occasion, our tourist displays his usual amiability. "I look back," says he, "to the north, and with a grateful mind acknowledge every benefit I received, from the remotest of the Hebrides to the present spot; whether I think of the hospitality of the rich, or the efforts of blameless poverty, straining every nerve to accommodate me, amidst dreary hills and ungenial skies. The little accidents of diet or of lodgings affect me not: I look farther than the mere difference of living or customs—to the good and benevolent heart, which softens every hardship, and converts to delicacies the grossest fare."

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Crossing the little rill called Ridingburn, they entered Northumberland, and noticed Wark Castle, of which some fragments remain. Leave behind them Coldstream, on the north bank of the Tweed, and proceed through an open country, destitute of plantations, and miserably depopulated, from the inhumanity and impolicy of turning several small farms into one extensive sheep-walk. We join Mr. Pennant in execrating those who, from whatever motive, can destroy the comforts of the poor, and weaken the strength of their country, by sanctioning monopolies of land. May such characters be detested on earth! Charity forbids us to go farther.

Pursuing their journey, they observed on the right several regular terraces cut on the face of a hill. Such works of art are not uncommon in these parts, and likewise in Scotland; but antiquaries are not agreed as to their original purposes.

Reach the village of Palinsburne, and were hospitably entertained by a gentleman in the vicinity. Visited Flodden Hill, where the Scots received a memorable defeat, and lost their king, in 1313. So general was the havoc of the nobility, that scarcely a great house in Scotland was exempted from cause for mourning.

October 1st, passing near Ford Castle, they crossed a plain five miles in extent, on one part of which is a circular encampment, with a single foss and dyke. On the right of Millefield is Copeland Castle, a square tower, once the seat of the Wallaces; and a little farther they crossed the Glen, a small river, in which numbers of the Northumbrians were baptised, after their conversion by Paulinus.

Ride through the small town of Wooler, where

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they observed several of the peasants with bonnets, the last remains of the English dress, in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary. The country exhibited a mixture of corn-land and sheep-walks. On the west appeared the Cheviot Hills, smooth and verdant, among which is laid the scene of the beautiful ballad of Chevy Chace.

Quit the road, and pay a visit to Chillingham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, a large building of the era of James I. It contains a number of portraits; and in the hall is a drawing of a toad, found in the centre of the stone on which it is painted.

Travel over a dreary country, chiefly an open sheep-walk; and crossing the Till, see on Hegely Moor the octagonal shaft of Percy's Cross, charged with the arms of the family, crescents, and pikes. This was erected in memory of Sir Ralph Percy, who was slain here, in 1463, in a battle between the partisans of the house of Lancaster and Lord Montacule.

Near this cross enter on the ancient military road, called the Devil's Dyke, probably a Saxon work, and soon after fall into the vale of Whittingham; and passing the town of that name, sleep at a neat inn, called the Half-way House.

Next day, October 2d, they arrived at the small town of Rothbury, seated on the Coquet, which below the town runs over a narrow bed of flat freestone rock, in which the water has worn a multitude of circular basons, called the Giant's Pots.

Crossing the Coquet, they ascend a steep hill, and travel for some miles over a barren uncultivated country. At the village of Camhoe, however, the soil begins to mend, and trees and hedges appear.

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A few miles farther, pass by Swinburne Castle, and near it cross the Watling Street way, which runs into the county of Roxburgh. A little south of Chollerton, pass the Erring, and the site of Adrian's Wall and Severus' Dyke, opposite to Walwick. Several sepulchral stones and monumental inscriptions have been dug up, in the course of this vast work, called also the Picts' Wall, which intersects the island from sea to sea, a distance of more than sixty-eight miles. In the time of Bede, its height was twelve feet, exclusive of the parapet, and its thickness from seven to nine. It was guarded by a multitude of towers, between which were exploratory turrets, where sentinels were stationed within call of each other.

Beyond the village of Wall, they pass Hermitage, so named from St. John Beverley, who made the adjacent woods his retreat from the world; and, fording the river, enter Hexham, a very ancient town, and formerly a county palatine. It is finely situated on the banks of the Tyne, and contains about five thousand inhabitants, whose chief manufactures are gloves, shoes, and tanning of leather.

From half-obliterated inscriptions on stones, worked up in the walls of the vaults of the church, it appears to have been a Roman station, and, according to Horsely, was the Epiacum of Ptolemy. Very early in the Saxon times, it grew distinguished for its ecclesiastical splendor, and became the seat of a see, which was overthrown about 821.

The magnificence of the church and monastery founded here, in 674, by Wilfrid, is spoken of in the most exalted terms; but owing to the ferocious devastations of the Danes, not a vestige of the ancient church is left. Even the present building,

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comparatively modern, is far from being entire. Thomas, the second archbishop of York, is supposed to have been its founder, and the same prelate established here a convent of canons regular of Augustines. The architecture is mixed, Gothic and Saxon: the tower, which springs from the centre, is very large, and the inside is supported by clustered pillars, with Gothic arches, over which is a gallery, with Saxon arches.

On the wooden skreen before the choir is painted the Dance of Death. Several other paintings adorned this part, but they are much injured by time.

The tomb of Alfwald I. king of Northumberland, who was assassinated here in 788, is still shewn; and several other memorials of illustrious dead attract notice.

In the choir is a beautiful oratory, of stone below and wood above, most exquisitely carved, now converted into a pew. Near this is the tomb of a religious, probably a prior.

Here is preserved the famous fridstol, or stool of peace; for whoever took possession of it was sure of remission. This place had also the privilege of sanctuary, which extended a mile on each side; the limits, at the four corners, marked by crosses. Heavy penalties were levied on those who dared to violate this sanctuary; but if they presumed to take a criminal from the stool, the offender was exposed to all the rigours of excommunication; then regarded as the most dreadful of punishments.

Part of the monastery is still habitable; the gate is entire, and consists of a fine round arch of Saxon architecture. The town-house is built over another ancient gate, and beyond that is an old square tower, of three stories, in the lowest of which are two dreadful dungeons.

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Proceeding eastward, they crossed the Divil, on the banks of which was fought the bloody battle of Hexham, in 1463, in which the Lancastrians were defeated.

The resolute and faithful Margaret, Henry's queen, with her infant son, after being exposed to the most imminent danger, was rescued by the generosity of a robber, into whose hands she fell, and conveyed beyond the reach of her enemies.

Pass the Tyne at Corbridge, a small town, near which lies Colchester, a Roman station, through which the Watling Street passes. Abundance of antiquary treasures have been discovered here; some of which are in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

Continuing their ride by the side of the Tyne, they reach Bywell, a small village, near which is a handsome modern seat, belonging to Mr. Fenwick.

Two or three miles farther lies the village of Ovingham, in which was a cell of black canons, belonging to the monastery of Hexham, founded by Umfranvil, baron of Proudhow, the ruins of whose castle make a fine object on the opposite banks of the river.

Ride for some miles along the rail-roads, on which the coal is conveyed to the river, and pass many collieries. The whole way from Corbridge is the most beautiful imaginable, and the country is very populous, and studded with gentlemen's seats.

At Newburn, they quit the river, and after ascending a bank, reach the fine road that extends from Carlisle to Newcastle. At a mile's distance from the latter place, they passed over the site of Condercum, the modern Benwel, where several remarkable inscriptions have been found. Oppo-

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site to this place the Derwent discharges itself into the Tyne.

Newcastle*, which they now reached, is a vast town, seated on the steep banks of the Tyne, and joined by a bridge to Gateshead, in Durham, which appears to constitute a part of it. The lower streets and alleys are extremely narrow, dirty, and generally ill-built; and inhabited by keelmen, and people who gain their livelihood by the water; but the upper parts of the town contain several handsome streets, filled with persons of opulence.

Newcastle is divided into four parishes, with two chapels, and contains about a dozen meeting houses, forming a county of itself, with a district ten miles in circuit. It is a corporation governed by a mayor, sheriff, and twelve aldermen, who enjoy considerable revenues. The population, including Gateshead, is estimated at thirty thousand.

The exports are well known to consist principally of coals and salmon; but various other branches of trade are carried on here, and several lucrative and flourishing manufactures have been established, particularly of glass, sugar, iron, and steel.

Leaving Newcastle, they crossed the Tyne in a ferry boat, the bridge† having been washed away by a dreadful flood, in 1771. Pons Ælii, the ancient name of the station on the northern bank, proves that a bridge was in use here during the time of the Romans; and vestiges of a road, pointing directly to it from Chester-le-Street, are still said to be visible.

Pass over a barren common, but rich in its mines of coal; and then entering a fertile inclosed track, they reach the small town of Chester-le-Street.

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* See former tour.

† A strong and commodious bridge of freestone was soon begun after this accident, and finished in the year 1775.

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The church is handsome, and has a fine spire. The monuments of the Lumley family, collected from old monasteries, and placed here by the piety of John Lord Lumley, in 1594, present a singular series.

In Saxon times, Chester-le-Street was greatly respected, on account of the relics of St. Cuthbert, whose shrine became an object of superstitious devotion, and drew numbers of people of all ranks to this place.

At a small distance from the town stands Lumley Castle, a square pile, with a court in the middle, and modernized so as to form an excellent seat. It belongs to the Earl of Scarborough, and contains a noble repository of portraits, particularly of persons eminent in the sixteenth century, among which are the brave, impetuous, and presuming Robert Earl of Essex; the wise and virtuous Sir Thomas More; and the gallant and poetical Earl of Surry. In the hall is a tablet, with the history of Liulphus, the founder of the Lumley family and his progeny; and round the room seventeen pictures of his descendants.

A laughable anecdote is told of a bishop of Durham, a relation of the house. When James I. in one of his progresses, stopt at this castle, the prelate was anxious to impress his majesty with the high antiquity of the Lumleys, and was carrying his ancestry to a period beyond belief, and to a length of detail that wearied the king; "Mon," says he, "gang na farther, let ma digest the knawledge I ha gained; for, by my saul I did na ken that ADAM'S name was LUMLEY."

A little to the left, between Chester-le-Street and Durham, they passed Coken, the romantic seat of Mr. Carr, and famous in former times for being the scene of the savage austerities of St. Godric.

After having a picturesque view of Durham,

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from an adjacent hill, they enter that ancient city. It lies on the Wear, disposed on the side of a hill, and along part of the neighbouring flat. The banks of the river are extremely woody, and laid out in the most charming walks. The castle and ancient cathedral tower far above the surrounding scenery, and give a venerable air to the place.

The castle was founded by William the Conqueror, and afterwards became the residence of the prelates of this see. The cathedral was begun in 1093, by William, bishop of the diocess; but received many additions and improvements from the piety of succeeding bishops, and the liberality of devotees. It is a magnificent Gothic pile, four hundred and eleven feet long, and eighty in breadth. The transept, or cross aisle, is one hundred and seventy feet wide, and from the centre of this springs a lofty tower, said to be two hundred and twenty-three feet high. The pillars that support this pile are vast cylinders, twenty-three feet in circumference, with various ornaments.

The bishop's throne, in the choir, is unusually elevated. Numerous are the persons of distinction whose dust was deposited in this church. The shrine of St. Cuthbert, behind the altar, was once the richest in the kingdom, and the marks of the pilgrims' feet on the worn floor shew the multitude of his votaries. On the reformation, however, his body was taken out of the tomb, and interred beneath.

In the Galilee, or Lady's Chapel, is the tomb of the venerable Bede, whose ashes, after being first buried at Jarrow, were placed in a golden coffin, on the right side of the remains of St. Cuthbert, and finally were removed to this place in 1370.

"I have heard in my road," says Mr. Pennant, "many complaints of the ecclesiastical government this country is subject to, but from the ge-

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neral face of the country, it seems to thrive wonfully well under it."

Though the prelates of this diocess still retain great temporal powers, they were stripped of by far the greater part by Henry the VIII. In former times they seem to have enjoyed every privilege of royalty: they could levy taxes, raise men, make truces, call a parliament, and create barons to sit and vote in it. They had also power of life and death, could coin money, and appoint all officers throughout the palatine; while most of the great people held their lands from the church.

Leaving Durham, they travelled through a beautiful country, highly picturesque, and soon reach Bishop Auckland, a good town, with a spacious square market-place, on one side of which is a handsome gateway, crowned with a tower.

Through this portal lies Auckland Castle, long the residence of the Bishop of Durham. It has lost its castellated form, and appears very irregular in its architecture, having been built at different times; but no part that is left can boast of any considerable antiquity.

The principal apartments are an old hall, seventy feet by thirty-two; and a very handsome dining parlour, ornamented with portraits of Jacob and the twelve patriarchs. On the wainscot of a room below stairs, are painted the arms of a strange assemblage of potentates, of every country in the world, about the Elizabethan reign, together with the arms of all the bishoprics in England.

The chapel is very elegant, roofed with wood, and supported by two rows of pillars, alternately marble and freestone. The length of this edifice is eighty-four feet, and the breadth forty-eight. A plain stone on the floor, with a modest epitaph, informs us, that the pious Cosins, the refounder of the chapel, lies beneath.

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This castle is seated in a beautiful park, watered by the little river Gaunless, which, after a short course, falls into the Wear. It is surrounded by plantations; and, in particular, contains abundance of alders, of very uncommon age and size. The approach to the house displays great taste, and the happiest combination of natural beauties.

On an eminence beyond the Wear, is Binchester, the ancient Vinovia, where several Roman coins, altars, and inscriptions, have been found.

On the 7th of September, proceeding a little way on the Roman road, they passed through St. Helen's Auckland and West Auckland, and after a short digression fall in again with the Roman way, which continues to Pierce Bridge, on the Tees, where once stood a chapel, founded by John Balliol, king of Scotland, and dedicated to the Virgin. The gateway is still standing.

Near this bridge, in a field, called the Tofts, was a considerable Roman station, as is evident from the urns and coins which have been discovered there, as well as the foundation of houses. Where the Roman way, which passes near this place, has been broken up, the stones, of which it is composed, appear to be strongly cemented with run lime.

Crossing the Tees, they entered Yorkshire, and, after a ride of a few miles, pass through Aldborough, now reduced to a small village, though once a place of much importance. Travel over Gatherly Moor, by the sides of the Double Dyke, or Roman Hedge, a vast foss with banks on each side, extending from the Tees to the Swale, and soon reached Richmond.

This is a respectable town, seated in a shire of the same name, partly on a flat, and partly on the side of a hill. The market place, which is spa-

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cious, lies in the upper part of the town; and in its centre is a large column, in lieu of the ancient cross.

Knitting of stockings employs a great number of people here; and the markets for wheat supply some of the more mountainous parts of the country.

Several religious houses were built in this place and the vicinity. Of a house of grey friars, founded in 1258, nothing now remains, save the beautiful tower of its church. The ruins of St. Agatha, however, are still very fine, particularly the magnificent arch-work of the inside. They lie about a mile east of Richmond, at the extremity of some beautiful meadows, watered by the Swale.

The remains of the fortifications of Richmond are not very considerable. The ancient walls took in little more than the market place, and had three gates. The castle stands in the south-west part of the hill, on a lofty and bold situation, above the Swale, which half surrounds it. The walls of the precinct, some small square towers, and one very large, are still to be seen. This fortress was founded by Alan, earl of Bretagne, nephew to the Conqueror, by whom he was created Earl of Richmond.

Cross the river, and, after traversing a dreary moor, descend into a vale, not much more interesting. Passing, however, through the small towns of Billersley and Leybourne, the country began to wear a more agreeable and cultivated aspect, particularly where the rapid crystal river Ure fertilizes the meadows it divides.

On the left saw Middleham Castle, once possessed by Richard, duke of York, who here lost his only son, Edward. It is a vast building, with steep towers and square turrets, and was inhabited as late as 1609, by Sir Henry Lindley, knight.

Visit the church of Wensley, on the floor of

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which are several figures, carved on the stones, in memory of persons interred below, probably of the Scroop family.

Bolton House, in this vicinity, a seat of the Duke of Bolton, finished about 1678, contains a few portraits of the Scroops, the ancient owners.

From a bridge over the Ure, they had a delightful view of the river above and below, with its sylvan banks. On the right is Bolton Castle, built, according to Leland, by Richard Scroop, chancellor of England, under Richard II. Here Mary Stuart was first confined, after her removal from Carlisle; and several of her letters are dated from this place. The building is square, with a vast square tower at each corner, in which are the principal apartments.

Reach Aysgarth, remarkable for the fine arch over the Ure, built in 1539. The scenery, both above and below, is uncommonly picturesque. The banks are rocky, precipitous, and darkened with trees. Above the bridge two regular precipices cross the river, down which the water devolves in beautiful cascades. Still lower are other falls; but the finest is about half a mile's distance, where the river is crossed by a great scar, which opens in the middle, and forms a magnificent flight of steps, down which the river tumbles in foamy pride, and forms several circular basons in the rocky channel.

Near Aysgarth, or Aysgarth Force, as the cataracts are called, was a convent of white monks, transported hither from Savigny, in France, in 1145; but afterwards removed to the neighbouring abbey of Jervaux.

The environs are quite captivating; the grounds are well inclosed; houses and people are every where seen, "and industry and competence," says Mr. Pennant, "seem to reign among these happy regions." Mittens and knit stockings are the

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principal manufactures. The hills produce lead, the valleys cattle of every kind.

Ascending a long steep, they came to a large plain on the top, and descend into a narrow vale, watered by the Wharf. After riding through the villages of Buchan and Starbottam, they lay at Kettlewel, a small mine town.

Next day, October 9th, they continued their journey, and rode under Kilnsey-scar, a stupendous rock, ninety-three yards high, which overhangs its base in a dreadful manner. Leaving the vale, in which it is situated, they got into a hilly country, and soon reached Skipton, a town principally consisting of one broad street, terminated by the church and castle. The latter is said to have been built by Robert de Romely, lord of the manor, but several times changed masters, before it was dismantled by order of parliament in 1648, because it had received a loyal garrison. It was, however, repaired and restored about ten years after by the celebrated Anne Clifford.

It is built on the edge of a deep dingle, prettily wooded and watered by a navigable canal; and seems much better adapted for habitation than defence. A gateway, with a round tower at each side, stands at a small distance. The towers in the castle are generally round, but some are polygonal. Over the entrance is an inscription, recording the era of its repair.

The great family picture, here, is a curious performance, in three compartments, like a skreen. In the centre is the celebrated George Clifford, the hero of the reign of Elizabeth, and his lady, Margaret Russel, of the Bedford family, extending one hand to two beautiful boys. Above the principal figures, are the heads of two sisters of the earl, and two of the countess. The two side leaves shew the portraits of the distinguished Anne Clif-

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ford, afterwards countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, with books and music; and above are the heads of Mr. Samuel Daniel, her tutor, and Mrs. Anne Taylor, her governess. In the other leaf, the same lady appears in her middle age, and above her, the heads of her two husbands, the Earls of Dorset and Pembroke. She was one of the most illustrious women of her age, and possessed of masculine spirit and prudence. Her letter to the insolent minister of an ungrateful court, who wished to force a person into one of her boroughs, who was disagreeable to her, has often been quoted. It is so laconic, and full of noble indignation, that we cannot forbear repeating it. "I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. You man, sha'nt stand." Signed,

Anne Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.

On the steeple of the church is an inscription, importing, that, after being ruined in the civil wars, it was repaired by this lady in 1655. Within the church are inscriptions on plain stones, in memory of the three first earls of Cumberland.

Continuing their journey, through a pleasant vale, watered by the smooth Aire, along whose side winds the canal between Leeds and Liverpool, they reach Kighly, seated at the bottom of another fertile vale. This place has a considerable manufacture of figured everlastings, and much wool is spun for the stocking weavers.

Leaving this town, they crossed some dismal moors, varied with acclivities and descents, and arrived at the large town of Halifax, seated at the bottom of a very steep hill, and almost concealed till very nearly approached. The streets are narrow, but of great length; the houses mostly built and covered with stone. The church is spacious,

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and supported by two rows of octagonal pillars; and the parish, which is of vast extent, is calculated to contain forty thousand inhabitants. Besides the church, there are twelve chapels annexed to it; besides several meeting houses.

Halifax rose on the decline of the woollen manufactures at Rippon, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, when it was a very inconsiderable place. The various fabrics of wool are now carried on here to a great extent, and the surrounding country flourishes from the opulence of this central place.

In passing the extremity of Halifax, they observed a square building, about four feet high and thirteen broad, on which was placed the Maiden*, an instrument for beheading criminals, a privilege of great antiquity in this place. As late as the reign of Elizabeth, twenty-five persons suffered here by this machine, which is now destroyed. A model, however, is kept in a room under the parliament house at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent Morton, and very properly made the instrument of his own execution.

Passing through a populous country, studded with the seats of the clothiers, they dined at a small house at the head of the canal, which conveys the manufactures to the Trent, and paid a visit to Mr. Bolton, a resident here, who has formed an extensive cabinet in natural history, as the amusement of his vacant hours. Crossing the Calder at Lowerby bridge, after a steep ascent, arrived in a moory track; and reaching Blackstone Edge, enjoy a most unbounded view of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Wales.

* The prototype of the infamous guillotine. The French, in more respects than one, have been but copyists from this country.

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Rochdale, an irregular town, with a flourishing manufacture in baize, was the next stage. The church stands on an adjacent eminence, and has a flight of more than a hundred steps conducting to it.

Next morning after a short ride, they passed by Middleton, and spent the whole day with Ashton Lever, esq. at Alkrington, a gentleman in whom our author must have found a congenial mind, as their studies were in many respects the same.

The following day, being the 12th of October, "Wearied with the length of my journey," says Mr. Pennant, "hasten through Manchester and Warrington, and find at home the same satisfactory conclusion as that of my former tour."

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TOUR

IN

IRELAND,

BY

RICHARD TWISS, Esq.

PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 1775.

WHILE the romantic scenery of Scotland has attracted numerous travellers, who have favoured the public with their tours, Ireland has been seldom visited, or at least been seldom described. Mr. Twiss, indeed, was an experienced traveller, and capable of gratifying our curiosity to the full; but his taste was peculiar, and Ireland was but little calculated for its indulgence.—Painting, music, and architecture, were the principal objects of his attention, while men, manners, agriculture, and commerce, were only slightly, or incidentally, noticed.

Ireland certainly possesses beauties that would recompence a more frequent and minute survey, than has yet been taken by scientific travellers, and we trust the period is speedily approaching, when a tour through that country will be reckoned both pleasant and instructive. As the great mass of the people advance in those arts that tend to polish

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life, and become emancipated from the dangerous and delusive influence of demagogues and priests*, which an incorporate union with Great Britain will certainly effect, that island will deserve to hold a more distinguished rank in the scale of nations, and will feel and enjoy its native advantages.

But to have done with speculation, we now attend to Mr. Twiss.

That gentleman, after having travelled over the greatest part of Europe, had long formed the design, he tells us, of visiting Ireland. Accordingly, in May 1775, he set out from London, and after a short stay in Bath, proceeded to Bristol, where he was entertained with a sight of the rib of a remarkable dun cow, killed by Sir William Penn. "Both the knight and his *rib*," says Mr. Twiss, "are deposited in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe."

Being ferried over the Severn at Aust, he proceeded to Chepstow, where he spent a very agreeable day in viewing the gardens of Piercefield, and Tintern Abbey.

Continuing his journey about thirteen miles beyond Cardiff, Mr. Twiss crossed the celebrated Pont-y-Pûdd, a singular instance of architectural ingenuity, which attracts the notice of every traveller.

At Margum, near Neath, he saw the fine orangerie of Mr. Talbot. Some of the trees were nine inches in diameter, and will bear an exposure to the air about one quarter of the year.

Receiving information at Aberystwith, that a small vessel was ready to sail for Caernarvon, our tourist, finding the wind favourable and the weather fine, prevailed on the master, by the promise of

* In this view we are friends to "Catholic Emancipation."

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half a dozen guineas, to carry him directly to Dublin. Accordingly he embarked, and, after a pleasant passage of forty-three hours, landed at the metropolis of Ireland.

The entrance into the harbour of Dublin is one of the most beautiful in Europe; but it is beautiful only; "whereas that of Naples," observes Mr. Twiss, "is not only possessed of features of extraordinary beauty, but derives a terrific grandeur from the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius.

"I landed," says Mr. Twiss, "with an opinion that the inhabitants were addicted to drinking, given to hospitality, and apt to blunder, in which I found myself mistaken. Hospitality and drinking, indeed, went formerly hand in hand; but neither are now carried on to excess;" and as for *bull*-making, our author thinks it is by no means endemial, since the English language began to be generally used and understood.

Gaming and duelling have also been imputed to the Irish, but probably with little foundation. The former may prevail in Dublin, as it does in every great city; but with regard to duelling, Mr. Twiss thinks a prudent traveller may as easily avoid such disagreeable encounters in that country, as in any other.

> Long from a country, ever hardly us'd,
> At random censur'd, and by most abus'd,
> Have Britons drawn their sport, with no kind view,
> And judg'd the many by the rascal few.

So says Churchill, and we join in the truth of his verse, and feel how illiberal and unjust national reflections generally are.

It must, however, be confessed, that, in regard to the fine arts, Ireland is considerably behind hand with the rest of Europe. This may fairly be ascribed to the civil wars and commotions, which

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have long agitated and deformed the island; and it is rather a matter of surprise that the natives, under all the circumstances of their situation, should have made so much progress. "Except in Dublin, and its environs," says Mr. Twiss, "there is scarcely a single capital picture, statue, or building, to be found in the whole island; neither is music carried to any degree of perfection beyond those limits.—The beauties of nature, therefore, a few modern antiquities, and the ignorance and poverty of the lower ranks, are all that can be expected to be seen in making the tour of Ireland."

Dublin, the capital, is nearly circular, and is about eight miles in circumference. It is situated in latitute 53 degrees 20 minutes north; longitude 70 degrees 30 minutes west; and is divided into two parts by the river Liffy, over which are five bridges. Essex bridge is a fine pile of five arches, two hundred and fifty feet long, and cost 20,000 guineas. Queen's Bridge, rebuilt in 1764, consists of three elegant arches; but the other erections of this kind are merely conveyances to cross the river, and defy every order of architecture.

St. Stephen's Green is probably the largest square in Europe, each side being nearly a quarter of a mile long. The outer walls are graveled and planted with trees on each side, and guarded from the carriage-way by a low wall. The area is a lawn, in the centre of which stands an equestrian statue of George II. in brass, erected in 1758.

Though the plan and dimensions of this square are celebrated for beauty, the houses are so extremely irregular in style, height, and materials, that all symmetry is destroyed: scarcely two correspond in any respect.

There are two cathedrals, eighteen parish churches, besides several chapels and meeting-houses for persons of different persuasions. Neither of the ca-

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thedrals are remarkable for the architecture. In that of the Trinity or Christ Church, are some monuments which merit notice, particularly one erected in 1570, to the memory of Richard Strongbow, who died in 1177. "It is spoilt," observes our tourist, "by having lately been painted white."

The monument of Thomas Prior, in this edifice, is white marble, and is executed by J. Van Nost.

It represents the bust of the deceased, between two boys, one of whom is weeping, and the other extending a scroll.

The monument of the Earl of Kildare, who died in 1743, is quite an original: it consists of four figures, of their natural size, in white marble, carved by H. Cheer, whose name deserves to be preserved for his taste in drapery. He has extended the earl as a dead man ought to be, placed his lady weeping over him, a maid servant behind, and near her a man wringing his hands, all in their appropriate dresses.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, which contains the dust of Dean Swift, is an elegant monument to the memory of Dr. Smith, archbishop of Dublin. Near the altar is an enormous pile of wooden images, twenty in number, as large as the life, and painted in their proper colours, representing Boyle, Earl of Cork, and his family.

A few of the parish churches are adorned with modern stone fronts, in a chaste style, but they are destitute of spires or steeples.

The university consists of a single college, dedicated to the Trinity. Its edifice is of white stone, four stories high, and has twenty-three windows in front. It was begun in 1591. The library is a large and handsome apartment, decorated with a considerable number of busts of eminent persons.

Trinity College has the advantage of lying in the vicinity of the park, where the students can un-

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bend their minds, after studious application. The senior members have an elegant garden for their own exclusive use. The provost's house is a superb building of free-stone, and the income of his office is adequate to it.

The parliament house, began in 1729, and finished in ten years, is built of stone, and constitutes one of the principal ornaments of the city*. It cost 40,000*l*.

In College Green is an equestrian statue of William III. and in the garden behind the lord mayor's mansion, stands one of George I.

There are two theatres, one in Crow-street, the other in Smock-alley. Over the curtain of the last, says Mr. Twiss ironically, is an ingenious device, being a representation of a ship sailing into port; the vessel is called the Smock-alley frigate; on her sails is written, "For public favour," with "All's well that ends well."

The Lying-in Hospital was founded in 1745, through the benevolent and unwearied exertions of Mr. Mosse, surgeon. It is one of the handsomest buildings in Dublin, and now possesses ample revenues. Behind it are public gardens, with a rotunda, built in imitation of Ranelagh, but on a much smaller scale. Concerts are given here thrice in a week, in the summer, and the profits are applied to the use of the hospital.

St. Patrick's Hospital, for lunatics and idiots, founded and endowed by Dean Swift, is a noble institution. Unfortunately the dean became a proper object for his own charitable foundation.—

* This magnificent pile, which was worthy of being the seat of the Irish senate, was discovered to be on fire, in February 1792, while both houses were sitting; and soon after the dome tumbled in with a hideous crash. The library and valuable papers, however, were removed before the catastrophe.

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There are several other hospitals in Dublin; but in general they contain nothing deserving particular notice.

The barracks are very large, and are built at the western extremity of Dublin, near the Liffy.

The city reservoir is capable of containing water enough to supply the city for some weeks, even when the springs, from which it is filled, cease to flow; "but both springs and reservoir were dry," remarks our author, "when I was in Dublin."

The new exchange may be considered as a principal beauty of the city. It is situated at the top of the chief street leading to Essex bridge, and forms a square with a handsome cupola. The dome is graced with twelve fluted semi-columns, of the Corinthian order, placed against the walls.

In Ship-street is a round tower, a kind of edifice peculiar to Ireland and Scotland. Mr. Boate, in his natural history of Ireland, supposes it to have been built by the Danes, about 1038. "Very few of the inhabitants of Dublin," says Mr. Twiss, "know that this tower exists."

The places for public amusement, besides the theatres and the hospital gardens, are the Castle, where weekly balls are given in winter; Ranelagh-gardens, about a mile from the city, for summer diversions; and several subscription-balls and concerts.

A catalogue of the paintings, which are to be seen in the sister kingdom, must not be expected in this work; we can only point out some of the principal collections. The Earl of Charlemont possesses one of the finest pieces of Rembrandt. It represents the remorse of Judas. Here is also an original painting by Hogarth, from which no engraving has been made, with many other productions of the pencil.

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The Earl of Moira's collection is numerous, and consists of pieces by Murillo, Correggio, Salvator Rosa, and other inferior artists.

In the gallery of Mr. Stewart, is a large nativity by Reubens. Mr. Henry possesses a Madonna, as large as the life, by Carlo Dolci, esteemed a chef-d'œuvre; and a copy of the celebrated picture by Raphael, called La Madonna della Sedia, in crayons, by an English artist, of the name of Martin, who lived many years at Florence, and frequently copied this picture.

Several of the country seats of the nobility, in the environs of Dublin, are decorated with paintings; but it appears, that there are very few pictures, out of this circle, in the whole island.

In the year 1749, it was computed that this metropolis contained two thousand alehouses, three hundred taverns, and twelve hundred brandy-shops. In 1766, the whole number of houses was only thirteen thousand one hundred and ninety-four, so that the proportion of places of public dissipation is immense.

Many single-horse chaises constantly ply about the streets of Dublin; they are called noddies.—These, as well as the hackney-coaches, are commonly in very bad condition.

Goods are conveyed about the city on small two-wheeled cars, drawn by a single horse. The wheels are thin blocks, about twenty inches in diameter. Carriages of this kind are frequently used as vehicles for the common people, in their parties of pleasure. A bed or a mat is at such times placed on the car, and half a dozen people, perhaps, place themselves on it, with their legs dangling near the ground.

The suburbs of Dublin consist chiefly of huts, called cabins, made of mud dried; and chiefly with-

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out window or chimney. In such miserable receptacles, far the greater part of the natives of Ireland linger out a wretched existence.

A small piece of potatoe-ground is the usual appendage of each cabin. On this root and milk, the common Irish subsist the whole year, without tasting bread or meat, except at some festival. Whatever money the men can procure by their labour, or the women by their spinning, is usually expended in whiskey, to the destruction of life and comfort.

Shoes and stockings are seldom worn by these wretched people; and, in short, they seem more indigent, though not less contented, than the peasants of any other country Mr. Twiss had visited.

Even in Dublin, the poverty of the middle class of people is extremely apparent. There are many shops of the first figure that serve for two different trades; and the whole stock of the petty dealers consists perhaps of a few eggs, a platter of salt, some pipes, tobacco, and pins.

The manufacturers of literature are equally conspicuous for their indigent shifts. The most wretched editions of books are printed on as wretched paper, and often sold at less than half the price of the originals, to obtain a few shillings profit, by tempting needy purchasers.

Two magazines are published monthly in Dublin; and eight newspapers issue daily or periodically from its presses, which, we are told, are curiosities, both in their style and orthography*.

"During my stay in Ireland," says Mr. Twiss,

* In whatever depends on taste and adventure, it is reasonable to suppose many revolutions must take place; and we by no means think that our author's account of diurnal or periodical literature is now applicable. In fact, we know it at this time to be the reverse.

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"I frequently had an opportunity of experiencing that *kind of intellectual retrogradation*, mentioned by Dr. Johnson, *by means of which, the more I heard the less I knew.* Were I to say," continues our tourist, "that the Irish in general have *obtained a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purposes of common life*, it might be thought too severe; but when it is considered that they are lately emerged out of a state which left them little leisure for the improvement of the mind, the above quotation may not appear totally inapplicable or invidious."

The climate is extremely moist, and it generally rains for some hours four or five days out of the seven: to this moisture, and the temperature of the air, is owing the beautiful verdure which every where cheers the eye.

Bogs or morasses may naturally be expected in such a climate, and here they abound. They are not, however, entirely useless, as they furnish fuel for the inhabitants. In these bogs, some of which are of great depth, trunks of trees are frequently found, which have lain there many centuries, and various other articles of native and artificial produce; an incontestible proof that the soil has grown to its present depth. The horns of the moose deer, frequently dug up entire, and of vast dimensions, shew that this animal was once a native of Ireland. Several pairs of these horns are preserved in English as well as Irish museums, or in the mansions of the great.

Ireland is blest with a total exemption from venomous animals or insects; neither are there any toads, moles, or mole crickets. Frogs, however, are plentiful, though they were not imported till after the revolution, and, according to the *sagacious* observation of O'Halloran, being of Belge origin,

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it would seem they could only flourish under a Dutch prince.

For this peculiar exemption from noxious animals, it would be difficult to assign any reason that will appear probable. The Irish believe it is owing to St. Patrick; but superstitious credulity is now out of date. Certain it is, that snakes imported into Ireland have always perished in a short time.

Of peculiar customs, Mr. Twiss enumerates three. The first is that of having boiled eggs constantly at breakfast; the second is the universal use of potatoes at every meal, which are eaten by way of bread; and the third is that of forging franks, in which the ladies are said to be extremely adroit and ingenious. As an excuse, some allege that the members of parliament have given them leave to use their names, while others weakly imagine that there is no penalty annexed to this offence. "I have seen more than one lady of rank," says Mr. Twiss, "counterfeit the signatures of many persons with such an exact imitation, that they could be scarcely distinguished from the originals."

As to the natural history of the Irish species, we are told they are only remarkable for the thickness of their legs, especially those of the plebeian females.

St. Patrick is well known to be the tutelary saint of Ireland*. He was born about the middle of the fourth century: and it is said he daily rehearsed the Psalter, with a great number of prayers, while, by way of mortification, he said fifty psalms every night, standing in water. He is reported to have been canonized for having illustrated the Trinity

* St. Patrick was a native of Scotland; not but Ireland has produced many saints of her own.

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by the comparison of a blade of shamrock or trefoil. In honour of this personage, Paddy is the popular Christian name of the Irish, as is also Teague, from Thadeus.

O'Halloran, in his History of Ireland, says, "When surnames came into general use in Europe, those assumed by the Irish seem to have more dignity and meaning than such as were taken up by the neighbouring nations. A few instances will justify this assertion. O, Ui, or Mac, which signifies *the son of*, are prefixed to all Milesian* surnames of men, according to the old adage,

"Per *Mac* atque O, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos;
"Hic duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

The partiality of a native may easily find "dignity and meaning" in such expletives; but we confess there seems to be no reason which will be generally allowed for the pre-eminence of the Irish in respect to their appellatives.

The Irish language is still current among the lower classes of the community, but few of the higher retain its use. But few books are printed in this dialect of the Celtic, and these are only devotional tracts, for the instruction of the common people. The Irish tongue may justly be said to be the "rude language of a rude people;" yet Vallancey, who published a grammar of the Iberno-Celtic, characterises it as being free from the anomalies, sterility, and heteroclite redundancies which mark the dialect of barbarous nations; as being precise and copious, and affording those elegant conversions, which no other than a thinking and a lettered people can use and require. This gentleman goes on to say, "that the Irish tongue had

* The Milesians are said to have been Spanish colonies settled in Ireland, about the year of the world 2738.

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such an affinity with the Punic, that it may be said to have been in a great degree the language of Hannibal, Hamilcar, and of Asdrubal."

The characters of the Irish language are singular, and, on a cursory view, might be mistaken for Greek. As a specimen of the dialect, we subjoin the following list, which will assist to elucidate the etymology of several names and places mentioned in this tour.

God,	Dia.	heaven.	ecal.
JesusChrist,	Josa Cirosd.	glory,	gloir.
God theSon,	Dia an Mac.	hell,	ifrionn.
The Holy Ghost.	An Spiorad Naom'.	a church,	eaglais, tempol.
the devil,	diab'al.	a priest,	sagart, ministir.
fire,	teine.		
earth,	cè.	the bible,	biobla.
water,	uisge.	a hill,	ard.
the sun,	sol.	a hillock,	cnocan.
the moon,	luan.	a cottage,	càban.
a man,	fear.	a book,	leab'ar.
a woman,	bean.	a bull,	tarb'.
the soul,	anam.	a cow,	bò.
Sunday,	Dia Dom' naig.	a goat,	bocan.
		an ass,	asal.
Monday,	Luain.	a horse,	marc.
Tuesday,	Mairt.	a sheep,	caora.
Wednesday,	Ceadaoin.	a cock,	gall.
Thursday,	Daoin.	a pigeon,	colm.
Friday,	Aoine.	a nightingale,	rossin. ceòl.
Saturday,	Sat'airnn.		
gold,	òr.	an island,	innis.
silver,	airgiod.	a father.	at'air.
brass,	pras.	a mother,	mat'air.
iron,	iarrann.	a son,	mac.
lead,	luaide.	a daughter,	ing'ean.
tin,	stan.	a grandson,	macmic.
a body.	corp.		

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The arms of Ireland are, *azure*, a harp, *or*, strung, *argent*. It is not known, however, when or on what occasion this musical instrument obtained its present distinction.

"Coins," says Bishop Nicholson, "were struck here in 1210, with King John's head in a triangle, which it is imagined gave rise to the representation of the harp. It is certain that this impression is not found on any of the ancient coins; but from the time of Henry VIII. it has been regularly continued."

According to Mr. Vallancey, Apollo, Grian, or Beal, was the principal god of the pagan Irish, and from the harp's being sacred to him, we may discern the reason, continues this author, why that instrument is the ensign armorial of Ireland.

"The females of this island," says Mr. Twiss, "are remarkably prolific, it being not uncommon for a woman to have fifteen or twenty children. I was acquainted with a clergyman and his wife, in the country of Fermanagh, who, in twenty-nine years, had thirty-two children." This fecundity may be ascribed to their early marriages, and to the want of opportunity of unlawful or dissipated gratification.

The Irish ladies depend rather on their education, beauty, and merit, than to the aids of fortune for a matrimonial connection. Few of them are wealthy; but men of affluence, who have no need of being mercenary in their choice, may find happiness in such an union, provided they can obtain an assurance that they are disinterestedly accepted.

Too polite an education, however, prevents many women of merit from being suitably married; men of moderate fortune cannot afford to maintain them in the style suited to their ideas, and they are little calculated, especially in the prime of youth, to be-

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come the helpmates of tradesmen. "Notwithstanding which," says Mr. Twiss, "there are, I believe, fewer old (repenting) maids in this than in any other country."

The Irish single ladies are neither disgustingly reserved, nor prone to countenance ill-bred familiarity. This renders them extremely engaging, especially to a traveller, who, having little time to throw away on ceremony, wishes to spend it as agreeably as he can during his stay.

Gallantry or intrigue is little known in Ireland, and a cicisbeo, in the libertine sense of the word, is here almost as great a phenomenon as a snake. "It were to be wished," adds our author, "that the climate might prove as fatal to the former as the latter; for debauching a married or a single woman is one of the greatest crimes it is possible to commit, though the degrees of guilt are certainly very disproportionate. In both cases, however, much must depend on the principle and modesty of the woman: the most abandoned libertine may always be discouraged by prudent caution and reserve."

Ireland is divided into four provinces. Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught; and these are again subdivided into thirty-two counties. In 1767, the whole number of houses in the island amounted to four hundred and twenty-four thousand, each of which pays annually two shillings hearth money, in lieu of our land tax. Allowing the usual average of inhabitants to a house, the total population may be easily ascertained.

An English shilling is to an Irish as 12 to 13, or 12 pence sterling is equal to 13 pence Irish; consequently a guinea is 1*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* Irish, at par.

It may be also proper to remark, lest distances should be confounded, that eleven Irish miles are exactly equal to fourteen English.

At an exhibition of pictures by Irish artists [illegible]

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tourist saw very few pieces that could bear examination. In the house of the Dublin Society for improving agriculture, he found, among other models, one of the bridge of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland.

A penny-post had lately been established for the conveyance of letters in Dublin and its environs; and twenty stage-coaches had been set up to the principal places in the island; yet still there were no stages for horses, excepting on the road from Dublin to Belfast, a distance of about eighty miles. Hence Mr. Twiss found it expedient to hire a carriage and horses by the week, for which he paid four guineas, and with this equipage he made the tour of the island, seldom travelling more than about twenty-five miles a day.

The roads are almost universally excellent, and the inns are furnished with every accommodation that a traveller, not too fastidious, can require. "The landlords," says our tourist, "are not yet spoiled by too numerous guests, nor have they that surly sulkishness which marks the generality of those of England."

Travelling is perfectly secure, which may be partly owing to its infrequency: and footpad robberies, or highwaymen, are seldom heard of, except in the vicinity of Dublin.

The soldiers and butchers in Dublin are said to be always at enmity; and from time to time inhumanly hough, or hamstring, each other. Though many of these barbarians have been executed, the terrors of the law, it seems, are too weak to restrain this savage practice.

Before Mr. Twiss set out on his general tour of the island, he made a few excursions to the most celebrated spots or seats in the vicinity. About six miles from Dublin, he came to a chasm cut through a rock, consisting of piles of enormous stones,

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much resembling those of the rock of Cintra, near Lisbon, and forming one of the most striking natural objects in this part of the island.

Continuing the same route, he reached the seat of Lord Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow. The park is distinguished for a very beautiful cascade, which falls from a circular amphitheatre of lofty wooded hills: it is pleasing and picturesque rather than grand, as it is in no respect comparable to some foreign water-falls, nor even to the most celebrated of those in Scotland. "I was twice," says Mr. Twiss, "at Powerscourt, and each time the breadth of the cascade did not exceed a yard; after heavy rains, however, the expanse is increased, but it soon dwindles to its original dimensions."

The environs of Powerscourt, particularly the Glen of Dargles, are beautiful beyond expression, and may vie with the choicest spots of Italy. Dargles is a deep narrow valley, about a mile long, bounded by steep, sylvan, craggy, hills, of various hues, and at the bottom runs a small serpentine river, murmuring over innumerable little breaks and falls. Several walks intersect the brows of the hills, by which are erected benches and summer-houses, for pleasure or repose.

Near this valley is another, called the Glen of the Mountains, the scenery of which is uncommonly grand and romantic; and, indeed, this part of the county may justly be termed the garden of Ireland. By way of contrast, however, on the other hand, is a tract containing nearly sixty-four square miles, wholly composed of barren mountains and bogs, and perfectly desert. In the midst of these wilds, are the ruins of seven churches and a round tower, which proves that this uninviting spot was once habitable, and that sterility has overspread it from neglect rather than from na-

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ture. Four hundred acres, we are told, are let here for a guinea annually.

Returning from Dargles to Dublin, by another road in his way, Mr. Twiss visited the Cromlech*, near Bryanstown. It consists of six stones, placed upright, with one fourteen feet long, twelve broad, and from two to five thick, laid atop of them. The weight of this enormous cover is computed at twenty-six tons.

Various cromlechs are still extant in Ireland, Wales, and England; and our author has seen some small ones in the northern part of Portugal. The Scriptures make frequent mention of heaped altars of stone and pillars of covenant; hence the antiquity and meaning of such erections, and their consequent sanctity.

"In contemplating these venerable remains of remote antiquity," observes our author, "the attentive spectator feels almost instantaneously a pleasing train of sensations, more easy to be imagined than described, and as various as the objects by which they are excited.

"The most ancient ruins," continues he, "I have yet seen, are those of the three temples at Pæstum, in the kingdom of Naples, which were erected long before the foundation of the Roman empire. Next to them, in point of antiquity, are probably the cromlechs, and the druidical circles. Then follow the remains of the buildings of the ancient Romans, such as the amphitheatre at Rome, Verona, Nismes, and the aqueduct of Segovia. After these, the vestiges of the middle ages are particularly remarkable, such as the round towers and crosses in Ireland, the numerous Gothic cathedrals in Europe, and the Moorish buildings in Gra-

* A Cromlech, or kneeling-stone, is a place where people, in passing, used to pay their devotions.

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nada and Cordova; all these excite ideas which cannot fail to possess the mind of the classical reader as well as spectator."

Different impressions are received from a view of the more modern edifices, which have had a rapid decay, such as the palace of Charles V. at Valladolid, of which little now remains but the bare walls. Nor do the ruined castles and houses of the feudal ages less engage our attention, by recalling images of past grandeur, of names once illustrious, and of deeds that still adorn the historic page.

Another species of pleasure arises from the sight of particular statues, distinct from the admiration raised by the merit of the sculpture. "I cannot express what I felt," says Mr. Twiss, "on seeing at Rome the indentical statue of Pompey, at the feet of which Julius Cæsar fell, when he was stabbed in the senate-house."

Intellectual pleasures, of yet a different kind, arise from a view of objects which have either been described by celebrated authors, or have been the scene of illustrious exploits. The Appian way, which still partly exists in the state described by Horace; the capitol in Rome; Caprea, the scene of the infamous pleasures of Tiberius; the theatre of Herculaneum; and the tomb of Virgil; with other objects or scenes of a similar nature; have a most impressive effect on the heart of taste and sensibility.

Nor do the works of eminent artists afford less pleasure, or the reading of books of description on the very spot described. "This pleasure," says our author, "I enjoyed by reading on the Lake of Geneva, Rousseau's pathetic account of his hero's situation with his Julia on that spot; and by repeating some of the tender sonnets of Petrarch to Laura, at the very fountain of Vaucluse, where he wrote them."

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But to return from this digression, in which we have been tempted to accompany our intelligent and sentimental author. The next object of his attention was the obelisk in Stillorgan-Park, about three miles from Dublin. This edifice is square, and upwards of a hundred feet high. It is placed on a rustic base, to each side of which is a double staircase, leading to a platform, which encompasses the obelisk, and from whence there is a charming view of the Bay of Dublin, and the Irish Channel, with the opposite Hill of Howth.

Phœnix Park lies at the western extremity of Dublin. Near its centre is a phœnix burning in her nest, on a Corinthian, fluted, stone, column, placed there by the late Lord Chesterfield, during his viceroyalty.

Through this park, Mr. Twiss proceeded to Leixlip, seven miles from Dublin, where the river forms a small cascade, called the Salmon-leap of Leixlip. Three miles farther is Cartown, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, the gardens of which are elegantly laid out in the modern taste, but the house is by no means superb or elegant.

Castletown, the seat of Mr. Conolly, is a beautiful stone fabric of three stories, each containing a range of thirteen windows. A colonade, supported by nine columns on each side, joins the house to the two wings, which are each two stories high, and seven windows in breadth. The grand staircase is magnificently ornamented with brass balustrades. The beauty of the park is correspondent; and the whole, in the estimation of our tourist, is the only residence in Ireland to which the term palace might properly be applied.

The Earl of Charlemont's seat is about two miles from the capital. In the park is an elegant casino, designed by Messrs. Adam. It forms a square of sixty feet, and from the top is an en-

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chanting view. A few miles farther is St. Doologh's Well, with an ancient hexagon stone covering over it.

A few years ago, in digging slates, in a quarry near Dublin, many of them were found encrusted with a white marquisite, now generally known by the appellation of the Irish diamond; a natural production no where else to be found.

At Clundalkin, about four miles from Dublin, is one of those round towers, which are chiefly to be found in Ireland*, a description of which, with a little variation, will serve for all the others.

This tower is eighty feet high, and built of stones about a foot square, forming a circle of fifteen feet in diameter. The walls are upwards of three feet thick; and at the height of fifteen feet from the ground is a door, without any visible ascent to it. The base is solid, and towards the top are four small oblong holes, which admit the light. The structure is terminated by a conic covering; but there are no steps remaining in the inside, so that probably they were constructed of wood, or other perishing materials.

These buildings are generally supposed to have been of Danish origin; yet it is remarkable that none of them exist in Denmark. Giraldus Cambrensis, who visited Ireland during the twelfth century, mentions such edifices as long antecedent to his time.

Some imagine these round towers to have been watch-houses, others belfries, prisons for penitents, or intended for the residence of anchorites. Mr. O'Halloran adopts the latter opinion, which he takes for granted, and reasons on it according-

* Mr. Twiss says, that round towers are to be found in Ireland only; but it will appear, from Mr. Pennant's tours in Scotland, that several still exist in that part of Great Britain.

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ly; but unfortunately there is no historic evidence of the fact, and any other hypothesis would do as well.

The round towers are very probably of religious origin, as they are always situated near a church. Mr. Twiss saw fifteen of them, namely in Dublin, Clundalkin, Swords, Monester-boice, Antrim, Devinish, two near Ferbane, Kells, Kildare, Kilkenny, Cashel, at Glandilough near Wicklow, Old Kilcullen, and Castle-Dermot; besides which, he heard of eleven more; at Sligo two, Drumboe, Down-Patrick, Cloyne, West Carbery, Ardmore, Ratoo, in the Island of Scattery, and in the Island of Carltre, both lying in the Shannon; and, lastly, in Ram's Island, on Lough Neagh. It is probable there are some others, which have not been noticed by travellers or topographers.

In the cemetery of Clundalkin, near the round tower, is a plain cross, consisting of a single unpolished stone, nine feet high. Many similar crosses are to be seen in the church-yards of this island.

Having examined whatever he thought worthy attention in the environs of Dublin, on the 9th of July, Mr. Twiss set out from that city on his tour of the island. "Towns," says he, "which contain nothing in regard to painting, sculpture, architecture, or music, can claim little to be particularized, especially as it is not my intention to expatiate on the *natural history* of the corporations, nor on the traffic supposed to be carried on in those towns, the greatest part of which are properly petty villages." After this declaration, it need not be matter of wonder if his remarks are few; however, we shall attend to every thing interesting which he deigned to record.

In his way to Drogheda, he stopped at Swords, to examine a round tower, seventy-three feet high.

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Drogheda is seated on the river Boyne, about a mile from the sea, and consists of two principal streets, which intersect each other at right angles. The town house is a handsome stone fabric.

About two miles from the town is a square obelisk, eighty feet in circumference at the base, and about one hundred and fifty feet high. It is charged with the following memorable inscriptions on the four sides, and unquestionably forms one of the grandest fabrics of the kind in Europe.

Sacred to the memory
of
King William the Third,
Who on the first of July, 1690, passed the river near this place, to attack
James II, at the head of a Popish army, advantageously posted on the
south side of it, and did on that day, by a successful battle,
secure to us,
and to our posterity, our liberty, laws, and religion,
In consequence of this action, James II.
left this kingdom, and fled to France.
This memorial of our deliverance was erected
in the 9th year of the reign of King George II.
the first stone being laid by Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset,
Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom of Ireland,
1736.

This monument was erected
by the grateful contribution
of several Protestants
of Great Britain and Ireland,

Reinhard, Duke of Schomberg,
in passing this river,
died, bravely fighting
in defence of liberty,

First of July,
M,DC,XC.

Mr. Twiss next proceeded to Dunleer, through a country producing potatoes, wheat, flax, and oats. The inclosures are chiefly of loose stones

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piled on each other. Over the door of many of the cabins is a board with the words GOOD DRY LODGINGS. "As I was sure that hogs could not read," says our author, "I have avoided mistaking them for sties."

The brass coins of the Isle of Man are current all along this coast. The beggars here frequently solicited a good halfpenny in exchange for a *rap*, or a counterfeit one, a kind of barter which would justly expose them to punishment in any other country.

In his progress, Mr. Twiss observed about a dozen barge-legged boys, sitting by the side of the road, and scrawling on scraps of paper, placed on their knees. It seems these lads had found the smoke of their school-room insufferable, and were glad to escape to the open air. "It might be better," adds our tourist, "if the lower class of people throughout Europe were neither taught to read nor write, excepting such as discover evident marks of genius; those acquisitions only creating new wants, and exciting new desires, which, as they are seldom able to gratify, only lay the foundation of subsequent misery and disappointment*."

The bridles, stirrups, and cruppers, which compose the horse furniture of the peasantry, are only wisps of straw twisted. However, Mr. Twiss was fortunate enough to procure a steed with leather trappings, and on it he rode to Monester-boice, about three miles from Dunleer, to see the round tower at that place. It is no less than one hundred

* Politicians are much divided in regard to the education of the poor. We confess ourselves advocates for a general diffusion of learning. The more enlightened a nation is, the less liable it is to be misled by faction, or sunk in barbarism. It is a mistaken notion that ignorance is most easily governed. Contrast Ireland and Scotland, at the present moment, for a confirmation of this position.

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and ten feet in height, but one of the sides at the top is dilapidated. Near it are three crosses: the largest, about eighteen feet high, is composed of two stones, said to have been imported from Rome. It is covered with bass reliefs, representing Christ, St. Patrick, St. Boyn, Adam, Eve, angels, and other objects; but through age they are much defaced. On another cross is a bass relief of a human figure sitting, with a dog on each side, resting on its hind legs.

Being obliged to seek shelter from a violent shower, our tourist entered a cabin, where the poultry familiary perched on his knees to be fed. He afterwards found all the domestic fowls equally tame throughout the whole country.

After riding some way along the sea-shore, he arrived at Dundalk, and, having visited Lord Clanbrassil's gardens, he proceeded to Newry, but found nothing to recompense his trouble.

In a survey of the county of Down, published in 1740, are these words: "As this whole country is remarkable for the number of its hills, which have been compared to wooden bowls inverted, or eggs set in salt, it thence took the name of Down, which signifies a hilly situation." Mr. Griffith, in the letters between Henry and Frances, has a still more curious simile. He says there are not two hundred yards of level ground in the whole county; and that the green hills lie so close on each other, that they resemble codlin pies in bowl-dishes.

The succeeding day, our tourist rode ten miles along the canal, which joins Lough Neagh, passing eight sluices; and slept at Armagh, in the market place of which he saw a cross of two stones, with antique basso-relievos, representing our Saviour between the two thieves, and some elegant fret-work.

Though this is an archbishopric, and the metro-

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politan see of all Ireland, it contains only a single church.

From Armagh he proceeded through Lurgan to Hillsborough. The nobleman, who takes his title from the latter town, has lately built here a neat and elegant church, at his private expence, adorned with a spire, an organ, and painted windows.

Passing Lisburne, Mr. Twiss arrived at Belfast, a regularly-built town, with broad and straight streets. It has a bridge over the river, consisting of twenty-one arches. Here Lord Dungannon has a seat*.

Donaghadee is only sixteen miles distant from Belfast: it is the usual communication between Port St. Patrick in Scotland and Ireland, the channel which divides them being only eighteen miles wide, and the navigation generally safe and expeditious.

The next stage our tourist made was to Antrim, situated within half a mile of Lough Neagh. This lake, which is one of the most considerable in Europe, is about twenty miles long and twelve broad. The circumjacent country is so champaign, that the farthest opposite shore can be discovered from one end, and the whole has the appearance of an inland ocean. In boisterous weather, the waves break with great violence, and are reckoned more dangerous than those of the sea. On Ram Island, in this lake, is a round tower.

On the road between Antrim and Ballimony, our author saw another round tower at some distance. In these parts many copper coins were current,

* Mr. Twiss mentions one James Magee, a printer, who might be considered as the principal curiosity of Belfast. From the humble occupation of a tailor, by dint of genius, he made types, ink, paper, and the press, and, after securing an easy fortune, he left the business of a typographer to his sons.

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struck by tradesmen. On one was inscribed, "I promise to pay the bearer two-pence on demand, John Mac Cully, 1761;" and on the reverse, the representation of a beer cask, with the words, "Brewer, 2 P."

It seems the want of small change was formerly so great in Ireland, that several persons were obliged to make copper and silver tokens, called *Traders*, which they passed among their workmen and customers. In some places this resource has been the effect of necessity, but more generally of avarice, or the love of notoriety.

In the family of his landlord at Ballimony, Mr. Twiss found five generations living, an incontestible proof of the longevity of the natives, and of the salubrity of the climate.

Our tourist now proceeded on foot from the village called Bush Mills to the Giant's Causeway, distant about two miles, and situated at the northern extremity of Ireland. "It consists," says Mr. Twiss, "of about thirty thousand pillars, mostly in a perpendicular direction: at low water the causeway is about six hundred feet long, and probably runs far into the sea. The pillars are of different dimensions, from fifteen to twenty-six inches in diameter, and from fifteen to thirty-six feet in height. Their figure is chiefly pentagonal or hexagonal. Several, however, have been found with seven, and a few with three, four, or eight, sides, of irregular sizes. Every pillar consists of joints, or pieces, which are not united by flat surfaces, for, on being separated, one of them is concave in the middle, and the other convex."

The stone composing this vast work of nature is a species of basaltes, of a close grit and a dusky hue: it is very ponderous, clinks like iron, and melts in a forge. The pillars stand very close to each other, and, though the numbers of their sides

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occasionally differ, yet their contextures are so nicely adapted, as to have no vacuity between them; while each column retains its own thickness, angles, and sides, from top to bottom.

These columniations are continued, with interruptions, for nearly two miles along the shore. That range of them, which is most conspicuous and nearest the causeway, the country people call the Organs or Looms. They are just fifty in number, the tallest about forty feet in height, and consisting of forty-four joints, while the others gradually decrease in length, like organ pipes.

Many other assemblages of the like basaltic columns, it is well known, exist in Europe. The principal are in the Isle of Staffa*, in Dalmatia, and in Italy.

From the Giant's Causeway, Mr. Twiss proceeded to Coleraine, a small neat town on the river Bann, over which is a bridge, and near it a cairn or artificial mount, similar to those called Barrows in England.

These mounts are very numerous in Ireland, and were thrown up by the Danes, between the eighth and twelfth centuries. They are generally conical, but of various dimensions; some being only twenty feet high, while others are nearly one hundred and fifty, and of proportionable circumference. The substance is either earth, or stones covered with earth. Many of them have been opened, and found to contain bones, trumpets, urns, and other remains, so that there is little doubt they were intended for sepulchral monuments.

An Irish writer, Mr. Boate, informs us, that, in a cell under one of them, the bones of two dead bodies entire were found upon the floor; probably the relics of a husband and his wife, whose conjugal

* See Mr. Pennant's voyage to the Hebrides. It appears that all the basaltic columns, known in the British dominions, lie nearly under the same parallel of latitude.

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affection had joined them in their grave as in their bed. Besides these tumuli, continues he, there is another sort of ancient work remaining in Ireland, called Danish forts or *raths*, easily distinguished from the cairns by being encompassed with ditches or intrenchments, and are for the most part natural hills fortified. Some of those are small, others contain from fifteen to twenty acres of ground. Some have but one wide ditch at the bottom, others two or three, divided by intrenchments; some are hollowed at the top, others are contrived with a high towering mount; rising in the centre much above the fort, and commanding all the works below. Many of the larger have caves within them, that run in narrow, straight, long, galleries, five feet high, and as many broad. The smaller forts are so numerous in the county of Down, that for many miles they stand in sight and call of each other.

Being ferried over the river Foyle, Mr. Twiss entered Londonderry, a city consisting chiefly of two streets, intersecting each other, and in the central point is built an exchange, dignified with the epithet *royal*. The town walls are about a quarter of an hour's walk in extent; but the place contains nothing particularly deserving notice, except some large drawings of the Giant's Causeway in the Bishop's Palace. Mr. Twiss's next stage was to Raphoe, and, in his way to Donnegal, he traversed bogs and mountains of no inviting appearance. At this place is a tolerable bridge of six arches, and a large ruinous castle. "I observed," says our tourist, "that most of the common people, especially the children, were infected with a cutaneous disorder, the common consequence of want of cleanliness."

St. Patrick's Purgatory lies within a few miles of this place, in the midst of the small lake of Derg.

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At present little of this holy place remains, except the name.

Next day he visited Ballyshannon, a most romantic and beautiful place. It is a small town near the sea, with a bridge of fourteen arches over the river, which a little lower falls down a ridge of rocks, and at ebb tide forms one of the most picturesque cascades any where to be seen. It is rendered still more singular and interesting, by the principal salmon leap in this kingdom.

Almost all the rivers and lakes in Ireland afford plenty of these fish, at stated seasons. They generally descend to the sea about August or September, and return in the spring months, to deposit their spawn on the sandy shallows of the rivers.

The salmon, in coming from the sea, are obliged to leap up this cascade at Ballyshannon, and it is scarcely credible to those who have not been eye witnesses of the fact, how these fish should be able to dart fourteen feet perpendicular, and, allowing for the curvature, at least twenty out of the water. Mr. Twiss remained several hours observing them. They do not always succeed at the first effort; but when they are so lucky as to reach the top, they swim out of sight in a moment. As they do not bound from the surface of the water, it cannot be known from what depth they take their leap. The tail is supposed to be the chief auxiliary in this formidable adventure; for in it the chief strength of the fish resides.

During their flight they are often shot, or caught with strong barbed hooks fixed to a pole, and instances have been known of women receiving them in their aprons. At high water the fall is inconsiderable, and the fish swim up the acclivity without bounding; but frequently, even at low water, fifty or sixty perform their leaps in an hour. "I placed myself on a rock on the brink of the

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sold at 1s. per quart; wines are dearer in proportion, but excellent; and grocery wares are by far the most expensive articles of living.

As house-rent is extremely moderate, persons of small fortunes might here enjoy life in the utmost comfort, for there can scarcely be a spot more suitable for domestic retirement; but who can forego the sweets of society, and be content to vegetate in dull tranquillity! who can divest themselves of the love of those scenes where they have been born and past their happiest years, where they have formed the most agreeable connections, and participated in the highest pleasures mankind can taste, without a pause, without a pang! We are constantly envying the unexpensive, the calm and sequestered, retreats, where men live to themselves, and their immediate connections alone; but few of us would wish to tear ourselves from all that binds us to society, and settle on the banks of Lough Erne, in dull obscurity. Yet happy might those be, who had the good fortune to be born here, if they felt the *amor patriæ* more strongly than they do, and were satisfied with living on their own estates, instead of squandering them away among strangers, to the impoverishing of their country, and the degradation of themselves.

After our tourist had been complimented with several fishing and musical parties on the lake, his kind host, Sir James Caldwell, lent him a six-oared barge, to convey him to Inniskillen, distant by water about fifteen miles. This town is joined to the main land by two bridges, one of six, and the other of eight arches. Its name implies the Island of the Shilling, perhaps from the circular figure of its site. Here Mr. Twiss remained two days, during which he visited the Isle of Devinish, about three miles off, where he saw the most perfect round tower in Ireland. It is exactly a circle, and sixty-nine feet to the conical covering, which rises to the

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height of fifteen more. Its circumference is forty-eight feet, and the walls are upwards of three feet thick. The door is elevated nine feet above the ground, and there are seven square apertures to admit the light. The whole edifice is neatly built of stones, about a foot square, with scarcely any cement; "yet the inside," says our author, "is as smooth as a gun barrel."

Near this tour are the venerable ruins of an abbey, built in 1449. The soil is most exuberantly rich, and, as a proof, land is let at 50l. an acre.

Here Mr. Twiss was informed of some local customs among the common people, particularly respecting courtship and marriage, which, though curious enough, are not singular, as the same are found among the vulgar in North Holland, and among the Americans in Massachuset's Bay. It seems the enamoured youth, instead of "living on a smile for years," is quickly permitted, without any scandal, to visit his mistress in her chamber by night, and, if they agree, a marriage immediately takes place; if not, they part, perhaps to meet no more. According to our ideas of propriety, such an intercourse could not take place without censure; but we forget that habit reconciles us to all things, and that the most criminal are frequently those who apparently shew the most fastidious delicacy in their public manners.

While Mr. Twiss was at Inniskillen, he heard much of two caverns, about seven miles distant, which determined him to visit them; but he confesses the disappointment he experienced, and cautions future travellers from listening to the silly and exaggerated accounts of persons, who, having just vegetated on the spot where they were born, suppose every thing wonderful that has met their very limited observation.

Bidding adieu to Lough Erne and its charming

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cascade," says Mr. Twiss, "so that I had the pleasure of seeing the surprising efforts of these beautiful fish close to me, and, at the bottom of the fall, porpoises and seals, tumbling and playing among the waves, and sometimes a seal carrying off a salmon under his fins."

Eels are so abundant below the fall, that at certain seasons the small fry, or grigs, are caught in sieves, baked all together, and thus eaten. The salmon fishery at Ballyshannon is said to be rented at 1600l. a year, and yet the fish is sold at no more than a penny per pound, and six shillings per hundred.

Were these fisheries intermitted for a year or two, the fish would considerably increase both in number and magnitude. After the wars in 1641, when business in general was suspended for some time, salmon have been caught at Londerry of six feet long, and where then sold, on an average, at sixpence a piece.

Leaving this town, where he was induced to remain four days, Mr. Twiss passed through the village of Belleek, and observed a succession of small cascades, which continued for nearly two miles. Shortly after he reached the hospitable seat of Sir James Caldwell, where he was agreeably entertained during a week.

Caldwell Castle is situated on the edge of Lough Erne, one of the most charming pieces of water in Europe. It is divided into two nearly equal parts, called the Upper and the Lower Lake, and just at the point of union is built the town of Inniskillen, on a small island.

The upper lake is twenty miles long, and nine in the widest part, containing, as well as the lower, many beautiful islands, some of a considerable size, well planted with trees, and inhabited. The greatest depth of the lake is forty yards: it has been twice

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frozen over within this century, except a small space in the middle, where the current is very strong.

The shores rise in gradual slopes, and are environed by sylvan mountains, the verdure of which is inexpressibly fine. The woods abound with game, and, on the surface of the lake, myriads of aquatic fowls are continually sporting. In the water are found numerous species of excellent fish, in the utmost abundance. Perch is, however, by far the most numerous, for the shores of both the lakes are almost alive with them; so that a child with a switch, a thread, and a crooked pin, may speedily catch more than he is able to carry away.

No spot in Europe perhaps exceeds this lake, as a scene of diversion, to fowlers and anglers; nor is the beauty of the situation inferior to its richness in natural products. Several seats embellish the the shores, among which Castle Hume is most conspicuous.

"While straying along its solitary margin," says Mr. Twiss, "I felt a kind of pleasing melancholy. I then compared the beauties of this with those of other lakes I had seen, such as Loch Lomond in Scotland, the lake of Geneva, and the classic lakes near Naples; and though I afterwards saw the celebrated lake of Killarney, Lough Erne did not suffer by the comparison."

The necessaries of life are remarkably cheap in this vicinity: salmon may be had at 6s. per hundred, and the other kinds of fish for the mere trouble of catching them. A couple of rabbits will fetch only 3d. and a turkey or a goose 1s. while ducks and fowls are sold from 2d. to 3d. a piece. Butcher's meat is worth from 2d. to 3d. halfpenny a pound; and a barrel of potatoes, of forty-eight stone, cost only, at this season, the trifling sum of 1s. though the average is certainly from 8s. to 10s.

Whisky, the general poison of the country, is

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scenery, our tourist proceeded to Swanlingbar, a small village with a mineral spring, that changes the colour of silver, and tastes like Harrowgate water. This place, during the summer months, is the resort of the gay and the valetudinary, though the accommodations are but indifferent.

Journeying on through Killishandra to Granard, as more agreeable objects for remark, it seems, were wanting, Mr. Twiss noticed numbers of the people, especially of the fair sex, sitting before their doors in the sunshine, with their heads in each others laps, performing the charitable office of ridding them of vermin.

Near Granard is a large rath or mount, with four circular entrenchments; and from the summit is a delightful varied prospect of land, and numerous small lakes.

Passing through Edgeworth town, Ballymahon, and Athlone, of which he takes no notice, except that there is a bridge over the Shannon at the latter, our tourist arrived at Ferbane, from whence he made an excursion, of six miles, to see another bridge over the Shannon, built in 1759. It consists of nineteen arches, is fifteen feet broad and four hundred long, and is neatly constructed of stone.

Three miles from this bridge, are the ruins of seven churches, with two round towers, the largest of which is broken towards the top, but the smaller is in pretty good perservation. Here are also two stone crosses, each composed of a single stone, inserted into a large square one, serving as a pedestal. Some basso-relievos appear on one of them.

That noble river, the Shannon, the most capital of any that washes an European island, rises from a spring among the mountains near Swanlingbar, falls into Lough Allen, a fine expanse of water, runs through Lough Ree, a lake about fifteen miles long, and beautifully diversified with islands, and

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shortly after enters Lough Derg, of still superior extent, and in which there are fifty islands scattered, one of which, called Holy Island, contains the ruins of churches and the round towers just mentioned. The Shannon then continues its course to Limerick, distant sixty-three miles from the sea, all which way it is navigable. Its whole course is one hundred and ninety-one miles, and its fall, in the first hundred and twenty-eight, is not less than one hundred and fifty-one feet.

"A species of trout, called gilderoy, are caught here, and also in the neighbouring lakes, with a gizzard resembling that of fowls." So says our author; and with ridiculous descriptions of this singular trout, some would-be-naturalists and philosophers have played on credulity, or amused the more intelligent!

In the little town of Birr, Mr. Twiss passed a day. In the centre of this stands a stone column of the Doric order, on the top of which is placed a statue of William Duke of Cumberland, in a Roman habit, cast in lead and painted of a stone colour. It was erected in 1747, at the expence of an individual.

Proceeding through Nenagh, he passed by what are called the silver mines, and soon arrived at Limerick, a moderately large city, containing three churches. The quarter called the Irish town is filthy and mean beyond description; but some of the other parts are by no means despicable, especially about the quays.

Half a mile above the city the river Shannon forms an island three miles in circumference, on the south part of which the English town is built; and, though sixty-three miles from the sea, vessels of three hundred tons can ascend hither with safety. The communication with the Irish town is by means of a bridge, and with the county of Clare

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by another, neither of which is noticeable for its elegance or the style of its architecture.

In the opinion of the natives, however, Limerick appears to possess many beauties. Mentioning the custom-house, one of their historians says, "when strangers land here, this structure cannot fail to make a seasonable impression on them of the rise and grandeur of this city."

After a short stay, our tourist made an excursion nine miles on the Cork road, to examine three circles of stone, supposed of druidical origin. They stand near the small lake of Gur. The principal circle is one hundred and fifty feet diameter, and consists of forty stones, of which the largest is thirteen feet long, six broad, and four thick. Other similar circles are to be seen in different parts of Ireland.

From Limerick, Mr. Twiss went to Adare, a little pleasant village, dignified by the ruins of several churches and convents, rendered venerable by the clasping ivy that keeps their fragments together. From thence he passed through Newcastle; and, after traversing some bleak and barren mountains, arrived at Castle Island. From thence he made an excursion to Tralee and Ardfert; and, again traversing naked mountains, arrived at the small town of Killarney, where incessant rain confined him for several days.

The celebrated lake of the same name with the town, of course, was the principal object of our tourist's attention. Having furnished himself with maps, prints, and descriptions, which he attentively perused, he applied to Lord Kenmare for the use of a boat, and was handsomely complimented with a six-oared barge.

Two days are generally devoted to the scenery of the lake, or rather the two lakes, as they are

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divided into upper and lower, though Mr. Twiss thinks a single day might suffice, were it possible to prevail on the watermen to work. Sails are never used, as the sudden gusts of wind which issue from the mountains would overset the boats.

The boatmen must be paid and maintained in a liberal manner; and, besides them, some performers on the Frenchhorn reside in Killarney, one of whom at least is reckoned a necessary appendage in the expedition. Several pounds of powder must also be purchased, which are afterwards discharged from a small cannon; "thus causing," in the language of our author, "the *strepitoso* of the explosion to succeed to the *amoroso* of the horns." The whole expence of two days pleasure on the lake cost about eight guineas.

The first fine day after his arrival at Killarney, Mr. Twiss walked to the neighbouring mountain of Mangerton, supposed to be one of the highest in Ireland, as, by the experiment of the barometer*, it was found on one trial to be one thousand and twenty yards perpendicular above the lake; "but I was assured," says our author, "that it is not more than eight hundred; and that the mountain of Knock-mele-down, between Kilworth and Clonmell, is one hundred yards higher than Mangerton."

The summit of this mountain is chiefly a morass, but tolerably firm. From its side about half way up, the lower lake, with its islands, is to be seen as distinctly as in a map; and from the top is a grand view of the ocean, the efflux of the river Kenmare, and the Skelig islands.

* Thirty yards and two thirds in perpendicular height are usually allowed to every tenth of an inch the mercury falls in the barometer; but this, for various reasons, can never be depended on as an unerring mode of calculation.

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The great Skelig, about ten miles from the shore, is thus described. It is a high and stupendous rock, with many inaccessible precipices, horribly overhanging the sea, which is generally rough and tempestuous. A single track, and that very narrow, conducts to the top, so difficult and frightful, that few have courage to attempt it. This ascent was enjoined as a penance, from the time of St. Patrick till very lately. Part of it was performed by squeezing through a hollow resembling the funnel of a chimney, then the penitent arrived at a small flat, about a yard broad, which slopes down the rock to the ocean. A few shallow holes are cut here, which afford some stay to the hands and feet; but the least slip would be fatal. The last station which the devotees had to visit is called the Spindle, or Spit. It is a long fragment of the rock, about two feet broad, projecting from the summit over a turbulent sea. Here women, as well as men, were obliged to sit a-stride, and edge forward, till they arrived at a cross, which some bold adventurer, many centuries ago, cut on its extreme end, and which they were to kiss. If the reader can conceive the situation of a person, perched on the summit of this pinnacle, in the superior region of the air, beholding the vast expanse of the ocean all round him, except towards the east, where the lofty mountains on the shore appear like low hills, he may be able to form some idea of its terrors, and of the hideous danger of the ascent and descent*.

On the west side of Mangerton is a round hole, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, called the Devil's Punch-bowl. It is of an unfathomable depth, constantly filled with water, and, from its

* See the History of Kerry.

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overflow, a torrent descends the side of the mountain into the lake.

Having found a favourable day, our tourist embarked early in the morning on the Lower Lake, about seven miles long and four broad, communicating with the upper one by a narrow passage about three miles long, a small part of which is too shallow to be navigable.

Lough Lane is the general name of both lakes, though Killarney is now commonly applied to them. The waters of the upper pass into the lower division, and from thence are discharged into the sea, distant about twenty miles, by an outlet, or small river, called the Lane.

The western shore of the lower lake is mountainous, well wooded, and abounding in stags, foxes, hares, partridges, woodcocks, and grouse: the opposite shore is nearly champaign. About thirty islands are dispersed in this division. On one, named Innisfallen, they landed, and found the remains of an old abbey, which served at present as a summer-house, where parties of pleasure dine. The soil of this spot, which contains about twenty acres, is excessively rich.

They next visited the other islands of any note, and found most of them variegated with trees and shrubs of different kinds. The arbutus, or strawberry tree, thrives here prodigiously, and forms one of the most beautiful vegetable ornaments of these lovely spots. It is an evergreen, and at that time, September, bore blossoms, and green and ripe fruit, all at once. The fruit resembles the strawberry, except that it is larger; and, by its vivid scarlet, blending with the deep green leaves, and environed by box, yew, holly, and service trees*, enrich the general luxuriance. The arbutus gene-

* The sorbus of Linnæus.

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rally grows from ten to fifteen feet in height, and about as many inches in diameter. Sometimes, however, it is found of much superior dimensions, even in Ireland. In Portugal, and other warm climates, it acquires a stately size.

Holly and juniper are commonly very large. Our author mentions one of the former, whose trunk measured eight feet and upwards in circumference, and of the latter, five feet three inches.

On the island of Ross, is a small castle, used as a barrack. Near the cascade of Tourish, the boatmen caught a salmon, which was immediately dressed for dinner.

Next day they visited the upper lake, about three miles long and one broad, wholly environed by high mountains, the most remarkable of which are those of Glena and the Turk, behind which rise others of loftier brow, called the Recks. Eight islands are scattered in this division of the lake. The pleasure of the voyage was heightened by trying, in different situations, the effects of the echoes produces by the sound of the French horns and the explosion of the cannon. They also angled for trout, and caught great numbers.

"Notwithstanding my expectations," says Mr. Twiss, "were too much raised by reading the romantic exaggerations of Mr. Ockenden, who has described this lake, I must own that it forms one of the greatest natural beauties of Ireland, and will amply repay the traveller of taste for his trouble in journeying thither."

The following remarks of a writer on this subject, who appears to be in general too enthusiastic, are certainly very just, and deserve to be noticed by the admirers of picturesque landscape. "The effects of many of the views of these lakes," says he, "are, in my opinion, much heightened by the hourly revolutions in the face of the heavens. The

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vast volumes of clouds, which are rolled together from the Atlantic, and rest on the summits of the mountains, clothe them with majesty: the different masses of light and shade, traversing the lakes in succession, as the shifting bodies above float across them, exhibit all the varieties of night and day, almost at the same instant. The mists interposing their dull, yet transparent, coverings to the view, raise new desires of a fuller and clearer prospect; and the wandering vapours, flitting from cliff to cliff, as if in search of the clouds from which they have been separated, amuse the eye with their varieties and irregular motions.

Rains fall here so incessantly, that a fine day is not only desirable in itself, but greatly enchances the beauty of the scenery. Yet such a succession of showers not only keeps up the volume of the waters, but gives the most vivid tints to the surrounding vegetation.

While in this vicinity, our tourist visited the gardens of Mucrus, belonging to Mr. Herbert. They lie about three miles from Killarney, on the margin of the lake, and consist of an admixture of rugged rocks, shady valleys, and verdant lawns. The arbutus, holly, sorbus, oak, ash, sycamore*, lauristinus, vine, and other trees and shrubs, grow out of the crevices of the rocks in a surprising manner. Near the extremity of those Elysian fields, in the centre of a grove of majestic ashes, are the ruins of an old abbey, the cloisters of which form a square of about thirty feet, and consist of twenty-two arches, still entire. In the middle rises a noble yew, the

* The sycamore is said to grow better than any other deciduous tree in exposed situations, particularly near the sea. Ought not the inhabitants of the eastern coast of England and Scotland to endeavour to cover the nakedness of the country, by plantations of this kind?

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trunk of which is six feet and a half in circumference, and fifteen in height to the branches, which rise above the battlements of the cloisters, and then wholly overspread them, "shedding a dim religious light." This fine tree is probably coeval with the building, which was founded in 1440.

An immense number of sculls and bones are piled up among these ruins; "and here," says our tourist, "I first heard the Irish howl, produced by an assemblage of men, women, and children, who attended the burial of one of their fellows."

During the ardor of a stag hunt, in these environs, the animal is sometimes forced into the lake, when the hunters take to their boats, and enjoy one of the most cheerful and animating chaces that can possibly be conceived.

Wolves were formerly numerous in this island. The last was killed in 1710; and the wolf-dogs, which appear to have been indigenous to Ireland, are now become extremely scarce. Mr. Twiss saw two of this breed in Dublin, belonging to a nobleman, and they were valued at twenty guineas each. They are shaped somewhat like the greyhound, but are taller than the mastiff, and seem possessed of great strength.

Different kinds of pebbles are found in this county, which, when polished, are known by the appellation of Kerry stones. Some copper mines were discovered near Mucrus, but their working was obliged to be discontinued for want of fuel.

The inns at Killarney, according to our author, are very indifferent; though he imagines it would be a most profitable speculation for a person of enterprise, acquainted with the business, to erect a large and elegant one for the accommodation of visitors of the lake.

From Killarney, Mr. Twiss returned to Castle

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Island; and, proceeding forty miles farther, over a succession of mountains and morasses, almost destitute of verdure of any kind, except during the last five miles, he arrived at Cork.

The city, which is about three miles long and nearly two broad, obtains the second rank in the kingdom, and is situated on a marshy island, surrounded by the river Lee, which discharges itself into the ocean about ten miles below. The harbour is spacious and secure, bounded on one side by Great Island, and a little higher up is a place, called Passage, where all ships of burden are obliged to unlade; and from thence their cargoes are carried five miles, either in small craft or by land.

The environs of Cork are extremely beautiful. The country rises into gentle hills, studded with seats, gardens, and plantations. The eminences adjoining to the city are so thick set with houses, rising gradually above each other, that the prospect is uncommonly grand. A new walk, or mall, of a mile in length, planted with trees, increases the beauty of the scene.

This city is adorned with six churches besides the cathedral, but none of them are remarkable for their architecture. Many canals intersect the streets, over which small draw-bridges are thrown, somewhat like those in Holland. There are two stones bridges over the Lee, on one of which stands an equestrian statue of George II.

The population is computed at eighty thousand, of which two thirds are said to be Roman Catholics. The exchange is a handsome stone fabric, with five arches in front, and was erected in 1708. The places of public amusement are a theatre and assembly rooms.

In the mayoralty-house is a statue of white marble, representing Lord Chatham. "I was told,"

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says our anthor, "that the corporation paid Mr. Wilton, the statuary, 450l. for this piece of sculpture; and a house painter was now actually at work, painting it in oil colours." Need we wonder at the little respect shewn to the taste and judgment of corporations, after such an instance of folly!

The forte of the citizens of Cork certainly does not lie in the fine arts, but in those that relate to eating and drinking. Sheep, oxen, and hogs, are here slaughtered in prodigious numbers, and constitute the chief articles of traffic and exportation.

Some attempts in the literary way have been made at Cork, but with indifferent success. The inhabitants, however, are by no means in that savage state in which Fynes Moryson describes them, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. "At Cork," says this author, "I have seen with these eyes, young maids stark naked, grinding of corn with certain stones to make cakes thereof, and striking off, into the meal-tub, such relics as stuck to their bodies." This writer gives other equally curious anecdotes of the wild Irish.

After sojourning twelve days at Cork, Mr. Twiss set out for Mallow, a small town, much resorted to in the summer months, for the benefit of drinking the waters, which burst out from the bottom of a great lime-stone rock, at the extremity of a well-planted walk and canal.

The water is moderately warm, and is reputed salutary in the same complaints for which recourse is had in England to the Hotwells, near Bristol. The natives call this poor place the Irish Bath.

Leaving Mallow, our tourist proceeded through Doneraile, Mitchel's town, Clogheen, and Clonmell, the birth-place of the inimitable Sterne, to Cashel. The cathedral is built on the top of a rock, and contains a chapel with a neatly-arched

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roof. Here is likewise a very perfect round tower, of great height, and near it a broken cross, ten feet high. Though an archiepiscopal see, this is a very small and miserable place.

The next stage was St. John's in the road to Kilkenny. This last is a pleasant town, washed by a river, which divides it, over which are thrown two bridges. Here is an old castle, and near the cathedral stands a lofty round tower. The roof of the cathedral is supported by eight large quadruple columns of black marble, which in the Irish taste are white-washed. Several monuments, fabricated about the middle of the sixteenth century, are here to be seen. The most remarkable, however, is a more modern one, to the memory of the Bishop of Ossory's lady. It represents a female, as large as the life, with a book in her left hand, and her right arm reclining on an urn of white marble, on a black ground, sculptured by Scheemakers. A pretty walk, a mile long, planted with trees, runs along the river side.

Passing through the mean town of Knoctopher, our traveller afterwards arrived at Waterford. This town is seated on the river Suire, which is broad and rapid: it stands about eight miles from the sea, and is extremely well adapted for the Bristol trade, to which city the navigation is safe and speedy, with a due easterly wind. The quay is half a mile long, and of considerable breadth; and the largest trading vessels load and unload before it. Waterford contains two churches, besides the cathedral.

"The counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, and Carlow," says Mr. Twiss, "are overrun with ruffians, called White Boys. These are the peasants who do not choose to pay tithes or taxes, and who, in the night time, assemble to the number of many hundreds on horseback and foot,

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well armed, with shirts over their clothes, from whence their title is derived.

They stroll about the country, firing houses and barns, burying people alive in the ground, cutting off their noses and ears, and committing other barbarities on their persons. The objects of their revenge and cruelty are chiefly tithe and tax gatherers, and landlords who attempt to raise their rents: they never rob, neither do they molest travellers. Rewards are continually advertised for the apprehension of these banditti, and from time to time a few of these deluded wretches, as the advertisements term them, are conducted to the gallows by a regiment of soldiers. Excommunications are likewise thundered out against them, by their priests, from the pulpit; but, as they are so numerous, it is not likely they will soon be extirpated*.

On leaving Waterford, Mr. Twiss ferried over the Noire at New Ross, and arrived at Wexford, a town consisting of one main street, possessing no particular beauty. In this vicinity is a track of land, called the Barony of Forth, inhabited by a colony planted there in the time of Henry II. which still retains particular customs and manners indicative of its origin.

Being ferried over the river Slaney, which is here very broad, our traveller proceeded through Newborough and Arklow to Wicklow, th road lying chiefly along the shore. From thence he made an excursion of ten miles, on horseback, over dangerous mountains and through deep pools of water, to see the ruins of seven churches at Glandilough. Here is also a round tower, fifteen feet in diameter, of which the top is broken; and a

* This prediction of Mr. Twiss has been verified by fatal experience. Union will be an effectual cure for all the disorders which have long agitated this unhappy country.

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plain cross, of a single stone, twelve feet high and two thick. No track can be more sterile or inhospitable than this. Our tourist could not find any other refreshment for his horse than a scanty bite of grass, amidst the ruins of the churches, or for himself, except a few blackberries.

From Wicklow, to which he returned, he again visited Powerscourt, and that charming spot, Dargles, and next day entered Dublin, after an absence of three months, during which interval he had travelled about eleven hundred English miles.

After a few days rest, he made a week's excursion to some places in the environs, which had hitherto escaped his notice.

His first trip was to Naas, then to Old Kilkullen, distinguished for its round tower, and afterwards to Castle Dermot, where he saw another round tower, and a large cross, composed of a single stone, charged with basso-relievos.

Kildare was the next object of attention, in the cemetery of which is a fine tower, one hundred and seven feet high, built of white granite, to the height of twelve feet from the ground, and the rest of common blue stone. The door is fourteen feet from the bottom.

Traversing the Curagh, or race ground, esteemed the best in Ireland, Mr. Twiss afterwards visited the village of Summer-hill, near which is the elegant seat of Mr. Rowley. It is built of white stone, and consists only of the ground floor and an attic story, ornamented with a balustrade. The front is about three hundred feet long; and the principal entrance is decorated with semi-columns of the Corinthian order.

At the Earl of Mornington's seat, he noticed a neat chapel with an organ, and then proceeded through Trim, remarkable only for the ruins of a

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castle and abbey, to the small towns of Kells, distinguished for its round tower. Near this is a stone cross, with basso-relievos, and the fragments of three others. In the church is a stately monument, erected in 1737, to the memory of Sir Thomas Taylor and his lady. It is a large sarcophagus of grey marble, resting on three eagles' claws, and upon it is an urn, supported by an altar of white marble, between two Corinthian pillars, of white and black marble. The altar is ornamented with rams' heads and foliages, delicately executed, and the whole has an impressive appearance. In the market place is a stone cross, charged with the relievos of stags and dogs.

The Earl of Bective's stands about a mile distant from Kells. This seat is three stories high, containing a range of eleven windows. Two wings of a single story are joined to it. The whole edifice is plain, but neat, and extremely well adapted for comfort and convenience.

Leaving this place, the last on which our tourist makes any remarks, he returned through Navan to Dublin, and on the 12th of November embarked; and, after eleven hours sailing, landed safely at Holyhead. From thence he proceeded through Chester and Birmingham to London; and thus finished a tour of considerable extent, which, to writers of a different taste, would have furnished subject sufficient for more voluminous observations.

We conclude with a few general remarks relative to the sister island.

It appears there are forty-four charter working schools in Ireland, wherein two thousand and twenty-five boys and girls are maintained and educated. These establishments are supported by an annual bounty from his majesty of 1000l. by a tax on hawkers and pedlars, and by sundry subscrip-

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tions and legacies. The children eligible are to be born of popish parents, sound in health and limbs, from six to ten years of age. The boys at sixteen, and the girls at fourteen, are apprenticed into Protestant families. A premium of 5l. is given to every person, educated in those schools, on marrying a Protestant. This must in time leave a very beneficial effect, in lessening the number of Catholics, and thus giving a greater stability to government.

During the vice-royalty of the Duke of Dorset in 1731, the inhabitants of Ireland were numbered, and the population in the four provinces respectively was found to be as follows:

	PROTESTANTS.	PAPISTS.
Connaught,	21,604	221,780
Leinster,	203,087	447,916
Munster,	115,130	482,044
Ulster,	360,632	158,028
	700,453	1,309,768

From hence it appears, that the Catholics amount to two-thirds of the whole population of the island; and, as their numbers probably are not materially diminished, it will be evident how incompatible it will be with the security of the establishment, to extend the privileges of that sect farther than has already been done by the indulgence of government.

The Irish writers in general contend for the very high antiquity of their nation: it would be idle to enter into all their ridiculous legends, even did our limits permit; but we cannot refrain from adding the judicious remarks of Dr. Smollet, in his *Present State* of all Nations, which are so conclusive,

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that all but the prejudiced must allow their validity.

"Setting aside," says he, "the ridiculous legends and fables of the Irish, with respect to their antiquity and origin, it seems highly reasonable to conclude, that the country was first peopled from Britain. There is no good reason to induce us to believe that it was ever conquered by the Romans. Towards the decline of that empire, a colony of Scots began to make a great figure in Ireland, whence it acquired the name of Scotia. The island was often afterwards harassed by the Danes, Norwegians, and Saxons; but never entirely subdued, till Henry II. king of England, made himself master of it in the twelfth century. It has ever since been subject to the kings of England, who were only styled lords of Ireland, till the title of king was bestowed on Henry VIII. in 1541, by the states of the realm in parliament assembled."

William Lithgow, the celebrated Scotch pilgrim, who in 1619 journeyed through this island, paints the country and its inhabitants in such colours as are by no means flattering. We shall only subjoin a short extract from his curious description.

"And now, after a general survey of the whole kingdom, the north-west part of Canoch excepted, accomplished from the first of September to the last of February, I found the goodness of the soil more than answerable to my expectation, the defect only remaining, not speaking of our colonies, in the people, and from them, in the bosom of two graceless sisters, ignorance and sluggishness.

"And this," continues he, "I dare avow, that there are more rivers, lakes, brooks, strands, quagmires, bogs, and marshes, in this country, than in all Christendom; for travelling there in the winter, all my daily solace was sink-down comfort; whiles,

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boggy plunging deeps kissing my horses belly; whiles, over-mired saddle, body, and all; and often or ever set a swimming, in great danger, both I and my guides, of our lives; that for cloudy and fountain-bred perils, I was never before reduced to such a floating labyrinth. Considering that in five months space, I quite spoiled six horses, and myself as tired as the worst of them.

The fabricks are advanced three or four yards high, pavilion-like encircling, erected in a triangular frame of smoke torn straw, green long pricked turf, and rain-dropping wattles. Their several rooms of palatiat divisions, as chambers, halls, parlours, kitchens, barns, and stables, are all included in one, and that perhaps in the midst of a mire; where, when, in foul weather, scarcely can they find a dry part whereon to repose their cloud-baptized heads. Their shirts be woven of the wool or linen of their own nature, and their pernicious food semblable to their ruvid condition."

Mr. Twiss, an amateur himself of the fine arts, thinks there is nothing beyond the environs of Dublin worthy of a stranger's regard; and that, should any person wish to visit that island out of curiosity, he might land in the capital, remain there a fortnight, make excursions twenty miles round it, and in this space he might see all the pictures, statues, and handsome buildings, in the kingdom, besides several round towers, crosses, cairns, and cromlechs, and the most picturesque and beautiful scenery.

The Giant's Causeway, he observes, is an object scarcely worthy of going so far to see; but the salmon-leap at Ballyshannon is a scene of such a singular nature, as not to be rivaled elsewhere. Besides, Lough Erne and Killarney alone merit the journey.

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Notwithstanding these observations, by no means calculated to tempt travellers to visit that country, we are perfectly convinced that the lover of nature will find in Ireland enough to gratify him for his labour, however the admirer of art may be disappointed. And to nature, the good, the benevolent, and enlightened, in general, recur with rapture, when the tracks of art have lost the power of pleasing, and the mind is tired of contemplating the transitory objects erected to her honour.

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TOUR

THROUGH

MONMOUTHSHIRE

AND

WALES,

BY

HENRY PENRUDDOCKE WYNDHAM, Esq.

DURING the summers of 1774 and 1777, Mr. Wyndham made the tour, of which we have given the following summary: and if succeeding travellers have been more circumstantial, or taken a wider range, to this gentleman belongs the praise of first paving the way, and of making it fashionable. Antecedent to the period of Mr. Wyndham's journey, many of the grand scenes in Wales were little known, and travellers for pleasure in that country were few. How is the case now altered! Scarcely a summer passes, but the opulent or the curious, from the most distant parts of the kingdom, visit the principality, and volume upon volume is written, to record its minutest beauties, whether natural or artificial. On the foundation which Messrs. Wyndham and Pennant laid, it was easy to build; yet we are far from denying the merits of

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those who have assisted in raising the superstructure, and it will be our pride to shew what has been effected by some other hands, before our present labours close.

Mr. Wyndham commenced his tour by the passage of the Severn, from Aust to Beachly, and from thence proceeded to Chepstow, through a neck of land, washed on one side by the Severn, and on the other by the Wye.

The shores of the Wye are bold, rocky, and sylvan, but on the approach to Chepstow, the castle, built on a high perpendicular cliff, becomes the prominent feature in the landscape. This building occupied several acres, and its ruins are still very considerable, and evince its former grandeur. The chief gateway has a venerable aspect, and is of Norman architecture. In some parts of the building, Roman bricks, probably brought from Caerwent, are intermixed with other materials.

Even as late as the civil dissensions in the last century, this castle was considered of the greatest importance by both parties. A garrison was continued in it after the restoration, and here Henry Martin, one of the judges of Charles I. paid the debt of nature, after a rigorous imprisonment of several years.

The town of Chepstow is large and populous; and is supposed to have risen on the decline of Caerwent. Part of the old priory church still serves as the parish church of the place. The circular arches of the nave, supported by square massive pillars, remain entire; but those of the ancient choir and of the cross aisle are only to be traced by the remains of their foundations. The entrance of the west front is a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture.

Tintern Abbey stands on the banks of the Wye, at a few miles distance. "No monastical ruin in

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Great Britain," says Mr. Wyndham, "presents a more beautiful perspective than the inside of the abbey church. The fine large arches which supported the tower, and the stone frame-work of the great window, over the west entrance, are still entire." The present remains are carefully preserved, and the fallen ornaments of the vaulted roof, and the broken monuments of abbots and benefactors, invite the eye by the facility with which they may be examined. The length of the nave is two hundred and thirty feet, and that of the cross aisle one hundred and sixty.

The abbey was founded in 1131, but our author thinks the present church was begun some years posterior, as it affords an elegant specimen of the pure Gothic style, constructed on one uniform plan.

Between Chepstow and Tintern, the passage by water is the most beautiful and romantic that can be conceived. The views from the Wye are highly magnificent, the rocks rising on each side to a stupendous elevation, sometimes perpendicular and naked, and sometimes covered with woods to the very brink of the stream. The beautiful peninsula of Llancot, almost surrounded by the Wye, lies between, and intercepts the continuous view, but gives new charms to the scene, by the varied features of the encircling hills, on the top of one of which are the well-known gardens of Piercefield, which reflect and receive a lustre from the Wye.

After visiting Moinscourt, where some ancient inscribed stones are to be seen, and Llanfair castle, now so entirely overgrown with ivy, that not a stone of it is visible, they proceeded to the site of the once-famous Castle of Stughill, formerly the residence of the Clares, earls of Pembroke, of whom

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Richard Strongbow, the conqueror of Ireland under Henry II. was the last.

Descended into the shady vale of Mounton, surrounded with craggy declivities, and feathered with trees; and passing Caldecot, arrived at the ancient Caerwent. This was a considerable station in the time of the Romans, but at present is a miserable village, and retains no vestiges of its former greatness, except here and there some fragments of the old walls. It stands on a gentle elevation, and the great road from Caerdiff passes through its centre.

While our author was making his second excursion through Wales, the following discovery was produced at Caerwent.

The servants of Mr. Lewis, of Chepstow, on planting an orchard, within the south-west angle of the old walls, struck on a Mosaic pavement, about two feet below the surface of the soil. The proprietor, with a laudable spirit, immediately ordered the whole to be cleared, and, for its preservation, erected a stone building over it.

This pavement is twenty-one feet six inches long, and eighteen feet four inches broad. A border, edged with the Greek scroll and fret, surrounds the whole. The pieces of which this antiquity is composed are nearly square, and about the breadth of a common die, consisting of blue, white, yellow, and red colours; by a judicious mixture of which, the entire pattern is as strongly marked, as if painted on canvas. "In my opinion," says Mr. Wyndham, "this pavement is equal to any of those which have been so carefully preserved in the palace of the king of Naples, at Portici. It might possibly," adds he, "have been the floor of a temple, as we may reasonably consider it as too costly an ornament for a private building."

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The country round Caerwent is pleasantly inclosed, and towards Caerleon the prospects are varied and extensive.

Of Caerleon, Giraldus Cambrensis*, to whom our author frequently refers, gives the subsequent description.

"It is called Caerleon, or the City of the Legions, because the Roman army used to winter here. This city is of great fame and antiquity, and was strongly fortified by the Romans with walls of brick. Many remains of its ancient magnificence are still extant; such as splendid palaces, that once emulated, with their gilded roofs, the grandeur of Rome. Immense baths, ruins of temples, and a theatre, the walls of which are still standing, prove it to have been originally built by the emperors. Here we still admire, both within and without the walls, subterraneous buildings, aqueducts, and vaulted cisterns. The city is finely situated on the banks of the navigable Wye, (Osca,) and is surrounded with a pleasant variety of woods and pastures."

Various antiquities, at different periods, have been discovered among the ruins of Caerleon; and even at this time the fund is not exhausted.

The Roman walls are still visible, and near the centre of a field, adjoining to the west wall of the town, are the vestiges of the theatre mentioned by Giraldus.

Little of the Castle, which was built in Norman times, now remains; but on climbing up the keep

* This writer accompanied Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, through Wales, in 1188, who wished to excite a crusade, for the recovery of the Holy Land, which had lately been lost. Giraldus is fabulous, as far as religious legends are concerned, but was faithful in his account of the country. A new edition of his works with many valuable improvements has lately been given to the public by Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart.

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which is remarkably lofty, our author had the good fortune to discover a stone, on which is cut a bass relief of Venus, with a small dolphin sporting in the palm of her hand. This is an undoubted sculpture of the Romans.

Many of the Roman bricks, recorded in the Britannia, are scattered about the town; and in the house of a shoemaker, Mr. Wyndham was shewn a large brick tile, twenty inches long, and seventeen broad, with an inscription on it, which he explains as referring to the legion of Claudius Augustus.

A gentleman of this place is in possession of a Roman ring, in gold, discovered some years since. It is a small intaglio, finely engraved, and represents Hercules combating with the lion.

"The present Caerleon," says our author, "is a melancholy contrast to the ancient: scarcely a decent house is now to be seen in the streets."

Pontypool and Uske, both disagreeable towns, are situated among the hills. The former has been celebrated for its japannig manufactory, which is now on the decline.

Newport is a considerable town, formerly defended by a castle, the shell of which remains.

Leaving this place, over a bridge built on exceeding high piles of wood, and floored with boards, which rise with the tide, but are kept from slipping by tenons fixed at their extremities, they took the Caerdiff road for a few miles, and then turning to the right, proceeded to Caerphilly.

This town consists of a few straggling cottages, and is environed by mountains of a rude and uncultivated aspect. "Though it is only two miles from Monmouthshire, and is separated from it by a single brook, yet the buildings, manners, and dress of the inhabitants," remarks our author, "are as strictly Welch as those of Merionethshire. The

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English language is so little understood here, that the landlord of the poor inn was the only person who could speak it, and even he not fluently."

It must, however, be considered that Caerphilly lies in no public road, and therefore it has less connection with the English. The Welch tongue, it appears, is sensibly declining in every place that has an easy communication with England; "and it is possible that within a century," says Mr. Wyndham, "a traveller may meet with as much difficulty in his researches after the remains of the Welch language, as Mr. Barrington did, in his tour through Cornwall, in pursuit of the Cornish, where he found only one old woman, nearly ninety years of age, that could speak it, and only two other old women who could understand her."

Caerphilly Castle, in its whole extent, is of an immense size, and still forms a noble ruin. The grand hall, excepting the roof, is perfect, and its beautiful proportions strike the spectator with astonishment. Its gothic ornaments are in the purest style of that species of architecture.

The hanging tower, which has been compared to that of Pisa, projects about eleven feet beyond its base.

The vestiges of a drawbridge appear on the west side of the original castle, for many comparatively modern additions have been made, which connected it with a large piece of high level ground, strongly embanked; on the farther side are the remains of a round tower.

Part of the present pile was raised in 1221, and in all probability the great outworks were added by the young Spencer, in the reign of Edward II. who was besieged in it, and made a most gallant defence against the queen's and the baron's forces.

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From Caerphilly to Pont y Pridd, there is a good road, but as they were to retrace a great part of it in their way to Caerdiff, they took a guide to conduct them over the mountain of Eglwsyllian, which affords them some very extensive prospects, but is disagreeable of descent towards the bridge.

The Pont y Pridd, reckoned one of the wonders of Wales, consists of one arch thrown over the rapid Taafe, which used, during floods, to sweep away every former structure of this kind.

This arch is the segment of a circle, whose chord is one hundred and forty feet, and is perhaps the largest in the world, which is built of stone. The architect was William Edward, a common mason, who contracted to ensure its standing for a certain number of years. At first he erected a bridge of three arches, which was soon demolished by the impetuosity of the stream. He then conceived the noble design of throwing a single arch over this torrent, which he accordingly completed; but the crown of the arch being very light, was speedily forced upwards by the heaving pressure of the butments. Still undaunted by ill success, he boldly dared to improve on his second plan, and executed the present astonishing arch with such judgment and skill, as bid defiance to the most violent floods.

"It may be some satisfaction to the reader," says Mr. Wyndham, "as it was to me, to hear that the country has nobly indemnified, and even rewarded, the heroic perseverance of the Cambrian architect."

On his second tour, however, our author had the mortification to see that the parapet of this noble bridge was strangely neglected, and that part of it had been tumbled into the torrent, together with the stone on which was engraved WILLIAM

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EDWARD, 1750, a name and date which history will preserve in spite of envy or indifference.

About half a mile from this bridge is a natural fall of the Taafe, an object well worth viewing, as is the vicinity. Indeed few scenes are more agreeable than the ride from Pont y Prîdd towards Cardiff, the road passing along the shady banks of the raging Taafe for six or seven miles, while the country is finely diversified by the inequality of the mountains that bound the torrent.

At the opening of the valley of Glamorgan are several iron furnaces, which contribute to the rude grandeur of the prospects.

Caerdiff, situated on an extensive flat near the efflux of the Taafe, is a large, handsome, and populous town. The tower of the church is eminently beautiful, and is said to have been of the era of the first Edward.

The old walls which surround Caerdiff are very extensive, and considerable portions of them still remain. In the castle, which was originally built by the first Norman invaders, Robert, the eldest son of the conqueror, and right heir to his dominions was confined by Henry I. and here deprived of sight; he languished for twenty-six years, when death released him from captivity.

Lord Caerdiff* has made some capital improvements in the old Gothic house within the walls of the castle. At the time however of Mr. Wyndham's tour, most of them were only in embryo.

Crossing the river at Caerdiff by a handsome stone bridge, they quickly arrived at Llandaff, pleasantly situated on a gentle elevation; but, though an episcopal see, it is a very poor place. The remains of the old Cathedral, however, are very beautiful, and being constructed as early as in the

* Now Marquis of Bute.

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year 1120, offer, perhaps, the oldest specimens of elegant Gothic architecture in this island.

The present cathedral is erected out of the ancient, whose surrounding ruins occupy a considerable space. The principal entrance is still through the western front, within which the roofless arches point like a magnificent colonnade to the modern church, which consists of a heterogeneous mixture of architecture, by no means agreeable to the eye of taste.

In this cathedral are several ancient monuments, and, among others of a late date, are two of the Matthews's family, in polished alabaster, which Mr. Wyndham thinks possess uncommon merit for the age in which they were done: they appear to have been executed about the time of Henry VIII. who it seems patronized several Italian sculptors.

Cowbridge, the next place they visited, consists of one broad and handsome street. "In this place," says Mr. Wyndham, "we first met with the fish called Sewen, which seems to be of the salmon kind, but the flavour of it, in my opinion, is much superior." The southern and western parts of Wales abound so much with this delicious fish, that it frequently sold for 1½d. or 2d. a pound.

The vicinity of Cowbridge is remarkable for the number of its castles: among these, the most conspicuous is that at St. Donat's, commanding an extensive view of the Severn. It is of great extent, and was the residence or property of the Esterlings, or Stradlings, (whose progenitor was one of the Conqueror's twelve knights,) for nearly seven centuries; but the line is now extinct.

The violence of the rains prevented them from inspecting the caverns near Dunraven House, and therefore they proceeded to Wennye Priory. The church is still perfect, and is indisputably of greater antiquity than any other perfect building in Wales.

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It was finished before 1100 by one of the Norman knights, and contains the tomb of his great grandson*, who was likewise a benefactor to the place. The arches are all circular, the columns short, round, and massive.

Leaving Ogmore Castle on their left hand, they soon arrived at the Pile, and from thence made an excursion on foot, in search of the remains of Cynfig Castle, the supposed residence of Robert Fitzhaman, under whom the twelve knights conquered Glamorganshire. Of this structure scarcely a wall remains, nor does it appear to have been more than a common keep. However, the very face of the country has evidently suffered great revolutions from winds and inundations. Naked sands, blown up in irregular heaps, and subject to changes by every storm, surrounded the site.

Visited Margam Abbey, a Norman edifice, in the best style. It stands at the foot of a high mountain, wholly covered with wood. Part of it is still used as the parish church, and within are several marble monuments, in memory of the Mansels, the former possessors of the abbey.

The chapter-house is an elegant Gothic building; its vaulted stone roof is supported by a clustered pillar, rising from the centre of the apartment, which is an exact circle, fifty feet in diameter. The whole is singularly beautiful.

"The orangery at Margam appears," says Mr. Wyndham, "to be better known to the public than the chapter-house. There may be about a hundred of them, and they are in a very flourishing condition; but the largest of them are only about ten feet high, and the thickest part of their trunks from fifteen to seventeen inches in circumference."

* Another ancient monument is shewn here, which, according to tradition, is in memory of Paganus de Turberville, one of the twelve knights.

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In the street of Margam stands an ancient cross, covered with a profusion of sculpture, representing knots and fretwork. A few characters are visible near some figures, but our author could not decipher them.

Continuing their route under the mountains, they passed close to some copper-works at Aberavon, and, after riding a few miles along the beach, they were ferried over the Tavey into Swansea.

This town makes a handsome appearance on approaching it, being built near the mouth of the Tavey, on a semicircular rising bank. The streets are wide, and the population is very considerable. It carries on an extensive trade in coals, pottery, and copper. The works belonging to the latter employ many hands.

Such is the profusion of coals in Glamorganshire, that it is no wonder the copper companies have fixed on this spot for carrying on their business. Limestone is also very plentiful; and there are few estates either here or in Monmouthshire, that cannot command this useful article for manure. The houses, walls, and outbuildings, in this track, are generally whitewashed, which renders them at once neat and healthful.

The remaining walls of Swansea castle are finished with an open Gothic parapet, through the arches of which the water ran from the tiles, a device which Mr. Wyndham highly commends, as adding to the security of the roofs and the beauty of the appearance.

In our author's second tour, he pursued the road from Briton Ferry, near Swansea, to Neath. This town stands on the banks of a river of the same name, in a spacious valley, and was once defended by a castle, of which some ruins are extant.

The fragments of the abbey lie about a mile below the town: they consist of several arches, a long vaulted room, and a line of pillars.

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The spirit of industry, observes Mr. Wyndham, has successfully extended itself through this part of Glamorganshire, and is visible in immense copper-works and iron-forges, in tin-works and coal-mines, yet the natives seem less solicitous than the English about the comforts of good houses, and the agreeable superfluities of life; for, though Neath is a considerable trading town, it chiefly consists of more miserable hovels than are to be found in the most indigent villages of England.

From Neath they made an excursion to see the cascade near Knoll. This is in a great measure artificial, and as such is scarcely to be paralleled in Great Britain; but our author expresses his wish that art had been more concealed in this design.

The next place they visited was the cataract of Cledaugh, near the forges of Melincourt. The road lies through a deep vale, along the eastern banks of the Neath, between picturesque mountains, from which torrents devolve in rainy seasons.

At the extremity of a wide and gloomy chasm, a black perpendicular rock, about a hundred and fifty feet high, forms a small segment of a large circle. In the midst of this, the Cledaugh comes pouring down in a white sheet, without a single break, into the bason below. Here it rolls among various irregular crags, and rages down a deep descent, till it falls into the more tranquil Neath, at the distance of two furlongs from the cascade. What enhances the beauty of this fall, is the deep shade of large trees that spread their branches over it.

Crossing the dreary mountain of Bettus, they soon after descended into Caermarthenshire, stopping at Landillo Vawr, a small town on the declivity of a hill, washed by the Towy. Near this place the last decisive battle was fought between Edward I. and Llewellin, prince of Wales, in which the king's forces gained a complete victory,

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and a final period was put to the independency of Wales. This battle was fought in 1282, and afflictive as it must naturally have been at the moment to the ancient Britons, its consequences have been most fortunate to them as well as to the conquerors. The ancient history of Wales is only a tissue of usurpations, depredations, and murders; one chief contended against another, and the miserable people seldom knew the tranquillity of peace, or the comforts of independence.

"So bloody and ireful," says Sir John Wynne*, in his history of the Gwedir family, "were quarrels in those days, and the revenge of the sword at such liberty, that nothing was punished by law. Every man stood on his guard, and never ventured abroad on a visit without being armed, as if he was proceeding to encounter his enemies in the field."

The great grandfather of this gentleman, being questioned why he left his ancient seat, and resided in Nantconway, at that time swarming with thieves and bondmen, replied, "that he would rather fight with outlaws and thieves than with his own blood and kindred;" adding, "that, if he lived at his own house in Evioneth, he must either kill his own kinsmen, or be killed by them."

From hence they proceeded to Dinevawr Castle, the ruins of which stand on the lofty prominence of a fine semicircular hill, mantled with wood, descending to the rapid Towy. It appears to have been built by Rhys ap Theodore, prince of South Wales, in the time of William the Conqueror, and afterwards became the residence of the Southwallian princes.

The ruins are now inclosed in the beautiful park of Newton, the property of Mr. Rice†.

* He wrote about the year 1600. † Lord Dinevawr.

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About four miles from Llandillo stands the castle of Caraig-cennin. It is strongly situated on the point of a high, craggy, insulated rock, wholly inaccessible on three sides. Great part of this fortress is still extant, covering nearly an acre of ground, and at a distance appears in the highest degree magnificent, as well as romantic.

"This was doubtless," says Mr. Wyndham, "a British building, as is evident from its plan, and the style of its architecture. Might it not," asks he, "have been the citadel of the British princes, and Dinevawr their palace?" The wall in this castle is of a singular kind, consisting of a large winding cave, bored through the solid rock, to the length of a hundred and fifty feet; yet, with all this extravagant labour, there is scarcely water sufficient for a small family, nor does there appear at present any other resource within the precincts of the fortress.

Continuing their route through a delightful cultivated country, they passed Drustwyn Castle, on the left, seated on a large natural knoll, and at Abergwilly saw the seat of the Bishop of St. David's, which, however, has little to recommend it.

In this part of Caermarthenshire, the fishermen use a singular sort of boats, called Coracles. They are generally five feet and a half long, and four broad, a little rounded at the bottom, and nearly of an oval shape, ribbed with light laths and split twigs, in the manner of basket work, and covered with a raw hide, or pitched canvas. A seat crosses just above the centre. These vessels seldom weigh more than twenty or thirty pounds, and are transported from place to place with great facility, by being flung over the shoulders of the owners. When the business of fishing is over, they are generally carried home, and placed with their bottoms

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upwards against the houses, so that at a distance they resemble the shells of enormous turtles.

These boats, according to Cæsar, are specimens of the original British navigation; and, on one occasion, when the bridges of this great general were carried away by the torrent, he transported his legions in vessels of this construction.

Caermarthen, for a Welch town, is large and handsome, but certainly contains a mixture of decent and very mean inhabitants. The county hall is an honour to the place; it is erected on Doric pillars.

Part of the castle, founded in 1110, is now converted into a gaol; but the ruins contain nothing worthy of remark.

In Caermarthen, and indeed throughout the whole county, they use the dust of culm, or stone coal, mixed with nearly an equal quantity of loam or clay, and formed into oval balls, as a substitute for fuel. This compost gives great heat, when dried and put on the fire, and has been recommended by Evelyn, where coal or other fuel is scarce. "I could not imagine," says our author, "what could give rise to this economical preparation, where the genuine price of coal did not exceed 3d. a bushel; but still the balls I found sold for less than half that price, and in Wales the old adage, that "saving is getting," seems to be perfectly understood."

Crossing the Towy at this place, by a long narrow bridge, they proceed through a less pleasant country to Narbarth, a small town in Pembrokeshire, and two miles farther passed the Cleddy, near which appear, on the right, the ruins of Llanhaden Castle, and, on the left, the rich woods of Slebach.

Picton Castle, which they now visited, is esteemed one of the capital seats in the principality, and has

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always been inhabited. It has been much modernized; but modern Welch fabricks possess little to engage the attention of travellers, if we except the bridges of one arch thrown over rapid torrents, with which this country abounds.

In a subsequent visit to Wales, our author took another route to Haverfordwest, travelling by Llanstephan, a small fishing village, with a castle, and so on to Llangharne, the ruins of whose fortress, seated on a low rock, washed by the tide, make a picturesque object.

Carew Castle, in the way to Pembroke, next attracted their notice Some of the apartments are of great extent and beauty, but no part of the present erection seems to be more ancient than the time of Henry VII.

On the road side, near the castle, stands a very ancient sculptured cross, eleven feet high, and eight inches thick. Some Saxon characters are still legible in one square of the sculpture; but our author does not pretend to explain them.

Farther on stands Tenby, on the declivity of a hill; and, viewed from the bay, is extremely picturesque; but wants trees to vary and enliven the scene.

The approach to Pembroke from the river exhibits the town and castle to the utmost advantage. The town is situated on the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually ascending, and on its highest point stands the castle, at the brink of the precipice. This fortress is of Norman architecture, mixed with early Gothic, and the principal tower is uncommonly high and perfect. In former days, it was reputed of great strength.

Henry VII. was born here. The natural cavern, called the Wogan, lies immediately under the chapel, and opens towards the river. It appears nearly circular, about fifty-three feet in diameter,

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and of proportionable height. A communication has been made between it and the castle above.

Part of the ruins of the priory are used as a parish church; and great masses of the ancient walls, and some of the round towers, still environ the town. Several coins of the latter emperors have been discovered here, and other antiquities are occasionally gleaned by the curious.

A pleasant walk led them from Pembroke to the Ferry, from whence they sailed, for some time, about the haven of Milford, and then up the river to Haverfordwest.

"The little harbour of Harbarston Haikin," says Mr. Wyndham, "is in a very flourishing state, and has now two packets, which convey passengers to Waterford, in Ireland, the distance from port to port being no more than twenty-three leagues, while the vessels can sail with almost any wind, and at any time of the tide."

Milford Haven is well known for its magnitude and security. It is large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain, secure from every wind. The sea flows up into several good harbours and creeks, on every shore of it. The coasts, however, are not marked by any bold or picturesque features; they are neither mountainous nor sylvan, but consist of low inequalities of ground, partially cultivated, and varied by large furze brakes.

Haverfordwest is a large irregular town, built on the declivity of a hill, in such a manner that the back windows of the ground floors in one street frequently overlook the roofs of the houses in another. The castle ruins are very extensive, and form a capital object from some points of view.

Poultry and fish are astonishingly cheap; but our tourist found that the difference of the price of meat and bread, between the one side of the Severn

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and the other, was extremely immaterial, though the inn charges were incomparably lower here. The common cheese of the country is cheap, but is such a combination of acids, from the milk of goats, sheep, mares, and cows, that few Englishmen would taste it a second time. It soon contracts such a hardness, as to be almost proof against the edge of a knife, and such a rankness, that train-oil is sweet in the comparison.

"Methodism," says Mr. Wyndham, "has extended its influence even to this remote angle of our island. I have since seen," adds he, "in the most retired spots of this country, a wretched cottage nearly bursting with the fulness of its congregation, while numbers were swarming about the outside, imbibing, with gaping mouths, the poisonous tenets of the preacher, which,

——————"creeping on,
Spread like a low-borne mist, and blot the sun."

The Pembrokeshire women, even in the middle of summer, generally wear a heavy cloth gown, with a hood depending behind, and, instead of a cap, a handkerchief, wrapt over their heads, is tied under their chins. Sometimes, though rarely, they wear a small beaver hat, with a very low crown. In other parts of Wales, however, the women, as well as the men, use large beaver hats, with deep crowns; and even some of the better sort of people affect this national covering.

From Haverfordwest the road leads through a wretched country, down to the beach of Niwegal, then traverses a mountain, and descends to the romantic little harbour of Solvath.

"Near this place," says Giraldus, "are now seen trunks of trees standing in the sea, with the marks of the ax as visible on them as if they had been lately felled." The same author records a

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storm, which drove the sands from the beach, and exposed land to view which had been concealed for many ages.

The city of St. David's consists of a street filled with miserable cottages, one of which is an inn. "I had so little idea," says Mr. Wyndham, "this was the bishopric, that I inquired in the street how far it was distant."

The palace and cathedral lie below the town, and are not immediately visible. The former was erected in the reign of Edward III. and now forms an immense ruin. Several of the apartments are of extraordinary magnitude, the walls of which are all entire. The area of the great court is a hundred and twenty feet square, one side of which is occupied by the bishop's hall, the other by the king's, both of vast dimensions.

The nave of the present cathedral was built in the reign of King John, and shews a majesty of style in its decorations that is uncommonly striking. The roofs are wainscoted with Irish oak, and coeval with the church; yet there is not a single cobweb to be seen on them*.

Several ancient monuments appear both within the church, and among the many ruined chapels that surround it. Edmund, earl of Richmond, father of Henry VII. lies under a raised tomb, near the middle of the choir, and at a small distance is the tomb of Owen Tudor. Giraldus likewise lies buried here; but the officiating vicar neither knew his name nor his tomb. It seems part of the cathedral is unpaved, and graves are frequently raised within it of earth, as in common church-yards. This is not only indecent, but must be inimical to health, from confined effluvia.

* Our author seems to think that Irish timber is an antidote against spiders.

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"There is something innocent and pathetically pleasing," remarks our author, "in the idea of strewing flowers and evergreens over the grave of a departed friend, which is the universal practice in those parts." Shakespeare says, in his Cymbeline,

> "With fairest flow'rs, while summer lasts,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave."

St. David, archbishop of Wales, translated the see hither from Caerleon, about 600, and from him it derived its name; while the ancient appellation, Menevia, was lost. It continued to be an archiepiscopal see till the reign of Henry I. when Bernard, the last metropolitan, professed obedience to the see of Canterbury.

From St. David's they made a short excursion to see the rocking-stone in this vicinity, mentioned by Gibson; but it has long since become immoveable, and could never have been so curious as some others of this description in the kingdom.

Fisgard, a small port on this coast, stands on the point of a mountain, from which there is a winding road, cut with much labour, down to the harbour, at the mouth of the Gwyn.

There are few inclosures to be seen here. This whole coast is mountainous, with steep and perpendicular cliffs. The road commonly lies in sight of the sea, and frequently commands a prospect of the Irish hills.

Within a short distance of Newport, a mean town, situated under the ruins of a small castle, are several druidical sepulchres, or altars. The upper stones are large, and appear to have been originally supported by four uprights. They are all within the circumference of about sixty yards, and one of them is nearly perfect.

Finding very indifferent accommodations at Fis-

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gard and Newport*, they proceeded the same day to Cardigan, visiting the old cross in the church-yard of Nefern. This is mentioned by Gibson, but of some other antiquities they could learn no intelligence.

In his second tour through the principality, our author took a different route from Haverfordwest to Cardigan, travelling through Narbrath,†. Beyond this they passed a druidical monument on Cilmaenlloyd Heath, and after some time came in sight of Cilgarran Castle, of which two round roofless towers are still remaining. It is of great antiquity, and was originally fortified by Roger Montgomery, one of the Norman generals at the battle of Hastings.

They were ferried over the Teivy in a coracle, with a dexterity that was astonishing.

Cardigan stands on a gentle eminence above the river, over which there is a handsome stone bridge. Some slender remains of the castle walls are still to be seen; but by far the greater part of the materials have been removed.

Returning from hence by Coedmawr, they followed a beautiful shady path, cut for two miles from the precipitous bank of the Teivy, a river which runs in a broad translucent stream, between the sloping sylvan hills which bound it. In one

* Their landlord at Newport, asking their opinion respecting one of the ancient monuments in this vicinity, was told, that it was probably the grave of some *great man* among the ancient Britons. "I always thought so," said he, with an air of satisfaction, "and I have no doubt but, in digging, the skeleton of a *huge giant* would be discovered."

† In some parts of Pembrokeshire, it appears inoculation for the small pox has been practised time immemorial. The hardy native either rubbed the matter of a ripe pustule on his skin, or pricked himself with a needle, previously dipped in it. May vaccination speedily obliterate every trace of this loathsome and often fatal disease!

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place the landscape is broken, but at the same time heightened, by the lofty barren rock, on which stands the romantic ruins of Cilgarran Castle. Much of this walk, and its accompanying scenery, bears a strong resemblance to Piercefield.

At Llechryd Bridge, the beauty of the river diminishes, and here they proceeded towards the coast, through a miserable country, that defies the power of cultivation.

The town of Llanarch consists only of a few straggling cottages. Between this and Aberystwyth, the road is intricate, and presents nothing very remarkable, except some druidical monuments and vestiges of encampments.

Aberystwyth* is pleasantly situated on an easy elevation, in the centre of a spacious vale at the efflux of the Ystwyth and Ryddol. It carries on a considerable trade, and in the summer season is much resorted to for bathing, its beach being easy, regular, and sandy, and well adapted for the purpose.

Part of the ancient walls remains, though in a mutilated state; and of the castle only one Gothic tower, which now serves as a land-mark, challenges notice. It was first built by Gilbert Strongbow, about 1107; but rebuilt by Edward I. in 1277.

A long stone bridge, of nine arches, crosses the Ryddol near this place, on the other side of which rises a high and precipitous hill, crowned with a large intrenchment, where it is said Gryffydh ap Rhys encamped his forces, before they were cut off by the English. On a forked hill, just above the opposite side of the town, are two other castrametations.

Having determined to explore the interior parts

* Towns whose names begin with Aber, shew they lie near the mouth of a river.

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of Cardiganshire, they visited the tin-works above Cilgarran, and then proceeded over a wild and mountainous country to Llanpeter, exhibiting few marks of native fertility, though several of attempted cultivation.

On their approach to Llanpeter, the vale in which it lies appeared rich and woody, but this agreeable illusion was soon dissipated. No other remains of this ancient abbey are to be seen, except part of the wall of the church, and a beautiful door-way, of Norman architecture. Of the tombs of princes and abbots, whose dust reposes here, not a vestige is to be seen, nor even a single inscription to be found.

This celebrated monastery, which was founded by a Southwallian prince in the reign of William the Conqueror, lies in the farthest recess of a mountainous semicircle, surrounded by some sweet romantic spots. "To the monks of this house it is chiefly owing," says Mr. Wyndham, "that the public now possesses an accurate history of Wales, from the year 1157 to the defeat of Llewelyn, the last reigning prince of Wales." The chain of history antecedent to this is supposed to be derived from more fabulous sources.

Passing a night at Rhos Fair, they continued to travel over mountains, morasses, and through deep glens, frequently washed by rapid torrents, till they came to the Devil's Bridge, the foundation of which is of great antiquity; but, in the opinion of our author, it could not be necessary to employ such an architect to throw an arch over a chasm only twenty feet wide. A new arch has been formed on the old one, so that the present may be thirty feet over.

The depth to the water under the bridge is at least two hundred and fifty feet, while the chasm gradually expands itself above the bridge to the height of three hundred feet more; the whole

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length of this romantic valley is more than a mile, and is so thickly mantled with trees, that the chasm may easily be passed without being noticed.

The river Monach, which joins the Ryddol a little below, in a series of ages, has worn this way through the rock, and forms altogether one of the most singular scenes that can be imagined.

From the surrounding mountains, the highest of which is Plinlimmon, several capital rivers derive their sources; the Severn, with many of its tributary streams, the Wye, the Ystwyth, the Teivy, and others.

Pursuing an exceeding good turnpike-road, sometimes through the mountains, and sometimes along their brows, they came to Llanbadern Vawr, one of the earliest bishoprics in Wales. The present church is spacious, and built in the form of a Greek cross. In the time of Giraldus, there was an abbey here under the jurisdiction of a layman, a profanation which he laments in feeling strains; though, perhaps, the revenues were as well applied by a layman as by a monk.

The supposed sepulchre of Taliessin, the prince of British bards, which stood near the highway, about four miles from Aberystwyth, has, according to our author, been entirely destroyed, and the broken stones converted to gate-posts. With the partiality the Cambrians feel for their distinguished countryman, it is astonishing they should be so negligent of their memorials.

About two miles beyond Tal y Bont, the country began to wear a more cheerful aspect than it had done for some space, and they entered a sylvan scene, through which they were conducted, by the sides of two waterfalls, to the banks of the Dovy.

Here the landscape was profuse of beauties. The navigable Dovy, which forms the boundary between North and South Wales, runs through a

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broad expanse of fine meadows, encircled with a majestic chain of mountains, rich in tillage, pasture, or wood.

Machynlleth, the next place they visited, is situated in a small verdant plain, closely begirt with mountains, the summits of which are generally enveloped in clouds. Here Owen Glyndwr assembled a parliament, and formally accepted the crown of Wales, in 1402. This man maintained his princely dignity for seven years, in spite of all the efforts of England. The house where his parliament assembled is still to be seen.

Leaving this place, they soon found themselves in a true alpine valley, surrounded by precipices, down which the torrents devolved in thundering majesty. Towards its extremity, the huge mountain of Cader Idris presented one of its naked, craggy, and prominent, cliffs in the most sublime form, and under this the road passes, within sight of the small Lake of Three Grains; so called from three immense stones lying near it, which are believed by the common people to have been only three grains, which the Giant Idris, finding uneasy in his shoes, shook out here, as he stopped to drink.

They now crossed a branch of Cader Idris, and, soon after descending, arrived at Dolgelly, a poor town, in a pleasant situation, on the banks of the Avon. The entrance is under a boarded channel, which serves as an aqueduct to a mill, and from which the water is constantly dripping on the passenger's head. Mountains environ it, and publicans crowd it.

Cader Idris rises immediately from the town to a point, and, from the abruptness of its descent, appears more elevated than it really is. In height it is certainly inferior to Snowdon.

The rains, falling very heavily, confined them

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longer in this place than they intended, and a fair being held here, every chamber was occupied. "The scene of riot and drunkenness which took place," says Mr. Wyndham, "is scarcely to be conceived; it continued not only through the day, but during the night, and till the following noon."

As a proof of Welch hospitality, two gentlemen, one an officer and the other a justice of the peace, pressed our author to their compotations, from which he was not suffered to retire till two in the morning; but no sooner was he gone, than the same gentlemen sent for his servants, and *enjoyed* their company during the remainder of the night.

A considerable trade in flannels is carried on here, and extends its influence for many miles round. Here the English language is spoken by boys with great facility, by oral instruction. The masters cause their pupils to repeat short sentences, gradually lengthening the task, and thus speedily qualify them to converse in a tongue, which, if studied grammatically, would have taken them up several years.*

They now passed near the poor remains of Vennar Abbey, and, about five miles from Dolgelly, turned to their left, to examine a waterfall. It is broken into two broad parts; the upper fall descends about thirty-five feet, into a large bason, and then, running along a craggy channel for some distance, comes to the lower precipice, from which it is projected, in a broad sheet, into a second bason below. The last fall is upwards of twenty feet in descent; the whole encircled with impending rocks, and shaded with wood. The spot is roman-

* There cannot be a doubt but conversation is the readiest method of learning any language. It is necessary to acquire words first, and then to know how to place them; in the same manner as it is necessary to have the materials of a building before they can be united.

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tically beautiful, and they could scarcely tear themselves from it.

In this vicinity are several other remarkable cataracts, the two principal are those of Mothvaye and Cayne; each of which has its characteristic and appropriate beauties.

The fall of Rhaidr Du, or the Black Cataract, is on the small stream Velenryd. It rushes down a steep and broad hollow, worn in the mountain, for the space of a hundred yards, before it reaches the precipice, and is then forced through the mouth of the cataract, with extraordinary violence, into a pool forty feet below.

As they approached Harlech, the road was almost literally a stair-case. The shell of the castle of Harlech is entire, and presents a most picturesque object, being seated on a very high rock, projecting into the Irish sea. Its strength must have been very formidable, yet it surrendered to the earl of Pembroke in the reign of Edward IV. after a short siege.

In order to avoid the perilous track by which they had reached this place, they returned over the sands of Traeth Bychan, which are only passable at low water. For this purpose they hired a Welch guide, who blundered on, without confessing his ignorance of the road, till he brought them to the very brink of a precipice. They had in every instance found the guides of this country equally ignorant, conceited, or timid. In one case, a poor fellow ragged, barefooted, and probably without a penny in his pocket, would not engage to direct them for hire, notwithstanding all their persuasions, lest he should be murdered in the mountains. The temptation certainly was not very obvious to such a treacherous and desperate deed!

The sepulchre near Harlech, called Coeton Artur, mentioned by Camden, still exists: the

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other monuments, near Michneint mountain, are much injured by time and violence, and our tourist did not take the trouble of visiting them.

The kind reception they met with at the little inn of Tan y Bwlch induced them to stay several days at this spot. It stands in the parish of Festiniogg, on the river Dryryd, in a deep and narrow valley, surrounded by mountains of the most romantic aspect, moderately clothed with wood. The scenery here, were the sky more serene, would, in our author's estimation, make as rich a study for a painter as the neighbourhood of Frescati or Tivoli.

"In short," says Mr. Wyndham, "if a person could live upon a landscape, he would scarcely desire a more eligible spot than that on which the mansion of a Mrs. Griffiths stands; but the barrenness of the country on all sides the vale is invincible; no carriage can be used in it; and all the comforts and conveniences of life depend on distant markets."

Vegetation here is stunted, and twenty acres of land would scarcely produce a ton of hay.

Whether it is owing to the climate or the disposition of the natives, the gentlemen throughout the whole principality are said to be attached to immoderate draughts of a heavy viscid ale, which shortens their days. 'The poor,' says a sensible observant author, 'through necessity, reap the benefit of the climate, and live to advanced ages, while the richer heir seldom waits long for the possession of his estate, and seldom long enjoys it.'

They now traversed a desolate and cloud-clapt country, till, descending to the sands of Traeth Mawr, they were conducted to Pont Aberglaslyn, which divides Merioneth from Caernarvonshire. The scene is grand beyond description: an impending craggy cliff, at least eight hundred feet

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high, full of rugged rocks, shadows the broad translucent torrent which thunders over the vast fragments torn from the precipices above; while, on the opposite declivity, the disjointed fragments seem scarcely prevented from tumbling into the narrow road that lines the brink of the flood.

The bridge of Aberglaslyn, which connects the two precipices, is a semi-circular arch, about thirty feet in diameter. Just above it is a cascade called the Salmon Leap, about twelve feet high.

Leaving this romantic pass, which continues nearly a mile, they passed through Beddhelert, over a rocky desert, at the foot of Snowdon, to the Lake of Llwchwellyn. From the brink of the larger lake rises the immense precipice of Mynydd Mawr, or the Great Mountain. A vale soon after opens, which gradually dilates itself into the rich and pleasant champaign about Caernarvon. This is a neat and well-built town, founded on the Anglesea Straight, by Edward I. who fortified it with a wall and castle.

The shell of the castle is a striking object of the finest Gothic architecture, and is faced with a bright durable stone. Strangers are shown the tower in which Edward II. the first English prince of Wales, was born.

A broad and delightful terrace accompanies the walls of the town; and, from every point that this place can be viewed, it forms a charming landscape, and gives a striking idea of the splendor and magnificence of the first Edward.

On the steep bank of the Steint, about half a mile above the town, stands a square fort, supposed to be the Roman Segontium. It is unquestionably of great antiquity.

Made an excursion to Dolbadern castle, and, as they approached the ruins, noticed a deep fall of wa-

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ter on the right. The castle is situated on the verge of Llynberis Lake, divided by a narrow meadow from another bearing the same name as the castle. Only one tower of the pile remains, or more probably it never was of much greater extent, being placed on the sharp point of a lofty crag. Here Owen Goch was confined by his brother Llewelyn for more than twenty years, but at length released.

In this vicinity they saw numerous flocks of goats, and also a few scattered sheep, which pick up a scanty support from the turfs amidst the precipices.

A turnpike road carried them to Bangor Ferry, which they crossed to Porthathwy, and without stopping they proceeded directly to Beaumaris.

Anglesea is famous for its druidical remains; but our author thinks antiquaries are frequently misled and hurried away by too sanguine an attachment to their favourite pursuit, which makes them attribute to religious uses what was originally intended only for private advantage. The cairns of Wales have drawn forth a profusion of learned disquisitions; "yet I am convinced," says Mr. Wyndham, "that many of these heaps of stones were piled together for no other reason, than that the rest of the field might afford the clearer pasture."

"I shall pass no reflections," adds he, "on the single monuments, or on the circular upright stones which abound in most parts of this country. They are not comparable to Stonehenge or Abury, either in massiness or regularity."

Our tourist mentions the following ludicrous anecdote, which we preserve as a *bonne bouche* for antiquaries. Being desirous to know what was the vulgar tradition of the use and intention of a very large upright stone, he ordered his guide to ask a countryman why it was erected. "For the

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cattle to rub their a——e against," replied the clown, without hesitation: a more obvious purpose, and perhaps a more useful one, than a F. A. S. would have thought of.

Beaumaris is a handsome town, charmingly situated on the Menai Frith; it has a good port, and was defended by a castle, built by Edward I. still in good preservation, and appears to have been of great strength. It is surrounded on all sides at the distance of fifty or sixty feet, with a strong wall, guarded by round towers at regular distances.

Crossing the Menai Ferry, they passed over the sands at low water, and entered on the turnpike road at Llanabar, in Caernarvonshire.

All the borders of the Menai are pleasant and agreeable; but the fine woods at Plas Newydd and Baron Hill, the seat of Lord Bulkely, above Beaumaris, render them eminently beautiful.

Above the house of Sir Nicholas Bailey, at Plas Newydd, they were shewn a remarkable cromlech, the principal stone of which, an irregular square, is forty feet in circumference, and from three to four in thickness. Notwithstanding its magnitude, it is raised so high on supporters, that cows can take shelter under it. A smaller cromlech closely adjoins to the extremity of the large one.

Soon after Mr. Wyndham returned from his tour, a friend informed him that a subterraneous gallery was discovered near the hamlet of Brynkelly, eighteen feet long, three broad, and six high. It led to a chamber of the same height, covered with a large single stone, twelve feet long and nine wide. A small round pillar, in the centre of the apartment, seemed to prop the roof; and many human bones were dispersed about the floor, which, immediately as they were touched, mouldered into

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dust. This sepulchre is probably unique, and is certainly of the highest antiquity.

Bangor is a small town, and contains but few good houses. The present Cathedral was built by Bishop Dennis, in the reign of Henry VII.

After travelling for thirteen days, where no carriage could be used, chiefly on little Welch hacks, remarkably handy and sure of foot, they felt all the luxury of a coach, which met them at Bangor Ferry, and carried them to Conway.

Among the mountains they had left, the English language is little understood. The original manners also prevail, unmixed with either ancient or modern civilization. "The village of Rhos Fair and its inhabitants," remarks our tourist, "would quickly convince a stranger, that simplicity in building or clothing is not partially confined to the wigwams and natives of the Cape of Good Hope, or of the Terra del Fuego; and would furnish a stronger confirmation of the opinion, that America was discovered by the Britons in the twelfth century, than the casual affinity of a few words, strained to the same import."

However, it is not necessary to adopt this hypothesis for a solution of the question: all nations were originally simple and uncivilized: the modes of living were nearly similar; and it is only where refinement takes place, and luxury creeps in, that they vary from each other in any essential degree.

At the foot of Penmaen Mawr stands a small inn, the landlord of which designed and superintended the famous road which runs here along the side of a lofty cliff, impending over the sea. This raod divides the mountain into two unequal parts, the height above being five times as great as the depth below. No power of man can obviate all the dangers of this stupendous pass. Large

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fragments, from the precipice above, are continually falling down, and sometimes interrupt the road, or force through the parapet into the Irish Sea below.

Our author was informed by this ingenious landlord, that he had lately attended an English gentleman to the summits of Penmaen Mawr and Snowdon, and that the perpendicular height of the first was found to be one thousand four hundred feet, and of the latter one thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

"It may appear extraordinary," observes Mr. Wyndham, "that I have scarcely taken any notice of the mountains of Plinlimmon or Snowdon, though I was at the feet of both. The fact is, the atmosphere was so constantly obscured during the time I was here, that the upper parts were always hid from our view."

The top of Snowdon, it seems, is rarely visible, even from Caernarvon, and when they enquired of the inhabitants in what point of the compass it lay, no two people could agree in fixing it precisely to the same spot.

There is an existing tradition, that this mountainous naked track was once covered with woods, which Edward I. destroyed, that they might not furnish an asylum to the disaffected; but the description of Giraldus, who wrote a century before that period, confutes this opinion, and shows Snowdon perfectly corresponds with its present appearance.

However, there is a greater probability for the tradition, which records, that this king ordered all the Welch bards to be massacred. This might be a necessary, but a cruel, policy. The flame of liberty could only be extinguished with the fuel that fed it. The warm and energetic songs of a race of men, almost deemed inspired, could not be

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heard without a correspondent effect on the multitude. In ancient days the voice and the harp were to liberty what the press is now—the very pillar of its existence. The situation of Conway is exceedingly fine. It stands on the banks of a noble river, which makes a beautiful and spacious vale, while sylvan hills surround it. The present town, however, does not occupy a third of the area of the ancient walls, which are still nearly perfect, and, together with the castle, were erected by Edward I.

Conway Castle stands on a narrow rock, two sides of which are washed by the river. The ruins are of great extent, but the hall is the most remarkable apartment; this is a hundred and twenty-nine feet in length, and thirty-one and a half in breadth. The height from the floor to the point of the Gothic vault, supported by eight pillars, of which five remain, was twenty-two feet. In this noble room are three chimneys.

The ground plot seems to have been irregular, and adapted to the nature of the site. The towers on the south are partly founded on the rock and partly on its steep and smooth declivity. One of them remains a singular ruin, for the lower part having slidden down the precipice, the upper part still continues perfect and erect, with a projection of thirty feet over the walls below.

As Chester fair was at hand, the inns of Conway were filled with linen merchants from Ireland, and many were obliged to sit up all night, sacrificing to Bacchus; while a blind harper and the voice of the bar-maid encouraged their libations. "This was the only harp," says Mr. Wyndham, "I heard in the principality; both the instrument and the voice were perfectly agreeable, and I did not lament the interruption of my sleep, or wish the harmonic society at a greater distance from my chamber."

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Crossing the ferry at Conway, they traversed a hilly country, till they come within eight miles of St. Asaph, when they entered the fertile vale of Clwyd.

St. Asaph is a neat pleasant town, situated on an elevated bank, between Elwy and Clwyd. The cathedral is kept in the neatest order, and of itself is a handsome pile of building. The present fabric, after a dilapidation of eighty years, was raised by Bishop Redman, about 1480.

The ruins of Rydlan Castle stand about three miles below St. Asaph. It was a small square fortress, of Norman architecture, and rebuilt in its present form by Henry II. Here Edward I. enacted the famous statute, by which he regulated the government of his newly-acquired dominions.

In a subsequent tour, Mr. Wyndham followed the road from Conway, which leads to Llanrwst, through a romantic country, enlivened with waterfalls.

Llanrwst, though it lies on no public road, has a good inn; a beautiful stone bridge over the Conway connects it with the ancient mansion of the Wynne's, of Gwedir. This bridge was built in 1636, and is said to be the design of Inigo Jones, a native of this country. It does no discredit to this eminent architect.

The chapel adjoining to the church is also reputed to have been the work of the same genius. In it are the monuments of the Gwedir family, and five or six square brass plates are still to be seen on the pavement, with effigies of some of the race, in the fashion of their times. An open stone coffin, preserved here, said to have been brought from an abbey two miles below, is reputed to have contained the dust of Llewelyn the Great, who reigned fifty-six years, and died in 1240.

At some distance from Llanrwst is a cataract of

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the river Wennol, broken into many parts, each of which has its peculiar beauty, and, viewed together, form a landscape in the highest degree romantic.

Continuing their progress by a good road, over some heathy hills, when they arrived within a few miles of Denbigh, the beauty of the country began insensibly to increase, and to prepare them for the rich and luxuriant prospects that gladden the vale of Clwyd.

"While we were traversing those heathy hills," says Mr. Wyndham, "we frequently looked back towards the mountainous regions, from which we had so lately emerged; and had now a clearer view of them than usual, though they were not entirely unobscured."

Our tourist laments that he was not able ever to procure any satifactory information respecting the situation of the Glyder Mountain, described by Gibson; and he seems to think that its name has since been changed to Wythwar, which lies south of the parish of Clynog.

The town of Denbigh is large, populous, and decently built, on the declivity of a lofty hill, covered with the ruins of a strong castle, founded in the reign of Edward I. The principal gateway is a large and beautiful Gothic arch, over which is a statue of the founder, Henry Lacy, earl of Lincoln.

The town was originally confined to the summit of this hill, and the walls and gates are visible. The parish church still occupies this place.

They next reached Ruthen, a large and well-inhabited town, on the Clwyd, formerly defended by a Gothic castle, of which some fragments remain. Here it may be proper to remark, that most of the towns in North Wales are superior in beauty to those of the South.

Soon after they quitted the charming vale of

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Clwyd, which for beauty, fertility, and population, is not exceeded by any spot of the same magnitude in the kingdom. It is nearly of an oval form, twenty-six miles long, and eight wide in the broadest part, wholly bounded by a chain of hills, except towards the Irish sea. The banks of the Clwyd which divides it, are charming diversified, and are as picturesque as the soil is rich.

Again they entered on a mountainous track, pregnant with coals and lead; and in their descent to Wrexham, had an extensive view of Vale Royal, in Cheshire. At the bottom they passed Offa's Dyke, which is very visible on each side of the road. It commences at Basingwerk, in Flintshire, and is continued for upwards of a hundred and fifty miles to Chepstow.

In his second tour, Mr. Wyndham took another route from Denbigh, through the mountains and lead mines of Caerwis, and so on to the large and handsome town of Holywell; famous for the well of St. Winifred, and more so for the legend that records her miracles. It is almost needless to add, that the legend is a fiction; and it does not even appear to have antiquity to render it venerable.

The mother of Henry VII. founded the beautiful little cloister, which covers the well, and over that the chapel, now used as a public school. The spring itself is a singular curiosity. It throws out about twenty-one tuns of water* in a minute, and descends down the contracted valley with such rapidity, that it actually works several mills for battering brass and iron, in the short space of one mile, before it falls into the Chester Channel.

The equability of this spring is likewise very remarkable, as it is never affected by seasons or floods, and from its rapidity never freezes.

* Pennant.

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The catholics esteem it for its sanctity, and others for its salubrity. The latter quality gains some credit, from the number of trophies left by grateful patients, to record its virtues. The waters are used both externally and internally, and the bason is promiscuously opened to all comers, male as well as female, who perform the ceremony of ablution, veiled only in a linen shirt.

Near the efflux of the Holywell river, stand the extensive remains of Basingwerk monastery. They are situated on a gentle rising, and command a long perspective of the Chester Channel. The richness of the soil, and the happy disposition of the surrounding groves, contribute much to the picturesque beauty of these venerable ruins.

The architecture of Basingwerk seems to be of a mixed nature, but much of it is very ancient. The doors and some of the lower arches are semicircular, simple, and unadorned: the windows are long, narrow, and painted. Little of the church remains except the foundations; but large masses of the abbot's house, of the hall, and refectory are still extant.

This abbey, which was founded in 1131, originally belonged to the templars; but on the dissolution of that order, was given by Edward II. to the Cistercians. The cunning monks invented the fable of St. Winifred, and as this superstition daily gained ground, and was backed by the Roman pontiff, they acquired great wealth from the resort of pilgrims to the holy well.

The poor town of Flint scarcely deserves a visit. It has, however, the remains of a small square castle, supposed to have been founded by Henry II. History relates that Richard II. was inveigled to this fortress, and there detained, till he was put into the hands of Bolingbroke, who, in consequence of Richard's deposition, succeeded to the throne.

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The castle walls are now considerably distant from the reach of the tide, yet we are assured that ships formerly anchored under them: and within half a century mooring rings were to be seen in the walls.

Falling into the turnpike road at Northop, they travelled through a rich and pleasant country, commanding most delightful and extensive views, and passing under the only remaining tower of Hawarden Castle, now inclosed in a garden, they soon after arrived at Chester.

Next day they re-entered the principality, and reached Wrexham, a large and handsome town, delightfully situate in a fruitful country, which has induced many families to fix their residence in the vicinity. The seat of Mr. York, at Erddig, and its accompaniments, claim the admiration of every person of taste and elegance.

The church of Wrexham is a splendid fabric. It was built in the reign of Henry VII. and its tower, a beautiful specimen of the ornamented Gothic, is a hundred and forty feet high. Within are some handsome monuments, and among the rest a very ancient one, representing an armed man, at full length, with his legs extended, and a long sword. On the left arm is a shield, with a lion or wolf rampant, and round it are some large Saxon characters, which have not been decyphered.

In the church of Ruabon are many monuments of the families of Williams and Wynne, and as two of them are Rysbrac and Nollekens, they will long serve to rescue this place from obscurity, did it possess no other attraction.

In this parish lies Wynstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. The park is replete with charming views, and the house, built on the highest elevation in it, commands some luxuriant prospects over lawns, sinking with gradual slopes,

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and rising again with swelling inequalities at various distances. Both wood and water combine to heighten the scene; nor is the surrounding country less attractive, being an expanse of rich cultivation, bounded by remotely distant hills.

Their next stage was Chirk Castle, part of whose ancient walls and towers remains, but the court, or quadrangle, within has been modernized, and converted into a splendid seat. It stands on an exalted eminence, commanding an extensive landscape over Cheshire and Shropshire, and was founded by Roger Mortimer in the thirteenth century.

From Chirk Castle they proceeded to Llangollen, along the high banks of the transparent Dee. This is a miserable town, but in point of romantic scenery is almost unequalled. It lies in a small dale, closely environed by precipitous and sylvan mountains. On the conical point of one of which stands the conspicuous ruin of the castle of Dinas Bran.

According to history, this spot was fortified from the earliest ages; but the style of the present remains shew them to have been coeval with Gruffydh ap Madawe, who, deeply engaging in the interest of Henry III. so strongly fortified himself in the almost inaccessible place, as to be able to resist the repeated efforts of the prince of North Wales to reduce him to submission.

The castle occupied the whole crown of the mountain, about three hundred feet in length, and half as much in breadth; and, notwithstanding its aërial situation, there are two wells within the walls, at no time deficient in water. It is impossible to approach on horseback nearer than a quarter of a mile of this fortress; and it was, in addition to its natural impracticability, anciently defended by a fosse and draw-bridges.

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The bridge over the Dee at Llangollen, is said to have been built by a bishop of St. Asaph, about the year 1400. The river is a noble object from this spot. It rages furiously down the broad, shelving, solid rock, which is worn, by the rapidity of its course, to a black glossy polish, both above and below the bridge.

Here they found their inn occupied by a company of mourners, just returned from the funeral of a tradesman, and who soon drowned their sorrow in large potations of ale. "Such," says Mr. Wyndham, "is the general conclusion of a Welch meeting, whether it begins with mirth or melancholy."

Our author was informed here, that a funeral was esteemed the most profitable part of the function of a Welch clergyman. The relations and neighbours, it seems, attend the corpse to the grave in large numbers, and make offerings to the officiating priest, in proportion to their respect for the memory of the deceased. This custom is evidently derived from the ancient mass-money; and where benefices are generally small, it is fortunate that the profitable part of the superstition has suffered no reformation.

The next place they visited was the abbey of Vallis Crucis, standing in the centre of a small verdant meadow, skirted by a pebbly stream, and closely invested with a chain of lofty hills. These beautiful ruins well deserve the attention of the curious investigator of monastic antiquity. The length of the church is a hundred and eighty feet, and its east and west fronts are in good preservation while other parts are crumbling to decay, and trees rising amidst the tumbled fragments.

The abbot's lodgings have long been converted to a farm-house; though much of the building retains its original form.

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Tracing the beautiful meanders of the Dee for some miles, they arrived at the little town of Corwen, memorable for its intrenchments, which were thrown up in 1164, when the native princes of Wales and Powis leagued to oppose the immense preparations of Henry II. and who, by their prudence and Fabian policy, defeated all his designs.

The vale of Ydeirneon, on the verge of which Corwen stands, is of an oval figure, and several miles in circumference, possessing some peculiarly romantic features.

Crossing the Dee, by a handsome stone bridge, they soon began to ascend the high mountain of Cefn Crwyny, crowned with a large intrenchment, and from whose brow is a charming view of the Lake of Bala, with the distant mountains of Cader Idris.

Bala is about four miles long and one broad, of a crystalline clearness, and bounded by a pebbly shore. The environs are beautifully varied, rather than majestic. From this place the Dee makes a very rapid and constant descent, through a winding channel, for a hundred miles before it reaches Chester.

Beyond the upper end of the lake appear the two Rarans, on either side of the Dee, with their irregular summits, eminently raised above encircling mountains. Bala abounds in trout and perch; but the gwyniadd, a fish peculiar to it, is said to be growing scarce, though our tourist had the good fortune to procure two specimens.

The town of Bala consists of one wide street, and considering its sequestered situation, possesses very good accommodations for travellers.

They now traversed the bleak Berwyn Mountains, and as the morning was bright and cloudless, the whole horizon was visible, and displayed a most savage aspect for several miles. No towns

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or habitations of men were to be seen; and the mountains rose and receded from the eye in constant succession.

At length they entered a valley, the apparent receptacle of all the waters from this part of Berwyn, and proceeded onwards to Llangannoch.

In another journey from Chirk Castle, over a different part of the Berwyn Mountains, which were every where of a melancholy and solitary complexion, they reached the vale of Llanrhaidr, and rode along the banks of the river for nearly five miles, to visit the noble cataract of Pistil Rhaidr.

On their approach, neither the magnitude of the river, nor the first view of the fall, at a distance of two miles, gave them any idea equal to their expectations; but as they advanced, an immense theatre of naked perpendicular rocks, in a semicircle, opened to their sight, over the centre of which devolved the Rhaidr in a large sheet, from the amazing height of two hundred and forty feet.

"This cataract," says Mr. Wyndham, "may be divided into three parts; the first fall descends about a hundred and sixty feet upon a ridge of the precipice: the water then breaks through a large natural arch of the rock, which is easily passable, and foams into a small bason, about twenty feet lower; and afterwards raging through a deep grove, enters the level of the river."

Several groups of pentagonal pillars, like those of the Giant's Causeway and Staffa, overhung the upper sides of the rock, while the lower parts are separated from them, at unequal heights, by which means their form is distinctly perceivable from below.

There are various other attractions near this romantic spot, and by the liberality of a clergyman, a small building has been erected here, for the convenience of travellers in this precarious climate.

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They next reached Llanvyllyn, a neat town, situated in one of the most delightful valleys of Montgomeryshire. From hence, crossing the deep and silent river of Vurnwy, they arrived at Welch Pool, a large and populous town, near the Severn, from the quay of which place it is navigable for at least two hundred miles, to its efflux in the British Channel.

Powis Castle stands on an eminence, about a mile distant from Welch Pool, and is still inhabited. The gardens are laid out in parallel terraces, bordered with yews, and other evergreens, in the antiquated taste.

The prospects from this castle are extensive and fine, commanding a beautiful spacious vale, and some finely varied hills.

Montgomery enjoys a very picturesque situation, with its ruined castle above, on a high rock, but contains nothing remarkable. Some intrenchments are to be seen in the vicinity.

Their road from thence lay over a hill to the beautiful vales of Newton. The town of the same name is neat and agreeable.

Ascending a mountain, the path over which is intricate and boggy, they afterwards dipped into the Radnorshire dales, and soon arrived at Llandrindod. This route presented nothing to compensate for execrable roads over a melancholy waste.

The mineral wells of Llandrindod lie in a wild extensive heath, sprinkled with a few trees, and bounded with dreary mountains. There is a lodging house, for the reception of company, which, in a fine season, is tolerably full.

Builth, where they crossed the Wye, is a small town, in a broad and pleasant plain. Of the castle, there are no vestiges, except the keep. It was in this vicinity that Llewelyn, the last reigning prince

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of Wales, lost his life, after his troops were entirely defeated.

As it was market-day when they passed through Builth, they had an opportunity of seeing how well it was attended; and were astonished to find such a number of people collected together. The chief pride and glory, indeed, of the Welch towns, is the fulness of their markets and the number of their fairs. In a country, thinly inhabited, and where riches and luxury are as thinly disseminated, all the elegancies and conveniences of life are confined to the towns; and the villagers are obliged to resort to them on market days, to supply their wants.

From Builth, they followed a good but unpleasant road to Brecknock, a large, populous, and handsome town, standing on a beautiful eminence, the bottom of which is washed by the Uske, and bounded on the south by the high mountain of Penervaen, which is a miniature resemblance of Cader Idris, as seen from Dolgelly.

A few remains of Ely tower, on the keep of Brecknock Castle, and some walls are still extant. The tower derives its name from the Bishop of Ely, who was confined here by Richard III. and who was instrumental in planning the famous union of the two houses of York and Lancaster, by means of which Henry VII. ascended the throne.

The priory church stands on the highest point of the town, and is a large and noble edifice, in the form of a Greek cross. The walks behind this sacred pile are laid out with taste, and are exceedingly pleasant. Some remnants of the old college of Brecknock are still to be seen near the Uske, and several large entrenchments are to be traced on the hills in the neighbourhood. The most remarkable one is Y Gaer, which our tourist says is indisputably Roman.

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The turnpike-road now follows the current of the Uske, which runs through a delicious vale. On the left were seen the ruins of Tretower Castle, and those of Crickhowel on their right. The keep of the last-mentioned castle alone remains; for, in this track, materials for building are so scarce, that few remains of antiquity are suffered to remain.

Our author, on another occasion, took a different route from Llanrhaidr, proceeding by Oswestry, Shrewsbury, and Bishop's Castle, in Shropshire, to Knighton, in Radnorshire.

"New Radnor," says Mr. Wyndham, "is such a wretched place, that it cannot maintain a barber." It is situated at the entrance of a narrow pass, formerly commanded by a castle, and was once inclosed by a square wall, of which some fragments remain.

From Radnor they proceeded to the Hay, near the extreme angle of Brecknockshire, on the banks of the Wye. The old Norman castle here is wholly dilapidated.

In their way to Abergavenny, they visited the magnificent and romantic ruins of Llantony Abbey, in the deep vale of Ewyas. The abbey church was built in the form of a Roman cross, and the ruins still exhibit a noble appearance. It is said to have been founded in 1137.

A few miles below Llantony, is a remarkable mountain, the sides of which have tumbled down, and strew the plains below in immense fragments. Several stupendous fissures and chasms also appear in the mountain of Skirid Vawr, in the vicinity of Abergavenny.

Mr. Wyndham was induced out of curiosity, to visit the methodistical college at Talgarth, in this neighbourhood. The students may be taken from the cottage or the field, without distinction of rank

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or age; "but their abilities," observes our author, "or their *call*, must be indisputable, before they can be admitted within the sacred walls." On this occasion, Mr. Wyndham mentions his having once found a preacher in a celebrated methodist chapel, at Bath, who had formerly been coachman in a family of his acquaintance, but who, having taken his degrees in the seminary of Talgarth, had undertaken the guiding of souls instead of horses. Such a metamorphosis, however, is not unfrequent.

The environs of Abergavenny are rich and beautiful, and the same agreeable face of nature continues to Monmouth. Ragland Castle, which lay nearly in their road, presents a magnificent ruin, and it is laudably preserved from farther destruction, by the taste and care of the Duke of Beaufort, to whom it now belongs. It is of no very high antiquity, the foundation having been laid in the reign of Henry VII.; but many of the parts are very elegant. This castle was the last that surrendered to the parliament forces in the civil wars.

Monmouth is a very large and handsome town. Its streets are spacious and adorned with many capital houses, inhabited by families of fortune. It stands at the junction of the Wye and the Munnow, over both which rivers it has a stone bridge. The castle, as well as the town, is of great antiquity. The former gave birth to Henry V. but such is the fate of all sublunary grandeur, even its very ruins are lost.

From Monmouth they revisited Chepstow and Tintern Abbey, and taking boat at Beachly, were wafted over the Severn to Aust, and thus finished their tour of the principality.

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